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JUST PUBLISHED,

**The Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader**, Containing a Selection of Reading Lessons, by ANNA U. RUSSELL. With Introductory Rules, and Exercises in Elocution, adapted to Female Readers, by WILLIAM RUSSELL, author of "Lessons in Enunciation," &c., and Instructor in Elocution at Abbot Female Academy, Andover, and Bradford Female Academy, Mass. pp. 480. 2d ed. 12mo.

The Publishers have received high recommendations of this work from George B. Emerson, Esq., Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Joseph Hale Abbot and S. Adams, Esqs., Rev. R. C. Waterston, Boston; Mrs. Farrar, Cambridge; Mrs. Sigourney, Hartford; Miss A. C. Hasseltine, Principal of Bradford Academy, Mass.; Mr. Asa Farwell, Principal of Abbot Female Academy, Andover, Mass.; Rev. H. F. Edes, Teacher, Plymouth Mass.; S. Chase, Principal of Female Institute, Middletown, Conn.; and many others. The book is now in use, in the schools of the Teachers above named. The following notices have recently appeared.

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"Here is a book worth having,—well prepared, well printed, and adapted to the wants of the times. The accomplishment of fine elocution has never taken its just rank in our systems of female education. The unwillingness, and even inability of many young ladies, to read aloud in company, or to entertain the domestic circle, are pitiful results of years devoted to school culture.

"The rules given for the management of the voice, evince judgment and experience; and the taste exhibited in a copious selection from the treasures of elegant literature, is fine, and unexceptionable. We are truly glad that this important subject has been taken up, by pens so competent to illustrate it, and trust that a book which so happily combines eloquence with practical wisdom, will find the favor that it deserves, from the teachers and pupils of our country."—*Hartford Courant*.

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"The art of reading well, is so uncommon an attainment, and yet so useful and agreeable, that we wonder much at the indifference which is manifested towards it by our public teachers. We hail, therefore, with great pleasure, every effort, however humble, to arrest public attention to this subject.

"The book before us commences with an introductory chapter upon the principles of elocution; such as the 'Management of the Voice,' 'Faults in the Mode of Utterance,' etc., etc.; and then follows the 'Young Lady's Reader,' divided into two hundred and one exercises. Each exercise is preceded with a short exemplification of the peculiar style of movement, pitch of voice, etc., appropriate to bring out its full meaning."—*Christian World*.

"I have examined Russell's Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader. It is seldom that a reading book of so high a character as this is given to the public. It is marked by an elevated taste, which renders it admirably adapted to female education. The selections are from the finest writers, a large number females. It is what it *pretends to be*, a book for *Young Ladies*. I know of no other volume of selections, so well calculated to aid in forming a correct and refined taste.

"The instructions on the management of the voice, and the principles of elocution, are worthy the attention of all who wish to speak easily and agreeably.

"Teachers using this work, and reading the remarks connected with the "lessons," cannot but be induced by their interest, to engage heartily in the work of securing a prompt, clear, and elegant enunciation.

S. CHASE,

Middletown, Conn.

Principal of Female Institute."

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"Mr. Russell gives some admirable rules for the management of the voice, and the correction of errors into which the pupil may have fallen; and with his clearly written rules, so plain that all may understand them, it appears to us that the learner may make most profitable use of the excellent selection of pieces, by Miss Russell, for practising, in which the various inflections of the voice are admirably illustrated, and all the passions and emotions, their variety of shades and blending, are set forth; while, at the same time, the pieces themselves are generally so valuable as literary 'morceaux,' that the young reader and student are continually acquiring ideas and language, that must be of use to them in after life.

"It is due to Messrs. Munroe & Co. to say, that they have 'got out' this book in a style most creditable to their liberality, and as evincing their own appreciation of the value of the work. Good taste and neatness, in the details of a book, may be regarded as in itself a good lesson for young persons, and especially is it appropriate and desirable in a volume for young ladies."—*U. S. Gazette*.

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NOW READY.

**The Introduction to the Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader,—by the Authors of that work.**

This volume contains a selection of reading lessons, for the younger classes in female schools; and the extracts are preceded by a brief statement of the first rudiments of elocution, adapted to female readers.

## WORCESTER'S SPELLING-BOOK.

**The American Primary Spelling-Book.** By S. T. Worcester. 6th edition. 12mo.

Extract from the preface: 'It is intended to be used in teaching children the rudiments of reading and spelling, by a series of lessons addressed to the understanding as well as to the eye and memory.'

### RECOMMENDATIONS.

'I have examined the American Primary Spelling-Book, and think it superior to any other spelling-book in use. It has been introduced into this school, and will be used in preference to any other.

'BENJ. BOWERMAN, *Prudential Committee.*

'Adaams, Aug. 25, 1834.'

'I hereby certify, that I have partially examined the American Primary Spelling-Book, and think it well adapted to the end designed by its author, as a first book for children. I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend its introduction into our common schools as an excellent work for beginners.

'SAMUEL W. SHAW, *Rector, St. Luke's Church.*

'Lanesboro', July 18, 1834.'

'This is to certify, that I do heartily approve of the above recommendation of the American Primary Spelling-Book, and shall use my influence to have it introduced into our common schools. Arrangements are already made for its introduction into the school where I live.

'W. G. JOHNSON,

'*Pastor of Baptist Church, and Examining and Prudential Committee.*'

'Having examined the school-book, mentioned in the certificates above, I concur in the opinion they express in its behalf, and would cordially recommend its use.

'HENRY B. HOLKER, *Pastor Cong. Church.*'

'From the examination I have been able to give the American Primary Spelling-Book, I feel much pleased with its character. It will be introduced into the school of which I am Prudential Committee, and I hope into all the others in town.

ENOCH NURSE, *Committee.*'

'I have examined the American Primary Spelling-Book, and think it an excellent work for the purpose for which it is intended. Arrangements are made for its introduction into the school in Ward No. 6, and I doubt not it will prove highly useful.

'AUSTIN FLINT, *Prudential Committee.*

'Dalton, July 30, 1834.'

'This may certify, that I have examined the American Primary Spelling-Book, and believe it to be a useful work, and am making arrangements for its introduction into the school in Ward No. 1.

'G. D. WESTON, *Prudential Committee.*

'Dalton, July 31, 1834.'

'I have partially examined the American Primary Spelling-Book, and concur in the recommendation of the examining committee (referring to a letter of approbation from the examining committee). Arrangements are made for its introduction and use in the school of which I am Prudential Committee.

RUSSEL TINKER.

'Hinsdale, Aug. 6, 1834.'

'The arrangement of the Primary Spelling Book is excellent. Many of the spelling lessons are accompanied with definitions, and classified as nouns, abstract nouns, adjectives, verbs, and words alike in sound but different in spelling and meaning, which we regard as an important improvement.'—*Salem Observer.*

(*Deposited Oct. 11. 1845*  
*Recorded Vol. 20. Page 361.*)

*No. 90.*

# INTRODUCTION

TO THE

YOUNG LADIES'

ELOCUTIONARY READER:

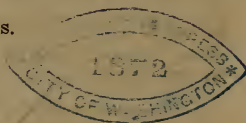
CONTAINING

A SELECTION OF READING LESSONS;

TOGETHER WITH

THE RUDIMENTS OF ELOCUTION,

ADAPTED TO FEMALE READERS.



BY

WILLIAM AND ANNA U. RUSSELL,

AUTHORS OF THE ABOVE-MENTIONED READER.

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BOSTON:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

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1845.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by WILLIAM RUSSELL,  
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THE YOUNG LADIES' ELOCUTIONARY READER,  
containing a Selection of Reading Lessons, by ANNA U.  
RUSSELL, and the Rules of Elocution, adapted to Female  
Readers, by WILLIAM RUSSELL. Also,  
THE INTRODUCTION TO THE SAME, for Younger  
Classes.

THESE works are intended to combine, in each volume, the twofold advantage of a series of Reading Lessons, selected under the special influence of *feminine taste and habits*, with a manual of Elocution, *adapted expressly* to the systematic instruction of *females*, in the art of reading.

*From Miss A. C. Hasseltine, Principal of Bradford Academy, Bradford, Ms.*

"I have examined the manuscript, plan, and contents of the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' and am free to say, that the importance of the various Rules and Exercises in Elocution, and the fine selection of Pieces for Reading Lessons, will render it a very desirable work to be introduced into all our female schools. We shall not hesitate to introduce it into our academy as soon as it is published."

*From Mr. George B. Emerson, Instructor, Boston.*

"I have carefully examined the plan of the 'Young Ladies' Reader;' and I like it so well — both the introductory portion and the selections — that I say, without hesitation, I should immediately adopt it, as a reading book, in my own school, if it should be published."

*From Mr. Asa Farwell, Principal of Abbot Female Academy, Andover, Ms.*

"The plan of the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' strikes me very favourably. The Selections are judiciously made; and the Introductory Rules will be exceedingly valuable. Such a work, in schools for young ladies, will occupy a place for which there is not now, so far as my knowledge extends, any suitable text-book. The volume will be looked for with pleasure; and, when published, we shall introduce it into our academy."

*From Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Boston.*

"I have examined the plan and many of the extracts for the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' and have no doubt of the great merit of the work. I shall introduce it into my school. May it find its deserved success, generally!"

*From the Connecticut Courant, Hartford.*

"Here is a book worth having, — well prepared, well printed, and adapted to the wants of the times. The accomplishment of fine elocution has never taken its just rank, in our systems of female education. The unwillingness and even inability of many young ladies to read aloud in company, or to entertain the domestic circle, are pitiful results of years devoted to school-culture. We quote a few sentences on this subject, from the excellent treatise with which the volume commences."

"The rules given for the management of the voice, evince judgment and experience; and the taste exhibited in a copious selection from the treasures of elegant literature, is fine, and unexceptionable. We are truly glad that this important subject has been taken up, by pens so competent to illustrate it, and trust that a book which so happily combines eloquence with practical wisdom, will find the favour that it deserves, from the teachers and pupils of our country."

## P R E F A C E .

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THE present volume is designed, as its title indicates, to precede the Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader. The pieces are, accordingly, selected from passages adapted to the capacity and the taste of younger classes than those for whose use the Reader was prepared.

The preliminary rudiments of elocution, which precede the extracts contained in this Introduction, have been selected with a view to aid in laying the *foundation* of a correct, distinct, and appropriate style of reading. The comparative extent to which the study of elocution has, of late years, been carried, requires, in many schools, a more exact and systematic course of instruction than formerly, in this branch of education; and the extensive adoption, by intelligent teachers, and influential institutions, of the theory of elocution presented by Dr. James Rush, renders the practical application of his analysis an important part of elementary teaching.

The rudiments and principles presented in this Introduction, as well as in the Reader, have therefore been arranged in adaptation to the views exhibited in Dr. Rush's Philosophy of the Human Voice, — but, at the same time, in such a manner, it is thought, as not to cause any difficulty to instructors who prefer to follow the systems of Walker, Knowles, Dr. Porter, or that of one of the authors of the present work, nor even to impede those who choose to follow, exclusively, a course of practical oral instruction, accommodated to every class of their pupils, separately.

Teachers who make use of this Introduction and the Reader which follows it, will, it is hoped, derive essential aid, — in instructing classes still younger than those for which these volumes were compiled, — from the use of Russell's Elementary Series; including a Primer, Spelling-book, Primary Reader, and Sequel. These books, along with the Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader, and this Introduction, are intended to furnish all the successive steps of spelling, reading, and elocution, requisite for the instruction of female pupils.

# CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
PREFACE .....	3

## RUDIMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

Orthoëpy .....	7
Cultivation of the Voice .....	10
"Inflection," or "Slides" and "Waves" .....	18
Pauses .....	27
Emphasis .....	27
Expression .....	28
Rhythm .....	35

## PIECES FOR PRACTICE.

Exercise.	Page.
1. The Raising of Lazarus.....	<i>Gospel of John.</i> 37
2. Villagers' Hymn to the Scriptures.....	<i>Anon.</i> 39
3. How to read the Bible.....	<i>J. Abbott.</i> 41
4. The Moss Rose.....	<i>Anon.</i> 43
5. A Cheerful Heart.....	<i>Margaret Davidson.</i> 43
6. The Silk-Worm.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 45
7. Two Days in the Life of a Violet.....	<i>J. Montgomery.</i> 46
8. The Same Subject, concluded.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 47
9. Little Children.....	<i>Mary Howitt.</i> 49
10. The Samaritan Exiles.....	<i>Anon.</i> 50
11. The Same Subject, concluded.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 53
12. The Adventure of a Star.....	<i>J. Montgomery.</i> 55
13. Milly, the Daughter of the Creek Chieftain.....	<i>Anon.</i> 58
14. The Skylark.....	<i>Hogg.</i> 59
15. The Good Daughter.....	<i>Miss Mitford.</i> 60
16. The Same Subject, concluded.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 62
17. The Voice of Spring.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> 64
18. Love of Finery.....	<i>Mrs. Farrar.</i> 65
19. To the Snowdrop.....	<i>Procter.</i> 66
20. The Two Monkeys.....	<i>Gay.</i> 67
21. Parables.....	<i>Krummacher.</i> 69
22. Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.....	<i>Leigh Hunt.</i> 70
23. The Gothic Chapel.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 71
24. The Sunbeam.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> 73
25. The Month of March, in England.....	<i>Howitt.</i> 75
26. March.....	<i>Bryant.</i> 76
27. The Winds.....	<i>Hannah F. Gould.</i> 77
28. The Fisherman.....	<i>Moir.</i> 78
29. The Dove in the Village Church.....	<i>N. Y. Observer.</i> 80
30. A Gleam of Sunshine.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i> 81
31. The Log Schoolhouse.....	<i>J. Hall.</i> 83

Ex.		Page.
32.	Modesty.....	<i>Lucretia M. Davidson.</i> 85
32.	The Lily of the Valley.....	<i>Croly.</i> 86
33.	The Magpies.....	<i>Miss Mitford.</i> 86
34.	Slide of the White Mountains.....	<i>Anon.</i> 90
35.	The Mountain Slide.....	<i>Louisa P. Smith.</i> 92
36.	The Worm's Death Song.....	<i>F. S. Key.</i> 93
37.	The Four Sisters.....	<i>Mrs. Barbauld.</i> 94
38.	Good Temper.....	<i>Miss Lamb.</i> 97
39.	Margaret Davidson.....	<i>Washington Irving.</i> 98
40.	Earth.....	<i>Margaret Davidson.</i> 99
41.	The Turban, or Insincerity Punished.....	<i>Mrs. Opie.</i> 101
42.	The Father's Choice.....	<i>Mrs. S. J. Hale.</i> 104
43.	Effects of a Flood.....	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i> 106
44.	Morning Twilight.....	<i>J. G. Percival.</i> 108
45.	Virtue.....	<i>George Herbert.</i> 109
46.	True Magicians.....	<i>Mrs. Barbauld.</i> 109
47.	The Comet's Flight.....	<i>Miss Day.</i> 112
48.	Respect to Teachers.....	<i>Mrs. Farrar.</i> 115
49.	Formation of a Coral Island.....	<i>J. Montgomery.</i> 116
50.	The Coral Insect.....	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i> 118
51.	Earthquake at Pointe-à-Pitre.....	<i>H. H. Breen.</i> 119
52.	Gertrude of Wyoming.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 121
53.	A Gust.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 122
54.	Time.....	<i>Carey.</i> 124
55.	Childhood of Lucretia Davidson.....	<i>Miss Sedgwick.</i> 125
56.	A Prayer in Sickness.....	<i>Procter.</i> 127
57.	Morning Service in the Temple at Jerusalem.....	<i>Anon.</i> 127
58.	The Same Subject, concluded.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 129
59.	Song of the Stars.....	<i>Bryant.</i> 131
60.	Filial Reverence.....	<i>Mrs. Farrar.</i> 132
61.	Love and Death.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 134
62.	An Old Friend.....	<i>Court Journal.</i> 135
63.	The Last Wish.....	<i>I. M' Lellan, Jr.</i> 137
64.	God the Creator.....	<i>Fenelon.</i> 139
65.	Eliot and the Indian.....	<i>Anon.</i> 141
66.	A Day in Broadway.....	<i>Anon.</i> 143
67.	The Dying Pauper and her Sovereign.....	<i>Anon.</i> 145
68.	The Monastery of St. Bernard.....	<i>Brookedon.</i> 148
69.	End of Christian Education.....	<i>W. M. Rogers.</i> 151
70.	The Vicissitudes of Nature.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 152
71.	Woman.....	<i>George B. Emerson.</i> 154
72.	Silence.....	<i>Anon.</i> 156
73.	The Sleeper.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> 157
74.	An English Boarding School.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 159
75.	May Morning.....	<i>Anon.</i> 161
76.	The May Queen.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 162
77.	New Year's Eve.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 163
78.	June.....	<i>Howitt.</i> 164
79.	Market of Algiers.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 166
80.	The Youthful Poet.....	<i>Beattie.</i> 168
81.	The Appropriate Sphere of Woman.....	<i>Muzzey.</i> 169
82.	The Sound of the Sea.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> 170
83.	Voices of Summer.....	<i>N. P. Willis.</i> 172
84.	Dirge.....	<i>Collins.</i> 174

Ex.		Page.
85.	Woman ..... <i>Economy of Human Life.</i>	174
86.	Hope, the Friend of the Mariner ..... <i>Campbell.</i>	176
87.	All-hallow Eve, in Wales ..... <i>Anon.</i>	177
88.	The Libelled Benefactor ..... <i>Horace Smith.</i>	179
89.	Midsummer Eve..... <i>N. Hawthorne.</i>	181
90.	Effects of Music on Man ..... <i>Mellen.</i>	182
91.	The Virtuous Woman..... <i>Sacred Scriptures.</i>	183
92.	To the Moon..... <i>Bernard Barton.</i>	184
93.	Petrea ..... <i>Miss Bremer.</i>	185
94.	Journey of the Culprit Fay..... <i>J. R. Drake.</i>	188
95.	The Same Subject, concluded..... <i>Ibid.</i>	189
96.	Tivoli ..... <i>Anon.</i>	191
97.	An Autumn Day..... <i>Bryant.</i>	193
98.	Winter Scene..... <i>Thomson.</i>	194
99.	The Music of Winter..... <i>N. P. Willis.</i>	195
100.	Taste in Dress ..... <i>Mrs. Farrar.</i>	197
101.	The Miss-Nomers ..... <i>Mrs. Barron Wilson.</i>	198
102.	Conversation..... <i>Caroline Fry.</i>	199
103.	On the Departure of a Brother ..... <i>M. Davidson.</i>	202
104.	To the Rainbow ..... <i>Campbell.</i>	203
105.	The Circassians ..... <i>Anon.</i>	205
106.	Hagar in the Wilderness..... <i>N. P. Willis.</i>	207
107.	To the Winds ..... <i>Bernard Barton.</i>	209
108.	Joy ..... <i>Margaret Davidson.</i>	210
109.	A Story of the Pyrenees..... <i>R. M. Milnes.</i>	211
110.	The Oasis ..... <i>H. Reed.</i>	214
111.	The Cataract of Lodore ..... <i>Southey.</i>	217
112.	Passing Away..... <i>Maria J. Jewsbury.</i>	219
113.	The Departed..... <i>Park Benjamin.</i>	220
114.	Fashion ..... <i>Mrs. Ellis.</i>	221
115.	Death of a Princess..... <i>Anon.</i>	223
116.	Palmyra, as it is ..... <i>Linden.</i>	224
117.	Palmyra, as it was..... <i>W. Ware.</i>	226
118.	The Green Hills of my Father-land ..... <i>Mrs. Thurston.</i>	228
119.	The Landing of the Pilgrims ..... <i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	230
120.	Beauty ..... <i>J. G. Whittier.</i>	231
121.	Evening Thoughts..... <i>Anon.</i>	232
122.	Ancient Gardens ..... <i>Anon.</i>	234
123.	The Approach to Paradise..... <i>Milton.</i>	237
124.	Rejoicings upon the New Year's coming of Age .. <i>C. Lamb.</i>	238
125.	The Same Subject, concluded..... <i>Ibid.</i>	240
126.	Scene from Midsummer-Night's Dream ..... <i>Shakspeare.</i>	242
127.	Transmigration of Souls ..... <i>Spectator.</i>	245
128.	The Pauper's Death-bed ..... <i>Mrs. Southey.</i>	249
129.	Woman ..... <i>A. Lewis.</i>	250
130.	Domestic Occupations ..... <i>Anon.</i>	251

# INTRODUCTION

TO THE

YOUNG LADIES' ELOCUTIONARY READER.

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## RUDIMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

### ORTHOËPY.

*Articulation : Enunciation : Pronunciation.*

THESE three terms are properly thus distinguished :— *Articulation* designates the mechanical action of the *organs of speech* ; *enunciation*, the utterance of the *elementary sounds* of a language, or of the component syllables of words ; *pronunciation*, the utterance of *words*. *Orthoëpy* is the grammatical term for the mode or the art of *pronouncing correctly*.

Orthoëpy, as a branch of elocution, requires attention, first, to articulation, or the manner in which we exert the organs of speech ; as on this point the distinctness of enunciation, and the intelligible pronunciation of words, are wholly dependent. A slack, feeble, or indecisive use of the lips, the palate, the tongue, or the glottis, obscures or confounds the sounds of letters and syllables and, sometimes, even of entire words.

*General Rule on Articulation.*— Intelligible, correct, and impressive reading, requires due force and slowness, and perfect exactness, in the action of all the organs of speech.

To comply with this rule, we must avoid all stooping and lounging postures of body : the head should be kept up, and the mouth freely opened in the act of articulation : we must avoid a feeble and imperfect manner of breathing, and a languid, spiritless action of the tongue.

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### *Exercises in Articulation and Enunciation.*

The following exercises should be performed, 1st, in *effusive* utterance, or the gentle style of perfect *tranquillity* ; 2d, in *expulsive* style, or that of *lively* and *bold* expression ; 3d, in *explosive* style, or

that of abrupt and vehement utterance, with the utmost intensity of force; 4th, repeat the sounds, graduated as follows; *very soft, soft, moderate, loud, very loud.*

The action of each class of organs should, in every instance, be carefully observed; so that every sound uttered may be clear and exact, firm and full.

SOUNDS FORMED BY THE GLOTTIS,\* AND THE OPEN MOUTH.

<i>A</i> -ll	<i>A</i> -rm	<i>A</i> -n	<i>Ai</i> -r	<i>E</i> -rr †	<i>E</i> -nd	<i>I</i> -n
<i>E</i> -ve	<i>O</i> -r	<i>O</i> -n	<i>U</i> -p	<i>Oo</i> -ze	<i>L</i> -oo-k	
<i>A</i> -le	<i>I</i> -des	<i>O</i> -ld	<i>Ou</i> -r	<i>Oi</i> -l	<i>U</i> -se, <i>v</i> .	

DENTALS.

<i>D</i> -i- <i>d</i>	<i>T</i> -en- <i>t</i>	<i>TH</i> -ine	<i>Th</i> -in	<i>J</i> -oy
<i>Ch</i> -ur- <i>ch</i>	<i>A</i> -z-ure	<i>Pu</i> -sh	<i>C</i> -ea-se	<i>Z</i> -one

LABIALS.

<i>B</i> -a-be	<i>P</i> -i-pe	<i>M</i> -ai-m	<i>W</i> oe	<i>V</i> -al-ve	<i>F</i> -i-fe
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LINGUALS.

<i>L</i> -u-ll	<i>R</i> -a-p	<i>Fa</i> -r
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PALATICS.

<i>C</i> -a-ke	<i>G</i> -a-g	<i>Y</i> -e
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ASPIRATE

*H*-e

NASALS.

*N*-u-n    *Si*-ng

COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS, IN INITIAL SYLLABLES.

*Bl, cl, fl, gl, pl, sl, spl.*

*Br, cr, dr, fr, gr, pr, spr, tr, str, shr.*

*Sm, sn, sp, st.*

COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS, IN FINAL SYLLABLES.

*ld, lf, lk, lm, lp, ls, lse, lt, lve.*

*m'd, ms, nd, ns, nk, nce, nt.*

*rb, rd, rm, rn, rse, rs, rt, rve, rb'd, rk'd, rm'd, rn'd, rst, rv'd.*

*sm, s'n, sp, st, ss'd, ks, ct, k'd, ft, f'd, pt, p'd, p'n, k'n, d'n, v'n, t'n.*

*lst, m'st, nst, rst, dst, rd'st, rm'dst, rn'dst.*

*ble, ple, dle, rl, bl'd, dl'd, pl'd, rld.*

WORDS CONTAINING THE PRECEDING ELEMENTARY SOUNDS AND COMBINATIONS.

<i>A</i> -ll, ball, fall;	<i>A</i> -rm, harm, charm;
<i>A</i> -n, and, as;	<i>Ai</i> -r, hair, dare;
<i>E</i> -rr, erst, earn;	<i>E</i> -nd, ebb, ell;
<i>I</i> -n, if, is;	<i>E</i> -ve, eel, heed;

\* The opening of the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe.

† The middle sound between *ur* and *air*.

*O-r, orb, cord;**U-p, but, tug;**L-oo-k, took, boot;**I-des, ice, isle;**Ou-r, out, ounce;**O-n, off, odd;**Oo-ze, moon, pool;**A-le, hail, pave;**O-ld, own, oar;**Oi-l, boy, join;**U-se, fume, cube:**D-i-d, died, dared;**TH-ine, than, then;**Joy, June, jay;**A-z-ure, seizure, measure;**C-ea-se, cess, assist;**B-a-be, imbibe, bubble;**M-ai-m, mime, ma'am;**V-al-ve, revolve, vivid;**L-u-ll, loll, pull;**Fa-†r, ware, or;**C-a-ke, click, cook;**Y-e, you, yet;**N-un, nine, noun;**T-en-t, taught, total;**Th-in, thank, through;**Ch-ur-ch, chain, choose;**Pu-sh, hush, rash;**Z-one, zany, zest;**P-i-pe, pope, peep;**W-oe, way, war;**F-i-fe, fade, fast;**\*R-ap, ran, rural;**\*R-a-†re, rear, roar;**G-ag, giggle, gargle;**H-e, hail, have;**Su-ng, hang, rung.**Blame, clear, fly, glow, play, sleep, spleen;**Brave, creep, drive, free, grow, pray, spread, trust, strike, shroud;**Small, snow, spar, stay;**Hold, elf, bulk, helm, scalp, hills, else, fault, twelve;**Aim'd, hums, end, vans, ink, dance, ant;**Barb, herd, farm, turn, verse, wars, art, curve, curb'd, lurk'd, arm'd, warn'd, first, carr'd;**Chasm, ris'n, asp, must, hiss'd, stocks, act, rak'd, wast, quaff'd, apt, pip'd, op'n, tak'n, gard'n, riv'n, light'n;**Whilst, cam'st, canst, first, wouldst, heardst, arm'dst, turn'dst;**Able, maple, idle, hurl, disabl'd, bridl'd, ripp'l'd, world.*

## COMMON ERRORS IN PRONUNCIATION.

*Oall, for all; â'm, ärm and awrm, for ärm;**May-un, for män; äx, for air;**Urr, for err; äynd, for ënd; oa-ur, for ôr;**An, for ön; äee, for I; âur, for our, (o, as in done);**Oayl, for öil; toon, for tune; fâ'm and farrm, for farm;**B'lieve, for believe; p'lite, for polite; c'lamity, for calamity;**Uppinion, for opinion; pruppose, for propose;*\* *Hard*, but not prolonged into a *roll*.† *Soft*, but never *silent*.

Ev'ry, for every ; sev'ral, for several ; trav'ller, for traveller ; des'late, for desolate ; rhet'ric, for rhetoric ; hist'ry, for history ; chà'ming, for charming ; wo'ldly, for worldly ;

Trav'l, for travel ; lev'l, for level ; mod'l, for model ; sudd'n, for sudden ; taken, for tak'n ; open, for op'n ; garden, for gard'n ; cert'n, for certain ; met'l, for metal ; music'l, for musical ; nāsh'n, for nation, (nāshun ; ) momunt, for moment ; independunce, for independence ; meadă, and meader, for meadow ; mawnin', for morning ;

Aybode, for ābode ; ay man, for ā man ; soday, for sodă ; diverge, for dīverge ; dīrect, for dīrect ; customāry, for customāry ; matrimōny, for matrimōny, (o, as in *done* ; ) genuīne, for genuīne ; juvenāle, for juvenīle ; dilatōry, for dilatōry, (o, as in *done* ; ) dootiful, for dutiful ; constitoot, for constitute ; institootion, for institution ;

Prē'face, for prēf'ace ; prē'late, for prēll'ate ; rē-creation, for rēc-reaction ; rē-laxation, for rēl-axation ;

Dē'tail, for detail' ; rē'tail, for rētail' ;

Creatōr, for creatōr, (o, as in *done*.) \*

The preceding are but specimens of the numerous errors which, in negligent usage, are frequently transferred from faulty habits in conversation to the style of juvenile reading, and which common custom too often sanctions. To avoid these and similar errors, the elementary sounds, simple and compound, and their combinations in syllables and words, should be frequently and carefully repeated. A part of every reading exercise should be closely studied and thoroughly analyzed, for the purpose of defining the exact sound of the syllables and letters in every word ;—the pupils of a class discussing, each one a word, in turn, and giving first, with a distinct enunciation, the sound of every letter, then of every syllable, then of the whole word, — first, with great slowness and exactness and full force of utterance, — afterwards, in a spirited, easy, and natural style. It is a useful exercise, also, to read a few lines of every lesson backward, so as to secure attention to exactness in the formation of sounds.

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#### CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

A CORRECT utterance implies, in addition to distinct enunciation, what is usually termed "*a good voice*." By this phrase is meant a *full, round, clear, smooth*, and *agreeable* sound, such as is properly formed by the organs of speech, in distinct and animated conversation, or in appropriate reading.

\* For a more extended enumeration of common errors, see Russell's "*Lessons in Enunciation*."

A "*bad voice*" has usually a *thin, feeble, sharp, husky, hard, guttural* or *nasal* sound.

The mode of utterance, — recognized as a *good voice*, — is one cause of distinct enunciation: that of a defective voice, tends to indistinctness and confusion of sound. The former is pleasing; the latter, displeasing to the ear. No person can read agreeably, who has a defective voice.

Care and attention, with diligent practice, will keep young persons from falling into bad habits of voice. It is habit, chiefly, which makes bad voices. All voices are naturally good, till domestic and local habits spoil them. Wrong habits of voice can be easily corrected in early life. Hence the importance of attentive training in the right use of the vocal organs, during the period of education.

The quality of the voice, depends in part, on the right position of the organs; just as the sound of any instrument depends on its being rightly held. We see this exemplified when a learner is attempting to play on the flute, and, not holding it rightly, makes it give out a hissing disagreeable note; while a skilful player, who holds the instrument in its true position, produces from it a clear, sweet, and smooth tone.

To utter full and agreeable sounds with the voice, therefore, we must first put all the organs of vocal sound into their true position: we must stand or sit erect, — not lounging or stooping; we must expand the chest by holding the shoulders back; we must keep the head up, and the mouth freely open, in the act of utterance.

Having attended to correct attitude, we must next observe the rule of breathing slowly and fully; so as to draw in a sufficient supply of breath, to make a full sound: we must be careful never to get out of breath, by neglecting to draw it in, in due season. Our rule, in this respect, should be, to take a little breath at every perceptible pause, so as to keep the lungs always supplied. In forming the breath into sound, we should not empty the lungs all at once, or, as it were, spill out the breath, but give it forth rather sparingly, unless in violent emotion.

Practice and training enable the reader, as well as the singer, to give powerful and long-sustained sounds, without waste of breath, and without fatigue. The muscles which move and adjust our organs of voice, are, like those of all other parts of the body, susceptible of a high degree of vigour and perfection in their action; and diligent cultivation produces in this, as in other things, the most useful and beautiful results.

The training of the voice, when systematically practised, renders it comparatively perfect, as an instrument, and imparts to it the highest degrees of strength, and pliancy, and agreeable effect. The following exercises should be practised daily, with the utmost attention to the sound of the voice, that it be *clear, true, round, full, and even*, in its effect on the ear. Care should be taken, at the same time, to keep it *soft* or *loud, high* or *low, fast* or *slow, or moderate*, as the utterance of the prevalent emotion, in each example, requires.

## EXERCISES FOR FORMING THE VOICE.

*Moderate and Quiet Tones.**Example 1.*

"It is content of heart  
     Gives nature power to please:  
 The mind that feels no smart,  
     Enlivens all it sees;  
 Can make a wintry sky  
     Seem bright as smiling May,  
 And evening's closing eye  
     As peep of early day."

## 2.

"The breath of spring awakens the flowers, and gives the promise of fruits. The summer brings the riches of the harvest. The autumn displays the fruits that spring has promised. Winter, which is the night of the year, treasures up all its riches, only in order that the following spring may bring them forth with new beauty."

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*Lively Utterance.*

## 1.

"Up!—let us to the fields away,  
     And breathe the fresh and balmy air:  
 The bird is building in the tree;  
 The flower has opened to the bee;  
     And health, and love, and peace are there."

## 2.

To set pride in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder ant-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every insect, (his shape and way of life excepted,) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles, that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide, and make way for the emmet that passes through them! You must understand that he is a person of quality, and has better blood in his veins, than any ant on the hill.

Do not you see how sensible he is of it, — how slowly he marches forward, — how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? — Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barleycorns in his granary.

“We will now suppose, if you please, — that death comes down upon the ant-hill, in the shape of a sparrow, who picks up the emmet of substance and his day-labourers. — May we not imagine that beings of superior natures regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our own species in the same point of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth, — or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, — of those emmets that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?”

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*Loud and Full Utterance.*

1.

“Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!  
 Thy home is high in heaven,  
 Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
 And the tempest clouds are driven.  
 Thy throne is on the mountain top;  
 Thy fields, the boundless air;  
 And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
 The skies, — thy dwellings are!”

2.

“Are the properties of matter all discovered? — its laws all found out? — the uses to which they may be applied, all detected? I cannot believe it. — The progress which has been made in art and science, is, indeed, vast. We are ready to think that a pause must follow, that the goal must be at hand. But there is no goal, and there can be no pause; for art and science are in themselves progressive. They are moving powers, animating principles: they are instinct with life; they are themselves the intellectual life of man. Nothing can arrest them, which does not plunge the entire order of society into barbarism. There is no end to truth, no bound to its discovery and application; and a man might as well think to build a

tower, from the top of which he could grasp Sirius in his hand, as prescribe a limit to discovery and invention."

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*Bold and very Loud Utterance.*

1.

"King of the East! the trumpet calls,  
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave.  
A curse is on thy palace walls, —  
A curse is on thy guardian wave;  
A surge is in Euphrates' bed,  
That never filled its bed before, —  
A surge that ere the morn be red,  
Shall load with death its haughty shore!  
Behold a tide of Persian steel, —  
A torrent of the Median car!  
Like flame their gory banners wheel —  
Rise, king, and arm thee for the war!"

2.

"Read the declaration of our independence at the head of the army, — every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit, — religion will approve it; and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls, — proclaim it there, — let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon, — let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord; — and the very walls will cry out in its support!"

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*Calm and Gentle Tones.*

1.

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake!  
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,  
When early birds at morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

"How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side!

"On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star."

## 2.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

## 3.

"The smiles of a mother call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth."

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*Soft and Subdued Utterance.*

## 1.

"Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,  
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,  
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,  
Far from the track of the mean and the vile!  
And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,  
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,  
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,  
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile."

## 2.

"Behold the humble habitation of the poor, where the scanty supply procured by labour, is interrupted by disease. The father, laid upon his bed of straw, desponding and heart-broken; the mother, wiping the tears silently away, while attending at his side; the children, in want of clothing and of bread; and this, within sight of some opulent mansion, whose inmates squander, in dissipation, what would give them comfort and support. Observe the entrance of some benevolent visitor, who speaks to them in language of kindness, directs their trust in Providence, leads them to use the prayer of resignation and of faith, and gives them the means of alleviating their misery, until he comes again; and say whether it is not better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting."

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*Soft, Low, Slow, and Solemn Tones.*

## 1.

"The loving ones we loved the best,  
Like music all are gone!  
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest  
Their monumental stone!

"But not when the death-prayer is said,  
The life of life departs:  
The body in the grave is laid,—  
Its beauty in our hearts.

"And holy midnight voices sweet,  
Like fragrance fill the room;  
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,  
Come brightening from the tomb."

## 2.

"There is a murmur in the heath!—the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear! 'Come, Ossian, come away!' he says. Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season. Our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent, our fame is in the four gray stones. The voice of

Ossian has been heard. The harp has been strung in Selma. 'Come, Ossian, come away!' he says, 'come, fly with thy fathers on the clouds!' — I come, I come, thou king of men! The life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish in Cona. My steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my gray hairs, shall not awaken me. Depart on thy wings, O wind! — thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long; but his eyes are heavy. — Depart, thou rustling blast!"

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*Bold, Deep, and Vivid Tones.*

"Thou grim King of terrors! thou life's gloomy foe!  
Go, frighten the coward and slave!  
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! — but know,  
No terrors hast thou to the brave!"

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*Forcible, Abrupt, High, and Rapid Utterance.*

"Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
Like chaff before the winds of heaven,  
The archery appear;  
For life, for life their flight they ply,  
While shriek and shout and battle-cry,  
And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
Are maddening in their rear!"

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*Shouting.*

"Joy, joy forever! — my task is done!  
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

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*Deep, Forcible, Sublime, and Solemn Utterance.*

"Oh! clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph! For the Lord Most High is terrible: he is a great King over all the earth.

“God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises; for God is the King of all the earth.”

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*Varied Tones.*

[*Firm, Forcible Utterance, increasing in Energy and Rapidity, and rising in Pitch.*] “I stood in the darkness of my strength. Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream. The mingled sound of death arose. Man took man; shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel. Darts hiss through air. Spears ring on mail. Swords on broken bucklers bound. As the noise of an aged grove, beneath the roaring wind, when a thousand ghosts break the trees by night, such was the din of arms.”

[*Change to Low, Soft, and Slow, with Long Pauses; — the whole effect becoming continually lower, softer and slower, and the pauses lengthening.*] “But Uthal fell beneath my sword. The sons of Berrathon fled. It was then I saw him in his beauty, and the tear hung in my eye! ‘Thou art fallen, young tree,’ I said, ‘with all thy beauty around thee! Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert! — there is no sound in thy leaves! — Lovely art thou in death, son of car-borne Larthmore!’”

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To these exercises should be added an extensive course of practice on the miscellaneous pieces, with a view to facilitate the acquisition of a perfect command over the voice, in all forms of utterance, and a varied style of reading corresponding to every change, in sense and expression.

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“INFLECTIONS,” OR “SLIDES,” AND “WAVES,” WITH THEIR  
“INTERVALS.”

[THE following definitions, and rules have, at the request of instructors who prefer to follow the exact system laid down by Dr. Rush, been adapted to his Philosophy of the Voice. Teachers who prefer practical methods of teaching *by ear*, can easily accommodate their instruction to their own views, by omitting the technical nomenclature, and retaining the *facts* imbodyed in the rules and definitions.]

The term "interval" is used, in elocution, to denote the distance which the voice traverses, in passing from one point of the musical scale to another, above or below. "Intervals" are termed "*concrete*" when the voice, in transition, slides through several notes continuously, — "*discrete*," when it passes from note to note by successive skips. — Utter the interrogation, "Did *you* call?" in such a manner as to give emphatic force to the word "*you*," as well as a still stronger force to the word "*call*;" and the words "*you*" and "*call*" will exemplify successive skips, or "discrete intervals;" while each of the same words, taken by itself, will exhibit a "concrete interval" of continuous sound, gliding upward. In the "discrete interval," the voice moves with an effect resembling that produced by running up or down the keys of a pianoforte: in the "concrete," the effect is like that of the "mewing" sound of the violin, when the performer glides up or down the scale, with one prolonged and unbroken sweep.

We hear an effect similar to the last mentioned, when we utter a *question* with a *drawling* voice, or with real or feigned *surprise*. The interrogatory exclamation, "éh?"\* drawn out to great length, — as in extreme surprise, "éh?"\* will serve as an illustration of a wide upward "concrete interval." This transit of voice is, in the language of elocution, termed an *upward* "slide," or *rising* "inflection." Suppose the person to whom the question is put, to *answer* in a tone of *great contempt*, or one of *strong assurance*, with the monosyllable "Yes."\* The voice would now glide *down*, in a "concrete interval," or continuous sound, of several successive notes. This transition is called, in elocution, a *downward* "slide," or *falling* "inflection." The extent of the "interval," is, in all such cases, in exact accordance with the degree of emotion intended to be expressed: it may be of any measure on the musical scale, from the plaintive semitone, or half-note, to the wider "interval" of a full tone, or to the still wider "intervals" of the "third," the "fifth," the "octave," or even beyond; and its effect may be vastly increased by doubling the "slide," or causing it to run first upward and then downward, or the reverse. The "slide" thus doubled, is termed a "wave,"† or "circumflex."

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### The Semitone.

We may commence the analysis of "concrete intervals," with the slightest of all, — the upward or downward *semitone*.

*Rule.* — The *semitone* is the peculiar characteristic "expression" of *pathos, tenderness, grief*, and all kindred emotions.

\* The *acute* accent denotes the *upward* "slide," or *rising* "inflection;" and the *grave* accent, the *downward* "slide," or *falling* "inflection."

† The "wave" is called *direct*, when it first rises and then falls: *inverted*, when it first falls and then rises. The *former* is sometimes called the *falling* "circumflex," and is usually marked thus  $\wedge$ , the latter the *rising* "circumflex," and usually marked thus  $\vee$ .

The plaintive and wailing effect of semitone, is, in music, termed "chromatic." It is familiar to all ears, in the cries of the infant and the child, in the condoling accents of the mother, or in the soothing address of tender and sympathetic feeling, generally. As an element of expression in elocution, it exerts a great power over feeling, and is an indispensable point of true tone and genuine emotion.

*Example of Pathetic Semitone.*

"She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And mourns within her sleep,  
Or waketh with a patient smile  
And striveth *not* to weep."

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*The Interval of a Tone, or the "Second."*

The next "concrete interval," is that of the *full tone*, or the continuous transition from one note to the next above or below. This interval is so slight as to be barely perceptible to the ear, as a rise or fall of the voice. It is, in its upward form, the usual extent of a vowel sound, when not uttered in the mood of feeling, — in articulating the letter *a*, for example.

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*The Upward "Slide" of the "Second," in Mechanical Reading.*

*Rule.* — This mode of utterance prevails in the dry, technical style of reading *documents, law-papers, advertisements, proclamations, &c.*, as in these, the mere function of articulation suffices for the sense.

*Advertisement.* "Just received, — a fresh supply of splendid cashmeres, which the ladies are earnestly requested to call and examine early; as the rapid sale of these superb shawls makes delay more than usually dangerous."

*Document.* "This may certify that A. B. has been in my employment, as clerk, for the last three years, and that, during that time, his diligence and fidelity in the discharge of his duties, have been in the highest degree satisfactory."

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*"Monotone."*

But if we *deepen* the sound of the voice in *pitch*, give it the resonant effect of *full* and *round* utterance, *swelling* tone, and *prolonged* sounds on vowels, *dwelling on the middle* of each sound, and *omitting* the usual *pauses*; the same style which was so flat and inexpressive,

becomes the language of the highest sublimity, or the profoundest awe. — This style of the upward “second,” is termed “*monotone*.”

*Rule on “Monotone.”* — We observe the peculiar effect of “monotone,” in the language of *devotion*, or in the reading of impressive passages of Scripture, — the book of Revelation, for example.

The mechanical style of voice first mentioned, is appropriately termed *monotony*: we call the style of reading, in such instances, *monotonous*. The impressive style of *awe*, *solemnity*, and *grandeur*, is, in the language of elocution, termed “*monotone* ;” as its peculiar effect arises from the reiteration of one and the same tone, corresponding, as it were, to the tolling of a bell.

The command of the “monotone” is indispensable to full solemnity and great sublimity of “*expression*.” The following example should be repeated till its characteristic mode of utterance is fully acquired.

*Example of “Monotone.”* — \* “Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our Gôd, for ever and ever !”

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#### *The Upward and the Downward “Slide,” of the “Second,” in Phrases.*

*Rule.* — These “slides,” uttered in a style more perceptible and marked, than in the preceding instances, are used to indicate, the former the *incompleteness of sense* ; and the latter, its *partial completeness*, in phrases too *brief* to require the upward and the downward slides of the “third,” or any higher interval.

These inflections are distinct, but delicate and slight ; and should be carefully guarded from rising in the style of question, and falling in that of cadence, — which are very common errors.

#### *Example.*

“At this crisis, the clouds, which had long been lowering, broke suddenly, and poured down rain in torrents on our heads.”

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#### *The Downward “Slide” of the “Second,” in Designation and Enumeration.*

*Rule.* — *Designation* and *enumeration*, are marked by the downward “slide” of the “second,” unless in long clauses, or emphatic expression, which require, usually, the interval of the “third.”

\* This mark (-) over successive words, is used to indicate “monotone.”

*Example of Designation.* — “There stood on the banks of the Saranac, a small, neat còttage, which peeped forth from the surrounding foliage, — the image of rural quiet and contentment. An old-fashioned piàzza extended along the front, shaded with vines and hòney-suckle; the túrf on the bank of the river, was of the richest and brightest emerald.”

*Enumeration.* — “She would note, with surprising discrimination, the various effects of the weather upon the surrounding landscape; — the mòuntains wrapped in clouds; the tórrents roaring down their sides, in times of tempest; the bright, warm sùnshine, the cooling shówers, the pale, cold móon.”

A succession of words, or clauses, like the above, is termed, in elocution, a “*concluding series*,” — as the series, or succession, *concludes* or completes the expression of a thought, and forms perfect sense, at its close.

The penultimate member of a concluding series, is excepted from the above rule, and takes a rising inflection, — usually a “third,” — to enable the voice to descend easily and naturally at the cadence, — which would otherwise be abrupt and awkward.

A “*commencing series*,” or that in which the members commence, but do not complete, a thought, would be exemplified by changing the preceding example, as follows: —

“The various effects of the weather upon the surrounding landscape; — the mòuntains wrapped in clouds; the tórrents roaring down their sides, in times of tempest; the bright, warm sùnshine; the cooling shówers; the pale, cold móon, were noted by her with surprising discrimination.”

The sense being incomplete, at the termination of the “*commencing series*,” the upward slide takes place, on the last member, to form a connecting link of sound to the following phrase.

*Note 1.* — *Bold* and *abrupt* expression, and *emphatic* language, generally, cause the “series,” of both kinds, to take the *downward* “slide,” of the “third,” or “fifth,” on all the members, without distinction.

*Example.* — “All is concentrated in a life intense,  
Where not a bèam, nor àir, nor léaf is lost.” —

*Note 2.* — Poetry and, occasionally, prose, — in the expression of *sublimity*, *beauty*, or *pathos*, — give the *upward* “second,” or the “monotone,” to all the members of a “series,” excepting only the last of a concluding one.

*Examples.* — “O’er fell and fountain shéen,  
O’er moor and mountain gréen,  
O’er the red streamer that heralds the dáy,  
Over the clóudlet díim,  
Over the ráinbow’s rím,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!”

"Here were the rotten beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb, on which no epitaph remained; — all, — marble, stone, iron, wood, and dust, — one common monument of ruin."

"A silence, solemn, deep, serene,  
Which makes His presence felt abroad, —  
This is the mean which lies between  
Our spirits and the living God."

*Note 3.* — *Strong emotion*, and *forcible* expression, however, even in poetry are marked, in "series," by the bold *downward* "*slide*" of the "third," "fifth," or even the "octave."

*Example.*

"We've sworn by our country's assaunders,  
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,  
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,  
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,\*  
That, living, we *will* be victorious,  
Or that, dying, our death shall be glorious."

One of the most striking faults, by which reading is rendered mechanical and artificial, is that of transcending the appropriate interval of a *tone*, in short clauses, and extending the transition to a "*third*," or the distance of *two notes* instead of *one*, — when neither emphasis, nor contrast, nor interrogation, nor cadence demand it. The style of voice loses, in this way, a natural, conversational character, and becomes formal and unmeaning. — The proper remedy for this fault, is to repeat frequently the examples of unimpassioned style, in plain narrative, descriptive, and didactic composition, with the attention carefully fixed on the mode of utterance, to keep it free from the measured and arbitrary effect of what is distinctively called a "*reading tone*," and to mould it in the style of conversation, without, however, letting it assume a mere "*talking tone*."

"*Slides*" of the "*Third*," "*Fifth*," and "*Octave*."

*General Rule.* — These wider upward and downward "intervals," belong to the various stages of *question* and *answer*, of *distinctive* and *suspended sense*, of *cadence*, and of *strong emotion* — whether in the comparatively moderate form of the "*slide*," or the peculiar effect of the "*wave*."

*Note.* — The "*slides*," of the larger "intervals," belong to the expression of *the strongest emotion*.

\* The rising inflection in this line, being the last of a "*commencing series*," is the connective tone to the following sense.

*Examples of the Upward and Downward Slides of the Third.* — “Is the night clear or cloudy?”

“Was it a man or a boy that passed?”

“The gospel offers its blessings equally to the rich and to the poor.”

“The refreshing rain falls alike on the just and the unjust.”

“The cheerful man diffuses around him a continual sunshine; the morose, a perpetual gloom.”

“Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He who created me, knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.”

*Upward and Downward Slides of the Fifth.* — “Could not he, who opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?”

“On with the dance! — let joy be unconfined!

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!”

“Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!”

“Come along, girls! Helen! Caroline! I say, don’t stand jabbering there upon the stairs, but come down this instant; or Dash and I will be off without you!”

*Upward and Downward Slides of the Octave.* — “All this dread order break? — for whom? — for thee!

Vile worm! — Oh! madness! — pride! — impiety!”

*Rules on the Downward “Slide.”* 1. — The unimpassioned downward “slide,” of the “third,” is used for *distinction*, in correspondence, or in contrast, with the *upward* of the same “interval.”

*Example.* — “Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia, to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fear to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity, when I was gay; the other with sense, when I was serious.”

2. — The unimpassioned “downward third” is, also, the indication, to the ear, of complete sense at *colons*, and, sometimes, at *semicolons*.

*Note.* — This slide usually begins on a “discrete” or “radical” pitch above the level of the preceding clause; which keeps it from assuming the effect of a cadence, — the common fault of inattentive or inadvertent reading.

*Example.* — “My wife always insisted that our relations, how humble soever they might be, should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and, as

some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces."

3. — The "cadence" at a *period*, is usually formed by a "discrete" descent of three successive sounds, the last of which terminates with a downward "vanish," and thus creates the sense of repose and completeness, which is appropriate to the close of a sentence, and the conclusion of a sentiment.

The deviations from the true "melody" or successive notes of cadence, are various in style, according to the habits of individuals. Persons who enjoy the advantage of musical culture and discrimination, or who have the aid of an instructor, can correct any false habit of voice, by reference to the exact "interval" mentioned: others will best succeed by closely observing *the style of cadence in conversation, and bringing the close of sentences, in reading, as near as possible to that standard.*

*Rules on the Upward Slide.* — 1. — The *impassioned upward "slide"* of the "third," "fifth," and "octave," occurs in the various stages of "expression," in the language of *surprise* and *interrogation*. — See previous Examples.

*Note.* — *Emphatic* interrogation takes the *downward*, instead of the *upward "slide."*

*Example.* — "Is it possible? Can you believe it?"

2. — The *unimpassioned upward "third"* is used at the end of a long clause in which the sense remains suspended, or incomplete, and the effect of expectation of farther expression, is intentionally created by the tone of the voice.

*Example.* — "As the life-boat, and the safety-gun, which succeeded in all that they were made to do, while the sea was calm, and the winds still, have been known to fail, when the vessel was tossed on a tempestuous ocean; so those who may successfully oppose principle to temptation, when the tempest of the passions is not awakened within their bosoms, may sometimes be overwhelmed by its power, when it meets them in all its awful energy and unexpected violence."

*Note.* — Interrogation which does not admit of an answer by "yes" or "no," terminates with a *downward "slide."*

*Example.* — "How, when, or where did that event happen?"

### *The "Circumflex," Wave, or Double "Slide."*

*Rule 1.* — The "wave," in its *equable* and *gentlest effect*, of a rise and a fall, each of *one* tone, gives "expression" to *solemnity* and

reverence, in the prolonged sounds of *devotion*, in passages peculiarly characterized by such emotion.

*Note.*—The effect of the voice dwelling on the middle part of each accented vowel sound, in such expression, is that, nearly, of absolute monotone.

*Example.*—Hôly! hôly! hôly Lôrd Gôd of Sabaoth!”

*Rule 2.*—The *equal* “wave” of the “*third*,” is used in *close, moral, logical, and verbal distinctions, in peculiar emphasis on words, as such, in punning, and in all similar effects of language.*

*Example of Distinction.*—“If mÿ uncle, thÿ bânished fătther, had banished thÿ uncle, the duke mÿ father, so thôu hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thÿ father for mine; so wouldst thôu, if the truth of thÿ love to mĕ were so righteously tempered as mine is to thĕe.”

*Example of Verbal Emphasis.*—“It often happens, in adapting music to translated words, that the finest notes in the air fall upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *and* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *thê*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon *thên*, *fôr*, and *frôm*, to the eternal honour of our English particles.”

*Example of Punning.*—A few years ago, the editor of the “Nantucket Inquirer,” who preferred the use of the letter *I* as the initial of the word “inquirer,” was annoyed by the practice of his contemporary in New York, who preferred the orthography of “*Enquirer*,” and, in quoting from the Nantucket paper, changed the spelling to suit his own practice. The aggrieved party, at last losing patience, threw down the editorial gauntlet, in the following professional terms. “Our neighbour of New York cannot well expect to find himself long at his *Ė*-s, if he keeps putting out other people’s *Î*-s.”

*Rule 3.*—*Unequal* “waves,” extending to “*fifths*,” “*octaves*,” and larger “*intervals*,” and sometimes even assuming the form of a *double*, or repeated “wave,” occur in the language of *scorn, contempt, sarcasm, irony, burlesque, ridicule*, and similar emotions.

*Examples.*—“Yes, thêy will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of pàssion.”

“Thou Fôrtune’s champion! that dost nèver fĭght  
But when her hÿmorous lădyship is bÿ,  
To teach thee sâfety!”

## PAUSES.

The length of pauses, in reading, does not always depend on the grammatical punctuation, as indicated by the comma, semicolon, &c., but on the mood of feeling and "expression," on impassioned utterance, and, consequently, on the "movement" of the voice, as fast or slow. The observance of "time," in reading, implies that *slow* "movement" is always accompanied by *long* pauses, and *brisk* or *rapid* "movement," by *short* ones.

Repeat, for illustration, the various examples as classified for practice in the cultivation of the voice, with the attention closely fixed on the comparative length of the pauses. It will be perceived, from this exercise, that the degree of *velocity* or *slowness* in the voice, decides the *length* of the *pauses*, for every gradation of "movement."

But there are pauses required in reading, which are not marked in the grammatical punctuation. These are, 1st, such as *feeling* suggests, and occurring at any part of a sentence, in which strong emotion is expressed. For these pauses there is no fixed rule: they may be as frequent and as long as the reader feels to be appropriate, according to the degree of emotion implied in the language of the composition.

2d. There are also pauses required by the *sense* of phrases and of words, which do not depend on *feeling*, but on *judgment*. These are termed "rhetorical" pauses, and are usually, — though not always, — shorter than the pause at a comma. They may be comprehended, with a very few exceptions, under the following

*General Rule.* — "Rhetorical" pauses are used to divide *clauses* into PHRASES, and to mark SIGNIFICANT WORDS. — The length of these pauses, is in accordance with that of a *phrase*, or with the *significance* of a *word*.

*Examples.* — "Among the earliest indications of the poetical character | in this child, were her perceptions of the beauty of natural scenery. Her home | was in a picturesque neighbourhood, calculated to awaken | and foster | such perceptions. The following description of it || is taken | from one of her own writings." \*

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 EMPHASIS.

"Emphasis," though too commonly restricted to the notion of mere comparative force of utterance on certain words, is, properly, nothing else than "*expression*" concentrated and condensed into the accented syllable of the prominent expressive or significant word of a sentence or a clause. It may be analyzed into the same elements as "expression;" and though it usually implies comparative or superior force, — it cannot be given forth, in passages marked by any degree of emotion, without a combination of many other elements.

\* The marks in the above example, indicate the comparative length of the "rhetorical" pauses.

The emphatic words, for example, in the line of poetry,

"It THUNDERS: sons of *dust*, in REVERENCE *bow*!"

derive their effect not merely from their superior force of sound, but from their condensing, into the limited space of a single word, the full "expressive" effect of the feeling of *awe*, which pervades the utterance of the whole line. The emphasis will cease to be that of true utterance and genuine emotion, if any one of the elements expressive of *awe*, — "low pitch," "subdued force," or "slow movement," for example, be subtracted from the effect of the voice. — Emphasis is, to phrases and sentences, what accent is to words, — concentrated and absorbing *force* of utterance. But it is also much more: it often comprises all the elements which constitute an impressive mode of voice, concentrated upon one word.

The common fault, as regards emphasis, is that of slighting or neglecting it, or uttering it imperfectly, — a defect in "expression," which takes away the energy and life of the voice, deducts from the earnest manner of sincere sentiment, and leaves the sense of every sentence in partial or entire obscurity. Emphasis, however, is often overdone, and rendered hard and laborious, — a fault which is peculiarly uncomfortable and irksome to the ear.

Practice, with a view to the acquisition of energetic and impressive emphasis, should be frequently repeated, on passages of poetry, for the purpose of facilitating the utterance of impassioned force, — and on prose compositions, in "declamatory" and didactic style, with a view to exact and spirited but easy expression, in distinctive and antithetic language, in which emphasis depends on the "slides" and "waves" of the voice.

It may be a useful exercise to review, for this particular object, the exercises prescribed for the cultivation of the voice; and appropriate selections may, afterwards, be made, for the same purpose, from the miscellaneous pieces in subsequent pages.

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#### "EXPRESSION."

"Expression," in elocution, has the same signification as in music. It denotes the characteristic utterance of *feeling*, as distinguished from mere enunciation. Thus, the following line may be read as in articulation, merely, — in the style of syllabic utterance, with no regard to *sense*, but only to the proper combination of *sounds* in the words, as they would be pronounced, if they stood apart from each other, or formed no connected sentiment.

"It thunders sons of dust in reverence bow"

The same line may, on the other hand, be read with deep and full emotion, constituting what is termed "*expression*," and producing a vivid sympathy with the spirit of the poetic scene. The mere enunciation of the words, has a dry, unmeaning, inexpressive effect of simple mechanical utterance. It keeps one note, one degree of force,

one uniform rate, one length of pause, throughout: the whole style is flat and uninteresting.

"*Expression*," applied to the reading of this line, comprises all the following effects: 1st, "*Pectoral quality*," or the deep, murmuring resonance of the chest; — 2d, "*Suppressed*" force, in an approach to whispering utterance; — 3d, "*Median stress*," or perceptible and full "swell," on the emphatic words, '*thunders*,' '*dust*,' '*reverence*,' and '*bow*;' — 4th, "*Very low*" pitch, the peculiarly deep note of awe; — 5th, The downward "*slide*" of the "*fifth*," on the emphatic words, '*thunders*,' '*reverence*,' and '*bow*;' — 6th, *Prolonged* "*quantity*," on the accented syllables of the words '*thunders*,' and '*reverence*,' and on the diphthong of the word '*bow*;' — 7th, *Very slow* "*movement*;" — 8th, *Very long pauses*; — 9th, The full musical effect of metrical "*rhythm*."

Divested of any one of all these elements, the line will sound defective to feeling and to the ear: combining them, it falls on the ear and the heart with the effect which we term "*expression*."

"*Expression*," accordingly, should characterize all reading that is true to *feeling*; whether blended with *thought*, and constituting *sentiment*, or existing in the form of *mere emotion*, — apart, for the moment, from the influence of thought and reflection. The voice, under the influence of expressive feeling, gives, as it were, the effect of colouring to the mental picture, and breathes life and reality into the whole. Reading, without "*expression*," is not only lifeless and ineffectual, but false, as regards truth of feeling, and the demands of the ear.

Poetry inspires more vivid expression than prose. But even the latter has large demands on expressive utterance, in every passage which constitutes what can be termed good writing. "*Expression*" is at once the life and the effect of genuine emotion and appropriate reading. The want of this indispensable element, is the prevalent fault of school reading.

The most efficacious remedy for this defect, is the habit of reading with earnest attention, and a wakeful mind, which imbibes the spirit of what is read, and gives itself wholly up to the effect of the subject or the scene. It is only in this vivid state of sympathy that the voice becomes true and "*expressive*" in tone.

The practice of analyzing pieces, with a view to detect and enumerate their elements of "*expression*," in the manner above exemplified, is of the greatest service to facility and appropriateness in the management of the voice. Every turn in the current of feeling, every perceptible shading of thought, should be carefully observed and fully expressed, in every exercise.

It is not merely in the successive sentences of a piece or a paragraph, but, not unfrequently, in the clauses, and even the phrases, of a sentence, or, sometimes, on the very words of a phrase, that the "*expression*" of the voice must be varied, to give true utterance to the meaning or the emotion which the language of a passage is intended to impart. The analysis, therefore, which is to guide the management of the voice, must be close and exact.

## EXERCISES IN "EXPRESSION."

THE SERENADE. *Mrs. J. H. Abbot.*[An example of *extremely soft tone* and *delicate "expression."*]

"Heard you that strain of music light,  
Borne gently on the breeze of night, —  
So soft and low as scarce to seem  
More than the magic of a dream?

Morpheus caught the liquid swell, —  
Its echo broke his drowsy spell.

Hark! now it rises sweetly clear,  
Prolonged upon the raptured ear; —  
Sinking now, the quivering note  
Seems scarcely on the air to float;  
It falls, — 'tis mute, — nor swells again; —  
Oh! what wert thou, melodious strain?"

---

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL. *Mrs. J. H. Abbot.*[An example of *soft* and *pathetic "expression."*]

"I love thy strain, lone whip-poor-will,  
So mournful, and so low;  
To me a tale it seems to tell  
Of sorrow and of woe.

"Thrice hath it lured my spell-bound feet,  
By moonlight down the vale,  
Where thou hast found a still retreat,  
To breathe thy plaintive wail.

"Why is thy note so sweetly sad?  
And why prefer the hour  
When darkness hath the forest clad,  
Thy lonely lay to pour?

"Dost thou, as was believed of yore,  
Presage some mortal's doom,  
Who, — life's brief day of pleasure o'er, —  
Is destined to the tomb?

"Perchance her early fall you mourn  
Who listens to your song;—  
Is mine the wailing dirge now borne  
On evening breeze along?"

"Thy voice is mute. — Then be it so;  
Though fate may cruel seem:—  
This spot shall mark my grave, and thou  
Shalt chant my requiem."

---

MARIE ANTOINETTE. *Burke.*

[*Admiration and pathos.*]

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.

"I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in;— glittering, like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy.

"Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall!

"Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful, love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,— in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

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EVENING. *Margaret Davidson.*

[*Repose.*]

"'Twas the song of the evening spirit! — it stole,  
Like a stream of delight, o'er the listening soul:  
'I am coming, O Earth! I am hasting away,  
With my star-spangled crown, and my mantle of gray;

I have come from my bower in the regions of light,  
 To recline on the breast of my parent, Night!  
 To soften the gloom in her mournful eye,  
 And guide her steps through the darkened sky!  
 I come to the earth in my mystic array;  
 Rest, rest from the toils and the cares of the day!  
 I will lull each discordant emotion to sleep,  
 As I hush the wild waves of the turbulent deep,  
 And my watch o'er the couch of their slumbers I keep.  
 The streams murmur, "Peace," as I steal through the sky,  
 And hushed are the winds, which swept fitfully by;  
 The bee nestles down on the breast of the rose,  
 And the wild birds of summer are seeking repose.'

---

TO THE EVENING STAR. *Margaret Davidson.*

[*Serenity and pathos.*]

"No twinkling groups around thee throng, —  
 Thy path majestic, lonely, bright, —  
 A radiant softness shades thy form,  
 First wanderer in the train of night!

"While gazing on thy glorious path,  
 It seems as though some seraph's eye  
 Looked with angelic sweetness down,  
 And watched me from the glorious sky.

"As the dim twilight steals around,  
 And thou art trembling far above,  
 I think of those no longer here,  
 Dear objects of my earliest love.

"Oh! then shine on, thus pure and bright,  
 Pour on each mourning soul thy balm!  
 Soothe the sad bosom's rankling grief,  
 And fill it with thy heavenly calm!"

MORNING. *Margaret Davidson.*

[*Admiration.*]

“How calm, how beautiful a scene is this, —  
When Nature, waking from her silent sleep,  
Bursts forth in light, and harmony, and joy!  
When earth, and sky, and air, are glowing all  
With gayety and life, and pensive shades  
Of morning loveliness are cast around!  
The purple clouds, so streaked with crimson light,  
Bespeak the coming of majestic day; —  
Mark how the crimson grows more crimson still,  
While, ever and anon, a golden beam  
Seems darting out its radiance!  
Heralds of day! where is that mighty form  
Which clothes you all in splendour, and around  
Your colourless, pale forms spreads the bright hues  
Of heaven? — He cometh from his gorgeous couch,  
And gilds the bosom of the glowing east!”

---

THE SUMMER WIND. *Bryant.*

[*Animation and cheerfulness.*]

“The summer wind is come,  
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings  
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,  
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,  
By the roadside and the borders of the brook,  
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves  
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
Were on them yet; and silver waters break  
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.”

---

ASPIRATIONS. *Margaret Davidson.*

[*Earnestness.*]

“ Oh! for a something more than this,  
To fill the void within my breast ;—  
A sweet reality of bliss,  
A something bright, but unexpressed !

“ My spirit longs for something higher  
Than life's dull stream can e'er supply ;—  
Something to feed this inward fire,  
This spark, which never more can die.

“ I'd hold companionship with all  
Of pure, of noble, or divine ;  
With glowing heart adoring fall,  
And kneel at nature's sylvan shrine.

“ My soul is like a broken lyre,  
Whose loudest, sweetest chord is gone ;  
A note, half trembling on the wire, —  
A heart that wants an echoing tone.

“ When shall I find this shadowy bliss,  
This shapeless phantom of the mind ?  
This something words can ne'er express,  
So vague, so faint, so undefined ?

“ Why are these restless, vain desires,  
Which always grasp at something more  
To feed the spirit's hidden fires,  
Which burn unseen, — unnoticed soar ?

“ Well might the heathen sage have known  
That earth must fail the soul to bind ;  
That life, and life's tame joys, alone,  
Could never chain the ethereal mind.”



## "RHYTHM."

The word "rhythm" is used in elocution, as in music, to denote that *measured flow of voice, which depends on regularly-recurring accent and pause*. "Rhythm" is practically the gauge, or test, of regularity in the successive sounds and cessations of utterance. Thus, we observe that, in ordinary conversation on miscellaneous topics, the voice seems to ramble in its movement: our comparative indifference about the subject of our talk, lays no restraint, imposes no dignity, on utterance. But the serious and grave communication of sentiment, even in the colloquial style, is always marked by regularity in the succession of utterance, and in reading, still more.

All authors whose manner is characterized by regular rhetorical effect, have their style distinctly marked by a perceptible "rhythm" peculiar to each.

True reading, whilst it never overdoes such effects to the ear, will always carefully preserve them. The ability to give them appropriately, depends on an analysis of the sound of sentences, clauses, and phrases, into their rhythmical portions. This analysis is performed by dividing sentences by "bars," as is done in the written forms of music. *Every accent, accordingly, commences a new "bar."* The place of the accent, however, is, sometimes, occupied by a pause, corresponding in effect to a musical "rest."

The practice of analyzing passages, in this manner, and of regulating the voice by "beating time," at the commencement of each bar, as in music, is exceedingly important, as the only sure means of maintaining a regular and impressive strain of utterance. Imperfect reading is recognized, by no fault more readily, than the wandering, inexpressive voice which does not obey the law of "time" by true "rhythm." An excessive "rhythm" is a fault, whether in prose or in poetry. But a due degree of it, is one of those silent but most effectual charms, which distinguish a chaste and cultivated manner.

Young readers should mark, for themselves, many passages from the miscellaneous exercises of this book, in the following manner.

"Poor | tree !" | ˘ ˘ | said the | Pine | ˘ to the | Olive, | ˘ "I |  
pity thee : | ˘ ˘ | ˘ thou | now | spreadest thy | green | leaves, | ˘  
and ex- | ultest | ˘ in | all the | pride | ˘ of | youth | ˘ and | spring.  
| ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ But how | soon | ˘ will thy | beauty | ˘ be | tar-  
nished ! | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ The | fruit | ˘ which thou ex- | haustest thy-  
| self to | bear, | ˘ shall | hardly be | shaken | ˘ from thy | boughs,  
| ˘ be- | fore thou shalt grow | dry | ˘ and | withered ; | ˘ ˘ | ˘ thy |  
green | veins, | ˘ ˘ | now so | full of | juice, | ˘ shall be | frozen ; |  
˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | naked and | bare, | ˘ ˘ | ˘ thou wilt | stand ex- | posed  
to | all the | storms of | winter ; | ˘ ˘ | ˘ whilst | my | firmer | leaf |  
˘ shall re- | sist the | changes | ˘ of the | seasons."

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*Metre.*

The exact, measured, and regular "rhythm" of verse, is termed *metre*. Its various forms are defined in books on grammar, under the head of prosody. To review these before practising the following exercises, or to trace them, as classified in the "American Elocutionist," may be of service to some readers.

Our present purpose, however, is to observe the effect of audible "rhythm" on different metres, as apparently, for the moment, at variance with that of prosodial "scanning," but really giving it its true effect.

The just observance of the peculiar character of every form of metre, is one of the most agreeable effects of good reading: in nothing is a chaste and well-regulated ear so distinctly but so unobtrusively manifested. The neglect of metrical "rhythm" defeats one of the great ends of poetry, which is to impart to language the charm of music. But nothing is more indicative of want of ear and of taste, than a mechanical and exaggerated "rhythm," which scans every line to the ear, and leaves no scope for the imagination.

In marking the "rhythm" of *verse*, the same rule holds as in *prose*. Every accented syllable, or an equivalent pause, commences a bar.

*Examples of Metrical "Rhythm."*

## IAMBIC METRE.

| ˘ "The | sea | ˘ is | mighty ; | ˘ ˘ | ˘ but a | Mightier | ˘ ˘ |  
           sways |  
 | ˘ His | restless | billows. | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | Thou, | ˘ whose | hands | ˘  
           have | scooped |  
 | ˘ His | boundless | gulfs, | ˘ and | built his | shore, | ˘ ˘ | Thy |  
           breath, | ˘ ˘ |  
 | ˘ That | moved | ˘ in the be- | ginning ˘ | o'er his | face, | ˘ ˘ |  
 | Moves | o'er it | ever- | more. | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘ The o- | bedient |  
           waves, | ˘ ˘ |  
 | ˘ To its | strong | motion ˘ | roll, | ˘ ˘ | ˘ and | rise, | ˘ ˘ | ˘  
           and | fall." | ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ |

## ANAPÆSTIC METRE.

˘ "Hast thou	sounded the	depth	˘ of	yonder	sea,	˘ ˘	
˘ And	counted the	sands	˘ that	under it	be ?	˘ ˘	˘ ˘
˘ Hast thou	measured the	height	˘ of heaven a-	bove ?			
˘ ˘	˘ ˘						
*Then*	˘ mayst thou	speak	˘ of a	mother's	love."	˘ ˘	˘ ˘

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## PIECES FOR PRACTICE.

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### EXERCISE I.

#### THE RAISING OF LAZARUS. *Gospel of John.*

[Passages of Scripture, in the form of narrative, should be read with a *clear, distinct*, but *moderate* voice; the *vividness* of expression being subdued by the tone of *reverence*.]

Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. (It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.) Therefore, his sisters sent unto him, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest, is sick."

When Jesus heard that, he said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was. Then after that saith he to his disciples, "Let us go into Judea again."

His disciples say unto him, "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?"

Jesus answered, "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him." These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep."

Then said his disciples, "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." Howbeit, Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep.

Then said Jesus unto them plainly, "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad, for your sakes, that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless, let us go unto him."

Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already.

Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, (about fifteen furlongs off;) and many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.

Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him: but Mary sat still in the house.

Then said Martha unto Jesus, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

Jesus saith unto her, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Martha saith unto him, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

Jesus said unto her, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?"

She saith unto him, "Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him.

Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him. The Jews then, which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily, and went out, followed her, saying, "She goeth unto the grave to weep there."

Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

When Jesus, therefore, saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, "Where have ye laid him?" They say unto him, "Lord, come and see." Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, "Behold, how he loved him! And some of them said, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?"

Jesus, therefore, again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave; and a stone lay upon it.

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, "Lord, by this time, he hath been dead four days."

Jesus saith unto her, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth."

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin.

Jesus saith unto them, "Loose him, and let him go."

## EXERCISE II.

### VILLAGERS' HYMN TO THE SCRIPTURES. *Anon.*

[Serious poetry should be read *slowly*, but without a "*singing* tone."]

LAMP of our feet! — whose hallowed beam

Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,

How welcome is the cheering gleam

Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path!

Light of our way! — whose rays are flung

In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,

How blessèd,\* its dark shades among,

The star that guides us to our God!

Our fathers, in the days gone by,

Read thee in dim and secret caves,

Or in the deep wood, silently,

Met where thick branches o'er them waved,

\* *e*, in the final syllable *ed*, when intended to be sounded, for the effect of metre, is marked as above.

To seek the hope thy record gave,  
When thou wert a forbidden thing,  
And the strong chain and bloody grave  
Were all, on earth, thy love could bring

Our fathers, in the days gone by,  
Read thee while peril o'er them hung;  
But we, beneath the open sky,  
May search thy leaves of truth along;  
Fearless, our daily haunts among,  
May chant the hallowed lays of old,  
Once by the shepherd minstrel sung,  
When Israel's hills o'erhung his fold.

In the sweet morning's hour of prime,  
Thy blessed words our lips engage;  
And round our hearths, at evening time,  
Our children spell the holy page,—  
The waymark through long distant years,  
To guide their wandering footsteps on,  
Till thy last, loveliest beam appears,  
Written on the gray churchyard stone.

Word of the holy and the just! —  
To leave thee pure our fathers bled;  
Thou art to us a sacred trust,  
A relic of the martyr dead!  
Among the valleys where they fell,  
The ashes of our fathers sleep:  
May we who round them safely dwell,  
Pure as themselves the record keep!

Lamp of our feet, which, day by day,  
Are passing to the quiet tomb,  
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,  
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.  
How beautiful their calm repose  
To whom that blessed hope is given,  
Whose pilgrimage on earth is closed  
By the unfolding gates of heaven!

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## EXERCISE III.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE. *J. Abbott.*

[Instructions and directions should be read with a *firm voice, distinct articulation, and exact emphasis, but without formality.*]

It will do very little good merely to try to form vivid and clear conceptions of what is described when you are reading : you must make *a particular effort to learn* to do this. Now the next time you sit down to reading the Bible, turn, for instance, to the 5th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, and picture to yourself, as vividly as possible, the scene described there. Do not think of a shore in general, but conceive of some particular shore. Give it shape and form. Let it be rocky or sandy, or high or low, bordered with woods, or with hills, or with meadows. Let it be something distinct. You may, if you please, conceive it to be a long, sandy beach, with a lofty bank and a verdant field behind ; or you may have it an open wood, sloping gradually down to the water's edge ; or a rocky, irregular coast, full of indentations ; or a deep and narrow bay, whose shores are overhung with willows.

Let it assume either of these forms, or any other which your fancy may portray, and which may suit the circumstances of the narrative ; only let it be *something distinct*, clear and distinct in all its parts ; so that if you had power to represent upon canvass, by painting, the conceptions of your mind, you might execute a perfect picture of the whole scene.

To do this properly will require time and thought. You must be alone, or at least uninterrupted ; and your first effort will be a difficult one. The power of forming clear and vivid conceptions of this kind, varies greatly in different individuals. The faculty can, however, be cultivated and strengthened by exercise.

Historical painters, that is, painters of historical scenes, are enabled to produce very great effects by the possession of this power. West, for example, formed, in his own mind, a clear, and vivid, and interesting conception of the scene which was exhibited, when the crowd of angry Jews rejected the Saviour, and called for his crucifixion. He painted this scene ; and the great picture which he has thus produced, has been gazed at, with intense interest, by many thousands.

I saw this picture in the gallery of the Athenæum, at Boston. The gallery is a large and lofty apartment, lighted by windows above, and containing seats for hundreds. As I came up the stairs which lead into the room, and stepped from them upon the floor of the apartment, I found a large company assembled.

The picture, which was, as I should suppose, ten or fifteen feet long, stood against one side of the apartment; and before it, arranged upon the seats, were the assembled spectators, who were gazing, with intense interest, and almost in perfect silence, upon the scene. As we came forward before the canvass, we felt the same solemn impression which had silenced the others; and it was interesting and affecting to observe, as party after party came up the stairs, talking with usual freedom, that their voices gradually died away, and they stood silent and subdued, before the picture of the Saviour.

Yes; there stood the Saviour, in the middle of the picture, passive and resigned, and with a countenance whose expression plainly said that his thoughts were far away. The Roman governor stood before his palace, endeavouring to persuade the mob to consent to their prisoner's release. The uncovered and hard-featured soldiery sat, at his feet, upon the cross which they had been carrying, and were holding, in their hands, the spikes with which the limbs of the innocent One, before them, were to be pierced.

All the other attendant circumstances were most vividly and strikingly represented. The mob were there, with fury and rage and hate, in every variety, upon their countenances. Barabbas was there, with his look of hardened and unsubdued guilt;—and the centurion's little daughter, whose life Jesus had saved, stood by her father, apparently entreating him to interpose his power, to rescue her preserver.

Now, West must have possessed, in order to succeed in executing such a work, the power, first, of forming a clear mental conception of the scene, and secondly, of representing this scene by colours on the canvass. The former of these is the only one necessary for the object I have above described; and you ought, while reading accounts of Scripture scenes, to form as vivid and distinct conceptions of the scenes described, as if you were actually intending to represent them by the pencil.

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## EXERCISE IV.

THE MOSS ROSE. *Anon.*

[Descriptions of delicate beauty, require, in reading, a *softened* and *gentle* tone.]

THE Angel of the flowers, one day,  
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay, —  
 That spirit to whose charge is given  
 To bathe young buds in dew from heaven.  
 Awakening from his slight repose,  
 The Angel whispered to the Rose,  
 "O fondest object of my care!  
 Still fairest found, where all is fair,  
 For the sweet shade thou gavest me,  
 Ask what thou wilt, — 'tis granted thee."  
 Then said the Rose, with deepened glow,  
 "On me another grace bestow." —  
 The Angel paused in silent thought: —  
 What grace was there the flower had not? —  
 'Twas but a moment: — o'er the Rose  
 A veil of moss the Angel throws;  
 And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,  
 Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

## EXERCISE V.

A CHEERFUL HEART. *Margaret Davidson.*

[The reading of familiar letters, like the following, requires an *easy* and *lively* tone of voice.]

A FEW days since, my dearest cousin, I received your affectionate letter; and if my heart smote me, at the sight of the well-known superscription, you may imagine how unmercifully it thumped on reading a letter so full of affection, and so entirely devoid of reproach for my unkindly negligence.

I can assure you, my dear coz., you could have no better way of striking home to my heart the conviction of my error; and I resolved that hour, that moment, to lay my confessions at your feet, and sue for forgiveness: I knew you were too gentle to refuse.

But alas for human resolves ! We were, that afternoon, expecting brother M. Dear brother ! And how could I collect my floating thoughts, and curl myself up into a corner, with pen, ink, and paper before me, when my heart was flying away over the sand-hills of this unromantic region, to meet and embrace and welcome home the wanderer ?

If it can interest you, picture to yourself the little scene : mother and I breathless with expectation, gazing from the window, in mute suspense, and listening to the "*phiz, phiz,*" of the great steam-engine. Then, when we caught a rapid glance of his trim little figure, how we bounded away over chairs, sofas, and kittens, to bestow, in reality, the greeting fancy had so often given him. Oh ! what is so delightful as to welcome a friend !

Well, three days have passed like a dream ; and he is gone again. I am seated at my little table by the fire. Mother is sewing beside me. Puss is slumbering on the hearth ; and nothing external remains to convince us of the truth of that bright sunbeam which had suddenly broken in upon our quiet retreat, and departed like a vision as suddenly.

When shall we have the pleasure of welcoming *you* thus, my beloved cousin ? Your flying call of last summer, was but an aggravation. Oh ! may all good angels watch over you and all you love, — shake the dew of health from their balmy wings upon your smiling home, and waft you hither, cheerful and happy, to sojourn awhile with the friends who love you so dearly !

All hail to Spring, the bright, the blooming, the renovating Spring ! Oh ! I am so happy, — I feel a lightness at my heart, and a vigour in my frame, that I have rarely felt. If I speak, my voice forms itself into a laugh. If I look forward, every thing seems bright before me. If I look back, memory calls up what is pleasant ; and my greatest desire is that my pen could fling a ray of sunshine over this scribbled page, and infuse into your heart some of the cheerfulness of my own.

I have been confined to the house, all winter ; as it was thought the best and only way of restoring my health. Now my symptoms are all better ; and I am looking forward to next month and its blue skies, with the most childish impatience. By the way, I am not to be called a child any more ; for yesterday I was *fifteen* : what say you to that ? I feel quite like an old woman, and think of putting on cap and spectacles next month.

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## EXERCISE VI.

THE SILK-WORM. *Cowper.*

[Simple descriptions in verse, require an *easy, lively* voice, free from a *chanting* tone.]

THE beams of April, ere it goes,  
A worm, scarce visible, disclose, —  
All winter long content to dwell  
The tenant of his native shell.  
The same prolific season gives  
The sustenance by which he lives, —  
The mulberry leaf, a simple store,  
That serves him, — till he needs no more!  
For, his dimensions once complete,  
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;  
Though till his growing time be past,  
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.  
That hour arrived, his work begins:  
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;  
Till circle upon circle, wound  
Careless around him and around,  
Conceal him with a veil, though slight,  
Impervious to the keenest sight.  
Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask,  
At length he finishes his task;  
And, though a worm when he was lost,  
Or caterpillar at the most,  
When next we see him, wings he wears,  
And in papilio pomp appears;  
Becomes oviparous; supplies  
With future worms and future flies  
The next ensuing year, — and dies!  
Well were it for the world, if all  
Who creep about this earthly ball, —  
Though shorter-lived than most he be, —  
Were useful in their kind as he.

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## EXERCISE VII.

TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A VIOLET. *Montgomery.*

[Lively narration, and description in imaginative style, require *peculiar animation*, and, sometimes, even *playfulness* of tone. A *dull, flat* voice is intolerable in such passages.]

AT sunrise, on the eleventh of April, my eyelids were opened on the creation; and in the same moment when I first saw the light, I first breathed the air, fresh, cool, and fragrant, amidst a thick group of sister-violets, “stealing and giving odours,” as the breeze of morning swept the dew-drops from our leaves. Heretofore, I had only felt the warmth of the sun, and the pleasantness of the breeze, cherishing and expanding my buds:—now the light of heaven seemed to dart not only into my eye, but through my veins, down into my very root; and the spirit of the wind was like a living soul within me.

If I do not remember the moment of my birth, *this* moment I should never forget, were I to live to the age of the oak. Amidst the innumerable objects, all beautiful and new, above and around,—the birds flitting through the air, the insects creeping among the herbage, the flowers of many hues, that blossomed on my native bank, mine ancient gossip, the spire of dry grass with two withered blades hanging down, and high over all, the patriarchal oak, towering, and, as it appeared to me, touching the sky,—nothing caught my attention longer than while I cast a glance across it.

As soon as I had looked thus hastily about me, I fixed my eye on the sun, coming forth from his golden palace. As he rose in the firmament, my petals spread wide to receive his ray, and my breath grew sweeter; while I sighed in the delight of beholding him all day long, with the occasional intervention of a cloud, and the floating shadows of taller plants around, that alternately crossed and cleared my sight. I traced the splendid luminary in his course to the meridian, and downward, through a crimson-coloured sky, till, behind the old oak, he vanished from me. I felt my lively spirits sinking as he declined. When he was gone, vision began to fade: the objects near me lost their colour, then their form. I was alarmed: I thought that my primitive blindness was returning. The air grew chill; I bowed upon my bed; and, oppressed with indescribable dejection, I fell into a deep slumber.

I did not awake out of this second sleep till the sun had given his own colour and lustre to the morning clouds; but the dew, into which an early hoar-frost had resolved itself, lay white upon the ground; and there was a globule, as big as a lady's tear, in my eye, that entirely filled it.

At half past nine o'clock, in the forenoon, a butterfly, the first that I had seen, — indeed, the first of the season, — came fluttering over us. Our chat was immediately suspended; and every eye followed the brilliant stranger, while he sported to and fro, displaying his elegant form and gay apparel in every attitude; hovering here, descending there, alighting nowhere.

We violets breathed our sighs of sweetness to allure him: the daisies, — poor things, how I pitied them! — blushed to the tips of their petals; for it was plain that he despised them: the primroses shivered with spleen; for they were in the shade, and he never went near them: the butter-cups blazed out in golden splendour; and they seemed his favourites; for now he dipped towards one, then towards another of them, till, — to the chagrin and astonishment of all, — he at length settled on a glaring yellow dandelion, the *vulgarest* flower on the bank, — with which not one of us would even exchange a word; and there he sat in the sun; opening and shutting his burnished wings, with ineffable self-complacency; for it was soon evident that the coxcomb chose the gaudy weed, not for the love of it, but because its broad disk afforded him a convenient resting-place, on which he could expand his gold and purple finery to the admiration, as he thought, of all that beheld him.

We were so provoked, that we tried to look any way and every way, rather than at him; and yet we caught our eyes continually turning, as it were by instinct, again to him; for really he was a very pretty fellow, and would have been a thousand times more so if he had not known it. At last, he whisked away.

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## EXERCISE VIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED. *Ibid.*

WE were very silent and pouting, for nearly an hour, when a bee came humming along the lane; and soon as he had wheeled around the corner of the old oak-tree, darted upon one of us, — it was I.

When I had a little recovered from the confusion occasioned by this rencontre, I perceived that my neighbours were all sneering at me, and sneering so enviously that I soon found, — instead of being angry at the honest bee for rifling my honey, I ought to have thanked him for his condescension in taking it by storm; and it was evident, to me at least, from *his* preference and *their* jealousy, that I was the sweetest and handsomest flower of the party.

This notion so delighted my vanity, that I became quite giddy, and eyed my companions, whom nature had made less attractive than myself, with a kind of compassionate contempt. — Down from a branch of the oak, that moment, fell a great sprawling spider, full on my bosom, where he lay wriggling on his back, five seconds, I am sure, — an age of misery to me! — before he could gather his legs together, and throw himself, rolled up like a ball, on one of my lowest leaves, where he remained, — to my unutterable annoyance, — considering how he should farther dispose of himself. The flowers, which had been hitherto stifling their spleen against me, or muttering it in low whispers, now tittered aloud at this ridiculous mischance, while I was so paralyzed that I could not even cry out for help.

At this crisis, the clouds, which had long been lowering, broke suddenly, and poured down rain in torrents on our heads. The mole, neither liking the air nor the water from above, burrowed his way back again into his subterranean abode, without doing any harm, except humbling the pride of the dandelion, for which we were all very much obliged to him.

It was only an April storm. Towards evening, the sun broke through the gloom, and spread a beautiful rainbow from one end of heaven to the other, as it appeared to me. The blue sky cleared; the earth glowed with verdure; every leaf and sprig of plant and flower, glittered with diamonds of the first water. All nature looked smiling and joyous. The gnats, by myriads, were dancing in circular clouds over our heads, repeatedly assembling, though as often dispersed by the swallows, that darted to and fro, in the open space between the hedges of the lane, and sometimes skimmed athwart our bank, bending our heads with their delicate breasts, or striking the dew-drops out of our bells, with sudden touches of the tips of their wings. A black-bird, perched on the old oak, chanted, in his loudest notes, a simple tale, about a few sticks and straws in a neighbouring wood, which he and his true-love

had gathered in the rambles of their courtship, and woven into what they called a nest, where five chirpers had been disclosed from the shells, that very morning. This had awakened, for the first time since he himself was hatched, all the rapturous tenderness of a parent in his heart; from the fulness of which he poured forth such a song as made me wish that I had been born "with such a pair of wings" as his, "and such a head between 'em;" for that little home was all the world to him;—ay, and he had a right to be happy in his own way, and to tell every body of his happiness, though none besides himself cared a straw about either his nest, his mate, or his young ones.

Meanwhile, the firmament above rang with the carolling of larks; the thrushes answered each other from tree to tree; and in the hedges, linnets, chaffinches, and wrens were playing, on their small pipes, as many tunes as there were minstrels among them; yet forming one harmonious concert. Above all, the cuckoo, continually changing his place, but never changing his note, made glad the ear that hearkened to him, while the eye in vain sought him out. All was peace and concord around; and we flowers, forgetting our little enmities and rivalships, enjoyed the breeze that mingled our sweets, and wafted them as incense to heaven.

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## EXERCISE IX.

LITTLE CHILDREN. *Mary Howitt.*

[Pieces such as this require a *lively*, but *smooth* and *tender* tone, — free from the fault styled "*singing*."] ]

SPORTING through the forest wide;  
 Playing by the water-side;  
 Wandering o'er the heathy fells;  
 Down within the woodland dells;  
 All among the mountains wild,  
 Dwelleth many a little child!  
 In the baron's hall of pride;  
 By the poor man's dull fireside;  
 'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,  
 Little children may be seen,

Like the flowers that spring up fair,  
Bright and countless, everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main;  
In the desert's lone domain;  
In the savage mountain glen,  
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;  
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;  
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone  
On a league of peopled ground,  
Little children may be found!—  
Blessings on them! they in me  
Move a kindly sympathy  
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,  
With their laughter and their tears;  
With their wonder so intense,  
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone  
On the wide earth are ye known:  
'Mid its labours and its cares,  
'Mid its sufferings and its snares,—  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the world of love and life,  
Where no sinful thing hath trod;  
In the presence of your God,  
Spotless, blameless, glorified,  
Little children, ye abide!

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## EXERCISE X.

### THE SAMARITAN EXILES. *Anon.*

[A *quiet* and *softened* style of voice, should prevail in the reading of this piece of simple and affecting narrative. But the tone should be free from *feebleness* and "*song*."] ]

DURING the reign of the wicked King Ahab, on a serene and lovely evening, after the sun had just set, an old man, an Ephraimite, whose name was Elnathan, having returned from his labour in the fields, came out to the door of a house which

stood on the west side of the hill of Samaria, and began to employ himself in plaiting a basket with the leaves of the palm-tree.

The dress and appearance of this old man, were peculiarly simple and interesting. Over a shirt of wool he wore a close-bodied frock, tunic, or "coat," as it is named in the New Testament; having sleeves, and reaching down to his feet. It was made of coloured linen; and round the border of it was the woollen fringe and riband of blue, enjoined by the law, that he might look upon them, and remember all the commandments of Jehovah, to do them. On his feet he had sandals, or soles of strong leather, which were bound on with latches; but his legs were bare, their only defence from the weather being the long, loose garments which he wore. On his head, which was now bald with age, he wore no covering, but only a narrow fillet bound round his temples, to keep his hair from being troublesome; and his few remaining locks, and his long beard, were white as the blossom of the almond-tree.

Whilst this old man sat employed, as we have said, the last rays of the closing day, which fell upon his venerable head, served to show a countenance which had once been manly and handsome, but which was now pale and wrinkled, yet full of sweetness and intelligence. Though his hands were busily employed, it seemed as if his mind was otherwise engaged; for, from time to time, a tear stole over his white beard, and, once or twice, he appeared to smile: but there was something about that smile so resigned and so subdued, — it told such a tale of ruined hopes, and of abiding sorrows, — that an observer might have wished rather to see an ordinary man weep, than this old man smile. It appeared that there was no person in the house before which he sat; and he frequently looked southward, as if he expected the approach of some one.

At length, he saw his granddaughter, a young maiden, coming by a path which wound up the side of the hill, bearing an earthen pitcher of water upon her shoulder. Her face and arms were embrowned by exposure to the sun; but her eyes were as soft and brilliant as those of the antelope, and her step as light and free as the foot of the same creature upon the mountains; so that it was impossible to look upon her, as she came along, singing in the gayety of her heart, without feeling interested and delighted with her presence.

She seemed to be the very light of the old man's eyes; for, no sooner did he see her coming, than he brushed away the tears that were ready to fall, and tried to receive her with a

cheerful and pleasant smile. But she saw that he had been sorrowful; and, putting her pitcher on the ground, she came and sat down beside him, and tried to amuse him by telling him what she had heard the other maidens saying at the fountain. Yet, in spite of herself, her heart became very heavy and oppressed; and she said, with a tremulous and anxious voice, — “Surely, grandfather, our perils are all past now, and our enemies will cease to persecute us any more. Since they have already taken from us all that we had, they will, at least, suffer us to live as servants with our kinsman, without casting us into new woes; for they know that he is the only friend that is now left to us.”

She had scarcely ended, when they saw coming towards them their kinsman, Ocran, who was the owner of the house before which they sat; and he was accompanied by three young men, who were his sons.

When the old man rose up and saluted them, saying, “Peace be unto you,” they answered not his salutation; but Ocran, with a rough and scornful voice, told him that he and his sons had that day offered sacrifices upon the altar of Baal, and had chosen him for their god, and received his name and image on their right hands. Then raising his voice still louder, he added, — “I tell thee, Elnathan, thou shalt no more go up to Jerusalem to worship, nor make an offering there; and if thou art not content, depart from my house, and see who, in Samaria, dare receive thee.

“Thou hast heard my purpose. If thou choosest to cease from going up to Jerusalem to worship, and to make mention of the name of thy God, thou and thy daughter may dwell with us; for thou art our kinsman; — but not otherwise.”

When Elnathan heard these impious and cruel words, he was filled with astonishment and grief.

At length, he said, in a voice faltering with emotion, — “Since it is so that ye will not permit me to obey the commandment of my God, in going up to his temple to worship, I may no longer remain with you. My heart hath regarded, with too fond an affection, the dwellings of my fathers; for I still hoped that there would arise in Israel a king who should bring back this people from their miserable idolatries to the holy worship of the only God, and so unite the tribes of Jacob into one kingdom again. But it hath not been so. Though I leave behind me the remains of all that I have loved, yet I will go forth from mine own people; for the sweetest charm which united me to them is, broken, seeing they have forsaken the Lord their God.”

Helah, all this while, stood holding her grandfather by the arm, as if she were afraid that any one should separate him from her, and weeping with grief and perplexity; for her gentle heart was wrung by the cruelty of her kinsman.

That night, when she lay down, as she was wont, at the feet of her grandfather, she could not sleep, but spent the night in tears for the new load of affliction that had fallen upon him, and her own feebleness to help him.

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## EXERCISE XI.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED. *Ibid.*

NEXT morning Helah and Elnathan arose before the dawn; and shutting up her grief in her heart, she wiped away her tears, and essayed to comfort him with the thought that, wherever they were driven, in all their journeyings they should still have the God of Israel for their friend. So they resolved to go up together to Jerusalem, and wait there till some good Israelite, who feared the Lord, should take them for hired servants, and permit them to wait upon their God in the assemblies of his people, in that sanctuary he had chosen to put his name in. So after they had, in a simple yet fervent prayer, committed themselves to the care of their heavenly Father, they needed little other preparation for their journey.

After girding himself, Elnathan put some dried figs, a little meal, and a small leathern bottle of water into his scrip, or bag, which was made of goatskin, and hung by a belt across his shoulder. Then taking Helah by the hand, who had put on an upper garment similar to his, but finer and more tastefully arranged, he went forth from the house of his kinsmen; and they, because they felt his righteous and upright conduct as a reproach cast upon themselves, hardened their hearts against him, and suffered him to depart with his granddaughter, destitute and unfriended, to the inheritance of another tribe.

As they descended the hill of Samaria, with slow steps and in silence, to begin their journey, the light, fleecy clouds, spread along the morning sky, were fast disappearing before the rising sun; and the plentiful dew that had fallen during the night, and hung, in large drops, from every bough, was quickly passing away. The heat of the advancing season had

not yet wholly dried up the verdure; and the fresh morning breeze was filled with the odorous smell of the citron, and the myrtle, and the palm-tree, and the olive, and innumerable flowers. The fig-tree put forth his green figs, and the vines, with the tender grape, gave a goodly smell. Barley-harvest, too, having already begun, it was a time of gladness over all the land. They met various little bands of reapers going to their labour, followed by young maidens and children to glean after them. The men had put off their upper garments, and left them behind in their houses; and each carried some provisions along with him, and a leathern bottle or dried gourd filled with water. Some of these men, as was once usual with them in their purer days, expressed the joy of the time, not unmixed with piety, as they made to the old man and his granddaughter this salutation: "We bless you in the name of the Lord;" — to which he replied, as was the custom, — "The blessing of the Lord be upon you!"

When they had passed by the suburbs of Samaria, they came to a cottage imbosomed amid some aged fig-trees, and surrounded by several little fields; this was the inheritance which had been wrested from Elnathan by the unjust judgment of Ahab, because he had been known to go up to Jerusalem to worship; and it was now possessed by an idolater who was his enemy. As the faithful old man stood by it, he was deeply moved; not because of the wealth of which he had been so cruelly deprived, but because he was now forced to leave, perhaps forever, that place, the memory of which was so dear to him.

While he remained lingering beside it, marking the various objects, which were to him monuments of enjoyment he could never taste again, he said mournfully to his granddaughter, — "How often have I heard, from the door of that house, and from these fields, the glad voices of my children welcoming my approach! In that green bower we offered up our evening prayers; under these fig-trees we assembled on the Sabbath, while I related to my sons the gracious things which God had done for our fathers in the time of old, and the holy laws which he had ordained us; — with them, by this clear-running spring, how often, with joyful hearts, have we spread our repast in the days of harvest!"

And as these sad remembrances passed through his mind, he could not refrain from weeping; and Helah, though she had no remembrance of the place, having left it with her own father when an infant; and though she had in herself a hidden

cause of grief, which absorbed almost every other, could not keep from shedding tears of sympathy with him.

And, as they wept, Elnathan lifted up his hands towards Jerusalem, and prayed; saying, "Let our hearts be strong in the unchanging love of the God of Israel. He will be more to us than home or kindred; for true and good is his word forever. The everlasting God, the Rock of Jacob, is our shield and our salvation for evermore." And when he had breathed forth this short and fervent prayer, in which Helah joined with her whole heart, they found that blessed relief from sorrow, which faith in God alone can bring; and a tide of happy feelings, and bright prospects pointing heavenward, flowed upon their minds; so that they went on their way with serener countenances, and a lighter step than they had done before.

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## EXERCISE XII.

### THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR. *Montgomery.*

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[An example of *easy* and *lively* tone, in the reading of verse.]

A STAR would be a flower;—  
So down from heaven it came,  
And in a honeysuckle bower  
Lit up its little flame.  
There, on a bank, beneath the shade  
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,  
It overlooked the garden-ground,—  
A landscape stretching ten yards round;  
Oh! what a change of place  
From gazing through eternity of space!

Gay plants, on every side  
Unclosed their lovely blooms,  
And scattered far and wide  
Their ravishing perfumes:  
The butterfly, the bee,  
And many an insect on the wing,  
Full of the spirit of the spring,  
Flew round and round in endless glee,

Alighting here, ascending there,  
Ranging and revelling everywhere.

Now all the flowers were up, and dressed  
In robes of rainbow-coloured light:  
The pale primroses looked their best;  
Peonies blushed with all their might;  
Dutch tulips from their beds  
Flaunted their stately heads;  
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,  
Glittering with birthnight splendour, rose;  
And polyanthus displayed  
The brilliance of their gold brocade:  
Here hyacinths of heavenly blue  
Shook their rich tresses to the morn;  
While rose-buds scarcely showed their hue,  
But coyly lingered on the thorn,  
Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long,  
Should wake them into beauty with his song.  
The violets were past their prime,  
Yet their departing breath  
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,  
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.

Amidst this gorgeous train,  
Our truant star shone forth in vain;  
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,  
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,  
It seemed no bigger to the view  
Than the light-spangle in a drop of dew.—  
Where all was jollity around,  
No fellowship the stranger found.  
Those lowliest children of the earth,  
That never leave their mother's lap,  
Companions in their harmless mirth,  
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,  
Feasting on dew, and light, and air;  
And fearing no mishap,  
Save from the hand of lady fair,  
Who, on her wonted walk,  
Plucked one and then another,—  
A sister or a brother,—  
From its elastic stalk;

Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die  
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus, all day long, that star's hard lot,  
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,  
Was but to witness on the spot  
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.  
At length, the sun went down; and then  
Its faded glory came again;  
With brighter, bolder, purer light,  
It kindled through the deepening night,  
Till the green bower, so dim by day,  
Glowed like a fairy-palace with its beams;—  
In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay;  
The flowers were laughing in the land of dreams.

Our star, in melancholy state,  
Still sighed to find itself alone,  
Neglected, cold, and desolate,  
Unknowing and unknown.  
Lifting, at last, an anxious eye,  
It saw that circlet empty in the sky,  
Where it was wont to roll,  
Within a hair-breadth of the pole:  
In that same instant, sore amazed,  
On the strange blank all Nature gazed;  
Travellers, bewildered for their guide,  
In glens and forests lost their way;  
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,  
Went fearfully astray.

The star, now wiser for its folly, knew  
Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home;  
So up to heaven again it flew,  
Resolved no more to roam.

One hint the humble bard may send  
To her for whom these lines are penned:—  
Oh! may it be enough for her  
To shine in her own character!  
Oh! may she be content to grace,  
On earth, in heaven, her proper place!

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## EXERCISE XIII.

## MILLY, THE DAUGHTER OF THE CREEK CHIEFTAIN.

*Anon.*

[Biographical narratives should be read with a *clear, distinct*, but *moderate* utterance, — *lively*, but not so *familiar* as the style of mere *anecdote*; *serious*, but not so *grave* as that of *history*.]

It appears, from a communication of the Secretary of War, as well as from the published and accredited history of the period, that in 1818, during the Indian war in the south, Milly saved the life of an American citizen, who had been taken prisoner by several warriors of her tribe, and who was about to be put to death by them, when he was rescued by her energetic and humane interposition. The act of this Indian girl revives the recollection of an event in our colonial annals, — the rescue of Captain Smith by the daughter of Powhattan, the celebrated Pocahontas.

Milly is the daughter of the Prophet Francis, a distinguished Creek chief, who acquired a melancholy celebrity from his execution by order of General Jackson, during the Indian war of 1817—18. At the time she performed the action which is so ennobling to her character, she was under sixteen years of age; her nation was at war with the United States; and her father was one of the most decided and indefatigable enemies of the white people, — circumstances all of which exhibit her conduct in a more striking point of view.

At the time the prisoner was brought in by his captors, Milly and an elder sister were playing on the bank of the Apalachicola River, in the vicinity of the Indian camp, when they were startled, in the midst of their sports, by the peculiar war-cry which announced that a prisoner had been taken. They immediately went in the direction of the cry, and, on arriving at the place, found a young white man, stripped naked, bound to a tree, and the captors preparing to put him to death.

On observing this, Milly instantly went to her father, who, as before stated, was the Prophet Francis, and a principal chief of the nation, and besought him to save the prisoner's life. This he declined, saying, at the same time, that he had no power to do so. She then turned to his captors, and begged them to spare the life of the white man; but one of

them, who had lost two sisters in the war, refused to listen to her supplications in behalf of the prisoner; declaring that his life should atone for the wrongs which he had received at the hands of the white people.

The active humanity of Milly would not be discouraged. She reasoned and entreated, telling the vindictive savage who was bent on the destruction of the prisoner, that his death would not restore his sisters to life. After a long time spent in her generous effort, she succeeded in rescuing the prisoner from the dreadful death to which he had been doomed by his cruel captors. The condition on which his life was finally spared, was, that he would shave his head after the Indian fashion, and adopt their dress and manner of living. To this he joyfully assented.

Some time afterwards, the white man sought his benefactress in marriage; but she declined, and subsequently married one of her own people. — Her husband is now dead. Her father was put to death, as was mentioned before; and her mother and sister have since died. She is now friendless and poor, residing amongst her people, in their new country, near the mouth of Verdigris River. She has three children, a boy and two girls, — all too young to provide for themselves, and consequently dependent upon their mother for support. Under these circumstances, the Secretary of War recommended that a pension be allowed her during the remainder of her life.

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#### EXERCISE XIV.

##### THE SKY-LARK. *Hogg.*

[An example of the tone of *joy* and *gladness*, — requiring the *full* voice of happy and delighted emotion.]

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet is thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place: —  
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
     Where, on the dewy wing,  
     Where art thou journeying?  
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.  
     O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
     O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
     Over the cloudlet dim,  
     Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away!  
     Then, when the gloaming comes,  
     Low in the heather blooms  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
     Emblem of happiness,  
     Blest is thy dwelling-place:—  
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

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## EXERCISE XV.

THE GOOD DAUGHTER. *Miss Mitford.*

[This piece requires attention to the *changes of voice*, which express the *changes* from one *feeling* to another, as the description passes from *serious* to *joyful* style, or the reverse.]

A SUDDEN turn round a magnificent beech-tree, brings us to a rude gate, where we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. The ruddy glow of the heath flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze, — on the other, with a patch of buckwheat, of which the bloom is not past, although the grain be ripening, — the beautiful buckwheat, whose transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermillion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower has a feathery fall, at once so rich and graceful, and a fresh and reviving odour, like that of the birch-trees in the dew of a May evening.

The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation, is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as

green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint, rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint, (for in all the course of his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John, — indeed, in our parts he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack,) was a drover of high repute in his profession. No man between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was taught to conduct a flock of sheep so skilfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and high roads, as Jack Bint, aided by Jack Bint's famous dog Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, was as well known at fairs and markets, as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together better than any shepherd's dog on the road, — Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, although not averse to a good pot of double ale, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have, undoubtedly, a stronger temptation to indulge in that stimulus, than we water-drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the seduction of the gin bottle; and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called "good fellows," who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well, whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his own industry; but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, — a thoughtless, but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, — looked at his three motherless children, with the acute misery of a parent, who has brought those whom he loved best in the

world, to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting charity.

Our little damsel possessed this last quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage, and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded, after settling their trifling affairs, to act, at once, on her own plans and designs.

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## EXERCISE XVI.

### THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED. *Ibid.*

CARELESS of the future, as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness, to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew, also, that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely, was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighbourhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money.

To assistance from such a quarter, Hannah saw no objection. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way, — “a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it, by and by, by instalments; but that she would not promise!” — and, partly amused, partly interested by the child's earnestness, the

wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young cow.

She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow on the common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine cow; and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good-nature, — half not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much, that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Never was so cleanly a little milk-maid as Hannah. She changed away some of the cottage finery, which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home, the china tea-service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the more useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, poultry; — for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness: the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and osiers; erected, under his sister's direction, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden, (always with the good leave of her kind patron, the lord of the manor,) until it became so ample, that the produce not only kept the pig, and half kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandise to the indefatigable directress of the establishment.

For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity school, where he made great progress, — retaining him at home, however, in the haymaking, and reaping season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favourite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship, that it is the general opinion that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue, in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under-gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home, to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cows, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father, (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive,) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin.

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## EXERCISE XVII.

THE VOICE OF SPRING. *Mrs. Hemans.*

[An example of the tones of *joy*. The common fault in the reading of such pieces, is the style of voice called "*sing-song*."]

I COME! I come!—Ye have called me long:  
I come o'er the mountain, with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south,—and the chestnut flowers,  
By thousands, have burst from the forest bowers;  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains:—  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north;—  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;  
And the fisher is out on the sunny sea;  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free;  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green;  
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,—  
From the night-bird's lay, through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain; —  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!  
Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
Ye of the rose lip and the dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine: — I may not stay.

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### EXERCISE XVIII.

#### LOVE OF FINERY. *Mrs. Farrar.*

[An example of the tones of *conversation* — free, however, from the common faults of *feebleness*, in one style, and *smartness*, in another.]

SOME persons seem to have an inherent love of finery, and adhere to it pertinaciously, even when their understandings are convinced that it is repugnant to the feelings of refined minds, and that it is a trait common to all barbarous tribes: they cannot reason upon their preferences; they can only say, that what others condemn as tawdry, looks pretty to them.

This perversion generally takes place very early, and is much to be regretted, as it prevents the growth of purer principles. I have often thought that the very bad taste in which dolls are usually dressed, may have something to do with this early love of finery. Children have often a real affection for their puppets; and when these are bedizened in all the colours of the rainbow, and decked in all the odds and ends of the finery that can be stuck upon them, the little dears learn, by this association, to love this tawdry ornament; whereas, a well-dressed doll would have an important influence in establishing a correct taste in the mind of a child. I once knew a family where the dolls were all very neatly dressed, like babies and little children, and not as fine ladies, on purpose to make them a more rational and useful source of amusement; and I would

beg all young ladies who dress dolls for little girls, to do it in such a manner as not to foster a love of finery.

I have heard of a mother who guarded her daughters against this bad taste, by making it one of their childish punishments to wear a very tawdry cap full of feathers, and flowers, and bows of ribands, of all colours. — Judging by what we sometimes see worn by grown people, we might suppose that such a cap had been their reward in childhood, rather than their punishment, and was thus recommended to their best affections. The love of finery is rarely cured, and forms an insurmountable obstacle to the cultivation of a pure taste. Who-soever is conscious of possessing it, ought to mistrust her own judgment in matters of taste, and be willing to take the advice of others.

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## EXERCISE XIX.

### TO THE SNOWDROP. *Procter.*

[One means of avoiding the common false style of reading such pieces as the following, is never to place an emphasis on the insignificant words *of, and, the, &c.*, even although the accent of the verse would seem to require it. Verse is not intended to be read with a perfect sameness of accent. Such reading destroys its true beauty. The proper rule, in all cases, is, Read by the *sense* rather than the mere *sound*.]

PRETTY firstling of the year,  
 Herald of the host of flowers,  
 Hast thou left thy cavern drear,  
 In the hope of summer hours? —  
 Back unto thy earthen bowers!  
 Back to thy warm world below,  
 Till the strength of suns and showers  
 Quell the now relentless snow!

Art *still* here? — Alive, and blithe, —  
 Though the stormy night hath fled,  
 And the Frost hath passed his scythe  
 O'er thy small unsheltered head?  
 Ah! some lie amid the dead, —  
 Many a giant stubborn tree,

Many a plant, its spirit shed, —  
That were better nursed than thee !

What hath saved thee ? — Thou wast not  
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred, —  
Armed in scale, — but all forgot  
When the frozen winds were stirred.  
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,  
Should have hid thee in the earth,  
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,  
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature, — deep and mystic word, —  
Mighty mother, still unknown ! —  
Thou didst sure the snowdrop gird  
With an armour all thine own !  
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone  
To the cold and sullen season,  
(Like a thought at random thrown,)  
Sent'st it thus for some grave reason.

If 'twere but to pierce the mind  
With a single gentle thought,  
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind ?  
Who that thou hast vainly wrought ? —  
Hoard the gentle virtue caught  
From the snowdrop, — reader wise !  
Good is good, wherever taught,  
On the ground, or in the skies !

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## EXERCISE XX.

### THE TWO MONKEYS. *Gay.*

[An example of *lively, talking* tone, in verse, — requiring attention to  
*light, easy accent*, not marked too strongly by the *metre*.]

THE learned, full of inward pride,  
The fops of outward show deride ;  
The fop, with learning at defiance,  
Scoffs at the pedant and the science :

The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,  
 Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;  
 While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,  
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.  
 Britain, a medley of the twain,  
 As pert as France, as grave as Spain,  
 In fancy wiser than the rest,  
 Laughs at them both, of both the jest.  
 Is not the Poet's chiming close  
 Censured by all the sons of Prose,  
 While bards of quick imagination  
 Despise the sleepy prose narration?  
 Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;  
 For what are we but apes to them?

Two monkeys went to Southwark fair;—  
 No critics had a sourer air:  
 They forced their way through draggled folks,  
 Who gaped to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;  
 Then took their tickets for the show,  
 And got by chance the foremost row.  
 To see their grave, observing face,  
 Provoked a laugh through all the place.

"Brother," says Pug, and turned his head,—  
 "The rabble's monstrously ill-bred."

Now through the booth loud hisses ran,  
 Nor ended till the show began.  
 The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,  
 With somersets he shakes the ground;  
 The cord beneath the dancer springs;  
 Aloft in air the vaulter swings;  
 Distorted now, now prone depends,  
 Now through his twisted arms ascends;—  
 The crowd, in wonder and delight,  
 With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like these  
 The giant apes of reason please,  
 How would they wonder at our arts!  
 They must adore us for our parts.  
 High on the twig I've seen you cling,  
 Play, twist, and turn, in airy ring:  
 How can those clumsy things, like me  
 Fly with a bound from tree to tree?  
 But yet, by this applause, we find  
 These emulators of our kind

Discern our worth, our parts regard,  
Who our mean mimics thus reward."

"Brother," the grinning mate replies,  
"In this I grant that man is wise:  
While good example they pursue,  
We must allow some praise is due.  
But when they strain beyond their guide,  
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;  
For how fantastic is the sight,  
To meet men always bolt upright,  
Because *we* sometimes walk on two!—  
I hate the imitating crew!"

## EXERCISE XXI.

### PARABLES. \* *Krummacher.*

[Pieces in which the style resembles that of the Bible, should be read with an *easy* voice, corresponding to the simplicity of manner, in the language of such passages. The common fault, in the reading of pieces like these, is a *heavy, formal* tone.]

ON one occasion, Gamaliel addressed the wise Nathan, saying, "Master, why do you instruct us in parables?"

Nathan answered and said, "Behold, my son, when I became a man, I perceived the word of the Lord in my heart, that I should become an instructor of the people, and give testimony to the truth; and the spirit of God came upon me.

"Then I permitted my beard to grow, and clothed myself in coarse hair-cloth, and went among the people, and pointed out their errors, in strong and powerful language. But they fled before me, and did not take my words to heart, or considered my censure as applying to others. Then I was chafed in spirit, and fled, in the night, to Mount Hermon, and said in my heart, 'If they will not receive the light, may they wander in gloom, and be lost in darkness!'

"Thus I cried, and wandered about, with feelings of anger, during the night.

"But behold! at length, twilight came; and the dawn of day

\* Pronounced, *Kroom'mäher*, — *h* sounding very harsh.

appeared in the heavens, and the morning dew fell upon the mountain. Then the night disappeared; and exhalations rose from Hermon.

"The glimmer of the early morn was soft and lovely; and clouds of mist floated round the summit of the mountain, and moistened the earth.

"Men wandered cheerfully along, and looked toward the shining east. At length day appeared; and the sun came forth from the arms of twilight, and irradiated the plants still wet with dew.

"And I stood and looked; and my heart was joyful. The morning wind arose; and I heard in its soft murmuring the voice of the Lord, which addressed me, saying, 'Behold, Nathan, thus Heaven sends her most precious and delicate gift to the sons of earth, the sweet light of day.'

"As I descended from the mountain," continued the prophet, "the spirit of the Lord conducted me under a pomegranate-tree. The tree was beautiful and shady; and it bore, at the same time, blossoms and fruit.

"And I stood in its shade, and viewed its blossoms, and said, 'Oh! how beautiful and blushing art thou,—like the soft breath of innocence, on the blooming cheeks of the daughters of Israel!' And as I bent over, I found the excellent fruit concealed in the shade of the leaves.

"Then the word of the Lord came to me out of the pomegranate-tree, and said, 'Behold, Nathan, thus nature promises the lovely fruit in the simple blossom, and presents it, her hand being concealed, in the shade of the leaves!'

"And now," continued the wise Nathan, "I returned to Salem, with a joyful spirit. I laid my coarse garment aside, anointed my head, and taught the truth in a cheerful manner, and in parables.

"For truth is serious, and has few friends. Therefore love its simple and pleasing dress, because it gains both friends and disciples."

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## EXERCISE XXII.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL. *Leigh Hunt.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM, (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke, one night, from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those that love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. — "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."  
The angel wrote, and vanished. — The next night,  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

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## EXERCISE XXIII.

THE GOTHIC CHAPEL. *Dickens.*

[An example of *low, slow, soft*, and *solemn* tone, with one contrast of *joyous* expression.]

FULL of meditations, Nelly reached the church. It was easy to find the key belonging to the outer door; for each was labelled on a scrap of yellow parchment. Its very turning in the lock, awoke a hollow sound; and when she entered with a faltering step, the echoes that it raised in closing, made her start.

Every thing in our lives, whether of good or evil, affects us most by contrast. If the peace of the simple village had moved the child more strongly, because of the dark and troubled ways that lay beyond, and through which she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building; where the very light, coming through sunken windows, seemed old and gray; and the air, redolent of earth and mould, seemed laden with decay, purified by time of all its grosser atoms, and sighed through arch and aisle, and clustered pillars, like the breath of ages gone!

Here was the broken pavement, worn so long ago by pious feet, that Time, stealing on the pilgrims' steps, had trodden out their track, and left but crumbling stones. Here were the rotten beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb, on which no epitaph remained; — all, — marble, stone, iron, wood, and dust, — one common monument of ruin. The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the stateliest and the least imposing, — both of Heaven's work and man's, all found one common level here, and told one common tale.

Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel; and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone, with folded hands, cross-legged, — those who had fought in the "holy wars," — girded with their swords, and cased in armour, as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. Thus violent deeds live after men upon the earth; and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes, long after those who worked the desolation are but atoms of earth themselves.

The child sat down in this old, silent place, — the stark figures on the tombs made it more quiet there than elsewhere, to her fancy, — and, gazing around with a feeling of awe, tempered with a calm delight, felt that now she was happy, and at rest. She took a Bible from the shelf, and read; then laying it down, thought of the summer days and the bright spring time that would come, — of the rays of sun that would fall in aslant upon the sleeping forms, — of the leaves that would flutter at the window, and play in glistening shadows on the pavement, — of the songs of birds, and the growth of buds and blossoms out of doors, — of the sweet air, that would steal in, and gently wave the tattered banners overhead.

What if the spot awakened thoughts of death? Die who would, it would still remain the same: these sights and sounds would still go on as happily as ever. It would be no pain to sleep amidst them.

She left the chapel, — very slowly, and often turning back to gaze again, — and coming to a low door, which led into the tower, opened it, and climbed the winding stairs in darkness; save where she looked down, through narrow loop-holes, on the place she had left, or caught a glimmering vision of the dusty

bells. At length, she gained the end of the ascent, and stood upon the turret-top.

Oh! the glory of the sudden burst of light; the freshness of the fields and woods, stretching away, on every side, and meeting the bright blue sky; the cattle grazing in the pasturage; the smoke, that, coming from among the trees, seemed to rise upward from the green earth; the children yet at their gambols down below;—all, every thing, so beautiful and happy. It was like passing from death to life: it was drawing nearer to Heaven. Who will wonder that the child looked round and wept?

The children were gone, by the time she emerged into the porch, and locked the door. As she passed the schoolhouse, she could hear the busy hum of voices. Her friend had begun his labours only that day. The noise grew louder; and, looking back, she saw the boys come trooping out, and disperse themselves with merry shouts and play. "It is a good thing," thought the child: "I am very glad they pass the church." And then she stopped, to fancy how the noise would sound inside, and how gently it would seem to die away upon the ear.

Again that day, — yes, twice again, — she stole back to the old chapel, and in her former seat read from the same book, or indulged the same quiet train of thought. Even when it had grown dusk, and the shadows of coming night made it more solemn still, the child remained like one rooted to the spot, and had no fear or thought of stirring.

Her friends, who had gone in quest of her, found her there, at last, and took her home. She looked pale, but very happy, until they separated for the night; and then, as the poor school-master stooped down to kiss her cheek, he felt a tear upon his lips.

## EXERCISE XXIV.

THE SUNBEAM. *Mrs. Hemans.*

[An example of the tone of *joy*.]

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall, —  
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!  
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea: —  
 Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles:—  
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles,—  
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,  
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,  
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades;  
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,  
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains;—a vapour lay  
Folding their heights in its dark array:—  
Thou brakest forth;—and the mist became  
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot;—  
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;  
But a gleam of *thee* on its casement fell,  
And it laughed into beauty, at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,  
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;  
And thou scornest not, from thy pomp to shed  
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,  
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day;  
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,  
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,  
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave:  
Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest;—  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer, oh! what is like thee?  
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—  
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,—  
The *faith* touching all things with hues of Heaven.

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## EXERCISE XXV.

THE MONTH OF MARCH, IN ENGLAND. *Howitt.*[An example of *lively* and *cheerful* tones.]

THERE are frequently mornings in March, when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or, perhaps, equalled by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken, — mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its recurrence, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with, now and then, a cool gush by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling, which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear; the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendour, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness; — the buds are swelling in the hedges; — the banks are displaying, amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are ground-ivy, chervil, the azure leaves and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

—————“The first gilt thing  
Which wears the trembling pearls of spring;”

and many other fresh and early bursts of *greenery*.

All unexpectedly, too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets; and which are not yet exhausted: they are like true friends; — we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and, again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory, — blue and white, modestly peering through their thickly-clustering leaves.

As you pass cottages, they have caught the happy infection. There are windows thrown open, and doors standing ajar. The inhabitants are in their gardens; some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil, amongst the turfs of snow-drops and rows of glowing yellow crocuses, which everywhere abound; and the children, — ten to one, — are busy peeping into the first bird's nest of the

season, — the hedge-sparrow's, with its four blue eggs, snugly, but unwisely, built in the pile of old pea-rods.

In the fields, the labourers are plashing and trimming the fences; and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and we may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful, as you pass along deep, hollow lanes, or are hidden in copses, to hear the tingling gears of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of the crows, and the first cry of the young lambs. The hares are hopping about the fields; the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the willow.

The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garniture, are beautiful to look on; they seem flushed with life. Their boughs are of a clear and glossy lead colour, and the tree-tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple; and if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet, the springing mercury, and green blades of the bluebells, — and perhaps, above you, the early nest of the thrush, perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipation of summer.

These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of Nature; and if not neglected, then, not to be forgotten; for they will stir up the springs of memory, and make us live over again times and seasons, in which we cannot, for the pleasure and purity of our spirits, live too much.

## EXERCISE XXVI.

MARCH.\* *Bryant.*

[This piece exemplifies *contrasts* of *loud* and *soft* tone, as the description changes from storm to calm and sunshine.]

THE stormy March is come at last,  
 With wind and cloud and changing skies;  
 I hear the rushing of the blast  
 That through the snowy valley flies.

\* The description, in this instance, applies to the month of March, as experienced in our own Northern and Middle States.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,  
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
And thou hast joined the gentle train,  
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,  
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,  
When the changed winds are soft and warm,  
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,  
And the full springs, from frost set free,  
That, brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides  
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;  
But, in thy sternest frown, abides  
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies  
And that soft time of sunny showers,  
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

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## EXERCISE XXVII.

THE WINDS. *Hannah F. Gould.*

[The prevailing tone of this piece is *bold, full*, and *rapid*: the last two lines *soft, low*, and *slow*, as the voice changes to the effect of *reverence*.]

WE come, we come! and ye feel our might,  
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,  
And over the mountains, and over the deep,  
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,

Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!  
 And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we:—  
 Ye call us the Winds;—but can ye tell  
 Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark as we vary our forms of power,  
 And fell the forest, or fan the flower,  
 When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent,  
 When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,  
 As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,  
 Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;  
 And ye say it is we!—but can ye trace  
 The wandering Winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,  
 Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,  
 Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,  
 Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear  
 With music ærial, still 'tis we;  
 And ye list, and ye look;—but what do ye see?—  
 Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,  
 Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand:  
 We come and we go at his command;  
 Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,  
 His will is our guide, and we look not back;  
 And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,  
 Or win us in gentlest air to play,  
 Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,  
 Or frees, as He will, the obedient Winds.

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### EXERCISE XXVIII.

#### THE FISHERMAN. *Moir.*

[This piece exemplifies the deepening tones, successively, of *awe*, *fear*, *terror*, and *despair*; and closes with that of *joy*. The voice is *low* and *suppressed*, in the *first two* stanzas,—*loud* in the *first*, and *soft* in the *second* part of the *third*,—*loud* and *rapid* in the *first* part, and *soft*, *low*, and *slow*, in the *second* part of the *fourth*,—*loud* and *rapid*, throughout the *fifth*,—*low* and *slow*, in the *first*

part, and *low, slow, soft*, and *sad*, in the *second* part of the *sixth*, — *loud, high*, and *rapid*, throughout the *seventh*, and *loud, high*, and *joyous*, throughout the *eighth*.]

A LONELY man is in that skiff; —  
A storm is on the sea!  
The night is dark, and drear that cliff; —  
For breakers are a-lee!

The wild sea-gull, with cowering crest,  
Swoops o'er the swelling wave;  
The wizard petrel leaves his nest  
In yonder coral cave.

Thunder and hail with power assail  
The absent fisher's cot:  
Hark! how his trembling children wail  
Their toiling father's lot.

The frail bark, like a spirit car,  
Springs on its arrowy way;  
Nor sun, nor moon, nor guiding star  
Shines on the trackless bay.

The tempest thickens; — foaming white  
The waves rush round him now;  
The torn sail like a water sprite  
Streams o'er the plunging bow.

His hand has left the useless oar; —  
His head sinks in despair; —  
Alas! his home will he no more  
With wife or children share.

But look! — what ray breaks o'er the path  
That wandering bark should steer? —  
What voice is heard, above the wrath  
Of storm so wild and drear?

A woman's angel form stands there,  
Upon the sounding shore;  
And, answering to his whispered prayer,  
She guides him home once more.

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## EXERCISE XXIX.

## THE DOVE IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

*New York Observer.*

[An example of simple narrative, requiring *soft* and *gentle* but *distinct* utterance.]

THE following incident occurred, a few weeks since, in a village of one of the Southern counties of our state. It was a warm Sabbath afternoon; and the doors of the village church were thrown open, to let in the balmy air from the fields without. The congregation had assembled; and, while the minister was reading the first hymn, a beautiful dove entered the door, and came walking up the main aisle.

Such a visitor drew, of course, universal attention. But as the choir arose to sing, he seemed startled, and lifting himself on his wings, alighted on the stove-pipe above him, where he sat bending his glossy neck, and turning his head so as to catch the harmony, as it swelled through the temple of God. Whether it was the chorus of voices, or the full-toned notes of the organ, that captivated him, I cannot tell; but he sat the perfect picture of earnest attention, till the music ceased.

Waiting a moment, as if to hear the strain commence, he started from his perch, and sailed to the top of the organ, where he furlled his pinions, and sat, and looked down on the audience. The young clergyman arose to pray. He is distinguished for the earnestness and fervour of his invocation; and, as he stood with his hands around the Bible, which lay clasped before him, humbly beseeching the Father of all good to send down his Holy Spirit, that beautiful bird pitched from its resting-place on the organ, and, sailing down, on level wing, the whole length of the church, perched on the Bible, directly between the hands of the clergyman.

It was merely a natural occurrence, but how beautiful the picture! There stood the messenger of God, with face toward heaven, pleading for heaven's blessings,—the Bible before him, around which his hands were reverently clasped; while on it stood that beautiful and innocent dove. The three thus together formed a group full of interest, and symbolizing all that is dear to man. The word of God was before the people, with God's chosen emblem upon it, and God's herald clasping them both as he prayed.

What wonder is it, if a superstitious feeling ran through the house, as the people watched that dove, — the emblem of innocence and purity and the divine Spirit itself, — standing on the Bible, and looking gently down on them! Beautiful bird! it centred, for a time, the affections of all on it; and he who could have injured it there, would have injured hundreds of hearts, at the same time. The pressure of its tiny feet was no sacrilege there; for the expression of its soft eye was innocence and love.

The clergyman, feeling the presence of the bird, and fearing it might distract the attention of his hearers, gently passed his hand over the Bible. The dove, unstartled, merely hopped over it on the cushion, where it sat till prayer was ended. It then rose, and sailed away.

In former times, the dove would have been regarded a spiritual visitant from the unseen world, sent on a special mission, in answer to prayer, and awakened feelings of awe and reverence. To us, it was only a natural but unusual occurrence, awakening simply the sentiment of beauty. It was a new and accidental figure, introduced suddenly into a beautiful picture, giving greater harmony and perfection to what we deemed perfect before. There was no religion in it; but it was full of beauty.

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### EXERCISE XXX.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE. *H. W. Longfellow.*

[*Quiet and gentle tone, and long pauses, prevail throughout this piece.*]

THIS is the place. — Stand still, my steed:  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present reunite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-tree  
Lay moving on the grass; —  
Between them and the moving bough,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they :  
One of God's holy angels  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!”  
Solemnly sang the village choir,  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds, the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder  
Of the ancient patriarch's dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented by the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves,  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
But it seemed not so to me;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
But it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
But still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the Past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

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### EXERCISE XXXI.

THE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE. *J. Hall.*

[An example of *animated* and *cheerful* tones.]

NOT far from my father's residence, there was a school-house. It was a small log building, such as we often see in new countries, and stood in a grove, on an eminence near the road. Whether chance, or taste, or convenience, dictated the choice of the spot, I cannot tell ; but it always struck me as being not only well adapted to the purpose, to which it was appropriated, but remarkably picturesque.

The grove contained not more than an acre or two of ground ; but the trees were large and spreading oaks, that I have seldom seen surpassed in size or beauty ; for every observer of nature will agree with me, that trees, even of the same species, differ in appearance as widely as human beings. In every grove, the vegetation has some distinguishing characteristic, just as all the inhabitants of a village have some traits in common. The trees are stunted or luxuriant, spreading or tall, majestic or beautiful ; or else they are vulgar, common-place trees, as devoid of interest, as the unmeaning people whom we meet with every day.

I never see an oak standing by the roadside, without observing its peculiarities. Some are round and portly, some

tall and spindling; some aspire, and others grovel; one has a gracefully-rounded outline, and another a rugged, irregular shape. Trees, too, have their diseases, their accidents, and their adventures. They are torn by the wind, shattered by the lightning, and nipped by the frost; and while some of them have in their youth the aspect of fallow and dyspeptic invalids, others flourish in a green old age; and whether standing singly in the field, or crowded together in the forest, whether embraced by ivy, clothed with moss, or hung with mistletoe, they always attract attention, by the peculiarities they derive from these and other incidents.

Our schoolhouse oaks were of a majestic kind. They had braved the elements for at least a century, and seemed to be still in the vigour of life. Their great, dark trunks were covered with moss; and their immense branches, interlocking far above the ground, shadowed it with a canopy, that not a sunbeam could penetrate. The soil was trodden hard and smooth, by the schoolboys, and covered with a short green-sward, over which the winds swept so freely, as to carry away all the fallen leaves.

Here we played and wrestled, and ran races; here, in hot weather, the master, forsaking the schoolhouse, disposed his noisy pupils in groups among the trees; here the rustic orator harangued his patriotic fellow-citizens on the anniversary of Independence; and here the itinerant preacher addressed the neighbourhood on the Sabbath.

On occasions like the latter, our grove became as gay as a parterre. The bonnets, and ribands, and calicoes, were as numerous, and many-coloured, as the flowers of the field. The farmers and their families generally came to preaching on horseback; and it was a fortunate animal that bore a lighter burden than two adults, and a brace of children. The young women rode behind their brothers or sweethearts, or in default of such attendants, mounted sociably in pairs; the best rider taking the saddle, and holding the reins, as smart girls are always willing enough to do.

It was a goodly sight to see the horses hitched to the trees, in every direction, showing off their sleek hides, and well-combed manes, to the best advantage, and decked with new saddles, and gaudy saddlecloths, and fine riding skirts, that were never exposed to the weather or to the eye, except on Sunday and holidays: then the people, before the sermon began, sitting in groups, or strolling in little companies, looking so gay and so happy, that Sunday seemed to be to them,

not merely a day of rest, but of thanksgiving and enjoyment. When they collected round the preacher, sitting silent and motionless, with their heads uncovered, and thrown back in devout attention, the scene acquired a deeper and graver interest.

I have never witnessed that spectacle, on a calm and sunny day, without a sensation of thrilling pleasure; and, often as I have seen it, the impression that it made, continued ever fresh and beautiful. There was a mingled cheerfulness and solemnity in this sight, that attached itself to the spot; and I have afterwards felt it in the midst of my studies or sports, on schooldays;—a calmness creeping over me, a feeling that the place was hallowed,—like that which we experience when strolling in a graveyard, or lingering in the aisle of a church.

## EXERCISE XXXII.

MODESTY. *Lucretia M. Davidson.*

[An example of *quiet* and *softened* tone.]

THERE is a sweet, though humble flower,  
Which grows in nature's wildest bed;  
It blossoms in the lonely bower,  
But withers 'neath the gazer's tread.

'TIS reared alone, far, far away  
From the wild, noxious weeds of death;  
Around its brow the sunbeams play;  
The evening dewdrop is its wreath.

'TIS modesty; 'tis nature's child;  
The loveliest, sweetest, meekest flower  
That ever blossomed in the wild,  
Or trembled 'neath the evening shower.

'TIS modesty;—so pure, so fair,  
That woman's features lovelier grow,  
When that sweet flower is blooming there,  
The brightest beauty of her brow.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. *Croly.*[*Subdued and tender expression.*]

WHITE bud ! that in meek beauty so dost lean,  
 Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,  
 Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,  
 An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing, —  
 The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
 To silent shades, and there sits offering  
 To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

## EXERCISE XXXIII.

THE MAGPIES. *Miss Mitford.*

[*Lively and humorous tones, in talking style, prevail throughout this exercise.*]

“COME along, girls ! Helen ! Caroline ! I say, don't stand jabbering there upon the stairs, but come down this instant ; or Dash and I will be off without you !”

This elegant speech was shouted from the bottom of the great staircase at Dinely Hall, by young George Dinely, an Etonian\* of eleven years old, just come home for the holidays, to his two younger sisters, who stood disputing very ardently in French, at the top. The cause of contention was, — to say the truth, — no greater an object than the colour of a workbag, which they were about to make for their mamma ; slate lined with pink being the choice of Miss Caroline, whilst Miss Helen preferred drab with a blue lining.

“Don't stand there quarrelling about the colour of your trumpery,” added George, “but come along !”

Now George would have scorned to know a syllable of any language except Latin and Greek ; but neither of the young ladies being Frenchwoman enough to construe the appella-

\* A pupil of Eton school, near Windsor, in England.

tion of the leading article, the words "drab" and "slate," which came forth in native English pretty frequently, as well as the silk dangling in their hands, had enlightened him as to the matter in dispute.

George was a true schoolboy, rough and kind; affecting, perhaps, more roughness than naturally belonged to him, from a mistaken notion that it made him look bold, and English, and manly.

There cannot be a greater mistake, since the boldest man is commonly the mildest; thus realizing, in every way, the expression of Shakspeare, which has been the subject of a somewhat unnecessary commentary, "He's gentle and not fearful." For the rest, our hero loved his sisters, which was very right; and loved to tease them, which was very wrong; and now he and his dog Dash, both wild with spirit, and happiness, were waiting most impatiently to go down to the village, on a visit to old Nurse Simmons and her magpies.

Nurse Simmons was a very good and very cross old woman, who, after ruling in the nursery of Dinely Hall, for two generations, scolding and spoiling Sir Edward and his brothers, and performing, thirty years afterwards, the same good office for Master George and his sisters, had lately abdicated her throne, on the arrival of a French governess, and was now comfortably settled at a cottage of her own, in the village street.

George Dinely and Dash had, already that morning, visited George's own pony, the garden, the pheasantry, the greenhouse, and the farm-yard; had seen a brood of curious bantams, two litters of pigs, and a family of greyhound puppies; and had few friends, old or new, left to visit, except Nurse Simmons, her cottage, and her magpie, a bird of such accomplishments, that his sisters had even made it the subject of a letter to Eton. The magpie might, perhaps, claim an equal share with his mistress, in George's impatience; and Dash, always eager to get out of doors, seemed nearly as fidgetty as his young master.

Dash was as beautiful a dog as one should see in a summer's day; one of the large old English spaniels, which are now so rare, with a superb head, like those you see in Spanish pictures, and such ears! — they more than met over his pretty spotted nose; and when he lapped his milk, dipped into the pan at least two inches. His hair was long and shiny and wavy, not curly, partly of a rich dark liver colour, partly of a silvery white, and beautifully feathered about the legs.

Every body used to wonder that Dash, who apparently eat so little, should be in such good case. But the marvel was by no means so great as it seemed; for his being George's peculiar pet and property did not hinder his being the universal favourite of the whole house, from the drawing-room to the kitchen. Not a creature could resist Dash's silent supplications at meal-times, when he sat upon his haunches, looking amiable, with his large ears brought into their most becoming position; his head a little on one side; and his beautiful eyes fixed on your face, with as near an approach to speech as ever eyes made in the world.

From Sir Edward and her Ladyship down to the stable-boy and the kitchen-maid, no inhabitant of Dinely Hall could resist Dash! So that being a dog of most apprehensive sagacity, with regard to the hours appropriated to the several refectations of the family, he usually contrived, between the dining-parlour, the schoolroom, and the servants' hall, to partake of three breakfasts and as many dinners, every day, — to say nothing of an occasional snap, at luncheon or supper-time. No wonder that Dash was in high condition. His good plight, however, had by no means impaired his activity. On the contrary, he was extremely lively as well as intelligent, and had a sort of circular motion, — a way of flinging himself quite round on his hind feet, something after the fashion in which the French dancers twirl themselves round on one leg, — which not only showed unusual agility in a dog of his size, but gave token of the same spirit and animation which sparkled in his bright hazel eye. Any thing of eagerness or impatience, was sure to excite this motion; and George Dinely gravely assured his sisters, when they at length joined him in the hall, that Dash had flung himself six-and-twenty times, whilst waiting the conclusion of their dispute.

Getting out into the lawn and the open air, did not tend to diminish Dash's glee or his capers; and the young party walked merrily on; George telling of school pranks and school misfortunes, — the having lost or spoiled four hats since Easter, seemed rather to belong to the first class of adventures than the second, — his sisters listening dutifully and wonderingly; and Dash following his own devices, now turning up a mouse's nest from a water furrow in the park, — now springing a covey of young partridges in a cornfield, — now plunging his whole hairy person in the brook, — and now splashing Miss Helen, from head to foot, by ungallantly jumping over her whilst crossing a stile, being thereunto prompted by a whistle

from his young master, who had, with equal want of gallantry, leaped the stile first himself, and left his sisters to get over as they could; until, at last, the whole party having passed the stile, and crossed the bridge, and turned the churchyard corner, found themselves in the shady recesses of the Vicarage Lane, and in full view of the vine-covered cottage of Nurse Simmons.

As they advanced, they heard a prodigious chattering and jabbering, and soon got near enough to ascertain that the sound proceeded mainly from one of the parties they were come to visit, — Nurse Simmons's magpie. He was perched in the middle of the road, defending a long, dirty, bare bone of mutton, — doubtless his property, — on one end of which he stood, whilst the other extremity was occupied by a wild bird of the same species, who, between pecking at the bone, and fighting, and scolding, found full employment.

The wild magpie was a beautiful creature, as wild magpies are, of a snowy white and a fine blue-black, — perfect in shape and plumage, and so superior in appearance to the tame bird, — ragged, draggled, and dirty, — that they hardly seemed of the same kind. Both were chattering away most furiously; the one, in his natural and unintelligible gibberish, — the other, partly in his native tongue, and partly in that, for his skill in which he was so eminent, — thus turning his accomplishments to an unexpected account, and larding his own lean speech with divers foreign garnishes, such as "What's o'clock?" and "How do you do?" and "Very well, I thank you," and "Poor pretty Mag!" and "Mag's a good bird," — all delivered in the most vehement accent, and all doubtless understood by the unlearned adversary as terms of reproach.

"What can those two magpies be quarrelling about?" — said Caroline, as soon as she could speak for laughing; for, on the children's approach, the birds had abandoned the mutton-bone, which had been quietly borne away by Dash, who, in spite of his usual sumptuous fare, had no objection to such a windfall, and was lying, in great state, on a mossy bank, discussing and enjoying the stolen morsel.

"What a fury they are in! I wish I knew what they are saying," pursued Caroline, as the squabble grew every moment more angry and less intelligible.

"They are talking nonsense, doubtless, as people usually do when they quarrel," quoth George, "and act wisely to clothe it in a foreign tongue; perhaps they may be disputing about colours."

"What an odd noise it is!" continued Caroline, by no means disposed to acknowledge her brother's compliment; "I never heard any thing like it."

"I have," said George, dryly.

"I wonder whether they comprehend each other!" ejaculated Miss Helen, following her sister's example, and taking no notice of the provoking George; "they really do seem to understand!"

"As well as other magpies," observed the young gentleman; "why should they not?"

"But what strange gibberish!" added poor Helen.

"Gibberish, Miss Helen! Don't you hear that the birds are sputtering magpie French, sprinkled with a little magpie English? I was just going to ask you to explain it to me," replied the unmerciful George. "It is quite a parody upon your work-bag squabble," pursued their tormentor; "only that the birds are the wiser, for I see they are parting, — the wild one flying away, the tame gentleman hopping towards us. Quite the scene of the work-bag over again," continued George, "only with less noise, and much shortened, — an abridged and corrected edition! Really, young ladies, the magpies have the best of it," said the Etonian; and off he stalked into Nurse Simmons's cottage.

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## EXERCISE XXXIV.

### SLIDE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. *Anon.*

[Examples of *serious description* require, as in the following piece, *distinct enunciation, discriminating emphasis, and appropriate pauses*. The common faults, in the reading of such pieces, are *feebleness, hurry, and confusion*.]

THE Saco River has its rise near the Notch of the White Mountains, — a remarkable gap, through which it runs, and the only pass, for many miles, by which it is possible to cross from the eastern to the western side of the mountains. From this point, the Saco flows in a southerly and easterly direction, for a distance of about thirty miles, between two high and almost perpendicular mountains. The channel between these mountains, widens from about twenty or thirty feet, at

the gap, or western termination of the Notch, to four or five miles, at Conway, thirty miles below.

For about two miles, through the part called the Notch, there is a continual descent of considerable rapidity; and here the base of the mountain comes very near to the river; leaving but little room for the road, which follows its course, and frequently crosses it. In this distance, it receives, from the steep mountains, several tributary streams, which form beautiful cascades of great height.

We learn from a friend, who visited the mountains in the period of the rains which preceded the slide, that these streams were swollen to a very unusual extent, and that the great masses of water, falling over those immense heights, presented a most beautiful spectacle, and a very ample compensation for the loss of the prospect from the top of the mountain, which was constantly enveloped in clouds.

The Saco, at length, so far overflowed its banks, that, at Freyeburg, the town below Conway, great quantities of corn, potatoes, meadow-hay, and fences, were destroyed, and some cattle drowned. At Conway and Bartlett, the loss was still more severe, in the destruction of crops, mills, and bridges. On ascending the river farther, every thing seemed to have been destroyed. At Crawford's, eight miles from the Gap, the water rose two feet into his house, — some distance from the river; and his farm was either destroyed or covered up.

But the most melancholy disaster was in the destruction of the family of Mr. Wylley, who lived in what was called the Notch House, at the eastern termination of the Notch, where the mountain, on each side of the river, is about three thousand feet in height. A part of the mountain slipped from its resting-place, and fell into the road and river, filling them up, for a distance of about a mile south of the house; and the beautiful little meadow opposite the house became a pond. It so happened, that, although the barn was carried away, and two horses were killed, the house remained untouched. The rocks passed about six feet from it. Unfortunately, the family fled from their beds, and from the house, and were overwhelmed in the mass of earth and rocks. Their clothes were found as they left them on going to bed.

The family consisted of Mr. Wylley, his wife, five children, and two hired men. They had recently removed thither from Freyeburg, and were amiable, obliging people, much respected by their neighbours, and commended for their neatness and obliging disposition, by travellers who visited their

house. The bodies of some of the family, were found at the distance of about sixty rods from the house, dreadfully mangled. It is supposed that this disaster happened at about eleven o'clock, at night. The house was six miles distant from any other human habitation; and the road, in both directions, is overhung by the mountains, and was, at the time, probably, overflowed with water.

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### EXERCISE XXXV.

#### THE MOUNTAIN SLIDE. *Louisa P. Smith.*

[The reading of this piece requires attention principally to the *changes of tone* which express the changes of feeling,—from *awe* and *grief*, in the *first stanza*, to *cheerfulness*, and then to *solemnity*, in the *second*, and from *solemnity* to *awe*, in the *third*.]

FROM its mountain home, with ruin fraught,  
 It swept in terror by;  
 And the sweeping breeze that passed it, caught  
 A fearful human cry.  
 Oh! many a living bosom  
 With sorrow has it filled;  
 And many a worn heart's agony  
 Its mighty crush has stilled.  
 And pleasant thoughts of childhood,  
 In bosoms light and gay,  
 That were never dreaming aught of ill,  
 Its voice has swept away.

A peasant-home, in the vale below,  
 Was gay at even-time,  
 In the pleasant light of the hearth's red glow,  
 And happy laughter's chime;  
 And bosoms there were glowing  
 Beneath its humble wall,  
 Light with the thoughts of labour done,  
 And rest at even-fall.  
 They recked not of the coming  
 Of sorrow o'er their mirth,—  
 That smiles so sweetly shed around,  
 Were all for them on earth.

The tempest comes to all ;  
And o'er them was its wrath ;  
But it did not sweep them one by one  
From off their earthly path,  
Leaving some hearts to sorrow  
O'er dust in silence bound :  
They are gone, in strength and beauty *all*,  
And *one dim rest* have found !

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## EXERCISE XXXVI.

THE WORM'S DEATH SONG. *F. S. Key.*

OH ! let me alone, — I've a work to be done  
That can brook not a moment's delay ;  
While yet I breathe, I must spin and weave,  
And may rest not night or day.

Food and sleep I may never know,  
Till my blessèd work be done ;  
Then my rest shall be sweet, in the winding-sheet,  
That around me I have spun.

I have been a base and grovelling thing,  
And the dust of the earth, my home ;  
But now I know, that the end of my woe  
And the day of my bliss is come.

In the shroud I make, this creeping frame  
Shall peacefully die away ;  
But its death shall be new life to me,  
In the midst of its perished clay.

I shall wake, I shall wake, — a glorious form  
Of brightness and beauty to wear ;  
I shall burst from the gloom of my opening tomb,  
And breathe in the balmy air.

I shall spread my new wings to the morning sun ;  
On the summer's breath I'll live ;  
I will bathe me where, in the dewy air,  
The flowers their sweetness give.

I will not touch the dusty earth, —  
I will spring to the brightening sky ;  
And free as the breeze, wherever I please,  
On joyous wings I'll fly.

And wherever I go, timid mortals may know,  
That like me from the tomb they shall rise :  
To the dead shall be given, by signal from heaven,  
A new life and new home in the skies.

Then let them like me make ready their shrouds,  
Nor shrink from the mortal strife ;  
And like me they shall sing, as to heaven they spring,  
Death is not the end of life.

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### EXERCISE XXXVII.

#### THE FOUR SISTERS. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

[An example of *lively narrative*, and *well-marked emphasis* ; every emphatic word or phrase being intended to suggest a special meaning.]

I AM one of four sisters ; and having some reason to think myself not well used, either by them or by the world, I beg to lay before you a sketch of our history and characters. You will not wonder there should be frequent bickerings amongst us, when I tell you that in our infancy we were continually fighting ; and so great were the noise, and din, and confusion, in our continual struggles to get uppermost, that it was impossible for any body to live amongst us, in such a scene of tumult and disorder. These brawls, however, by a powerful interposition, were put an end to ; our proper place was assigned to each of us ; and we had strict orders not to encroach on the limits of each other's property, but to join our common offices for the good of the whole family.

My first sister, (I call her the first, because we have generally allowed her the precedence in rank,) is, I must acknowledge, of a very active, sprightly disposition ; quick and lively, and has more brilliancy than any of us. But she is hot : every thing serves for fuel to her fury, when it is once

raised to a certain degree ; and she is so mischievous whenever she gets the upperhand, that, notwithstanding her aspiring disposition, — if I may freely speak my mind, — she is calculated to make a good servant, but a very bad mistress.

I am almost ashamed to mention, that, notwithstanding her seeming delicacy, she has a most voracious appetite, and devours every thing that comes in her way ; though, like other eager, thin people, she does no credit to her keeping. Many a time has she consumed the product of my barns and store-houses ; but it is all lost upon her. She has even been known to get into an oil-shop, or tallow-chandler's, when every body was asleep, and lick up, with the utmost greediness, whatever she found there. Indeed, all prudent people are aware of her tricks ; and though she is admitted into the best families, they take care to watch her very narrowly.

I should not forget to mention, that my sister was once in a country where she was treated with uncommon respect : she was lodged in a sumptuous building, and had a number of young women, of the best families, to attend on her, and feed her, and watch over her health. In short, she was looked upon as something more than a common mortal. But she always behaved with great severity to her maids ; and, if any of them were negligent of their duty, or made a slip in their own conduct, nothing would serve her but burying the poor girls alive.

I have myself had some dark hints and intimations from the most respectable authority, that she will, some time or other, make an end of me. You need not wonder, therefore, if I am jealous of her motions.

The next sister I shall mention to you, has so far the appearance of modesty and humility, that she generally seeks the lowest place. She is indeed of a very yielding, easy temper, — generally cool, and often wears a sweet, placid smile upon her countenance ; but she is easily ruffled, and when worked up, as she often is, by another sister, whom I shall mention to you by and by, she becomes a perfect fury. Indeed, she is so apt to swell with sudden gusts of passion, that she is suspected at times to be a little lunatic. Between her and my first-mentioned sister, there is more settled antipathy than between the Theban pair ; and they never meet without making efforts to destroy one another. With me she is always ready to form the most intimate union ; but it is not always to my advantage. There goes a story in our family, that, when we were all young, she once attempted to drown me. She actually kept me under

a considerable time ; and though, at length, I got my head above water, my constitution is generally thought to have been essentially injured by it, ever since. From that time, she has made no such atrocious attempt ; but she is continually making encroachments upon my property ; and, even when she appears most gentle, she is very insidious, and has such an undermining way with her, that her insinuating arts are as much to be dreaded as open violence. I might, indeed, remonstrate ; but it is a known part of her character, that nothing makes any lasting impression upon her.

As to my third sister, I have already mentioned the ill offices she does me with my last-mentioned one, who is entirely under her influence. She is, besides, of a very uncertain, variable temper, sometimes hot, and sometimes cold : nobody knows where to have her. Her lightness is even proverbial ; and she has nothing to give those who live with her more substantial than the smiles of courtiers. I must add, that she keeps in her service three or four rough, blustering bullies, with puffed cheeks, who, when they are let loose, think they have nothing to do but to drive the world before them. She sometimes joins with my first sister ; and their violence occasionally throws me into such a trembling, that, though naturally of a firm constitution, I shake as if I was in an ague fit.

As to myself, I am of a steady, solid temper ; not shining indeed, but kind and liberal, quite a Lady Bountiful. Every one tastes of my beneficence ; and I am of so grateful a disposition, that I have been known to return a hundred-fold for any present that has been made me. I feed and clothe all my children, and afford a welcome home to the wretch who has no other home. I bear, with unrepining patience, all manner of ill usage : I am trampled upon, I am torn and wounded with the most cutting strokes ; I am pillaged of the treasures hidden in my most secret chambers ; notwithstanding which, I am always ready to return good for evil, and am continually subservient to the pleasure or advantage of others ; yet, so ungrateful is the world, that, because I do not possess all the airiness and activity of my sisters, I am stigmatized as dull and heavy. Every sordid, miserly fellow is called, by way of derision, one of *my* children ; and, if a person, on entering a room, does but turn his eyes upon me, he is thought stupid and mean, and not fit for good company. I have the satisfaction, however, of finding that people always incline towards me as they grow older ; and that those who

seemed proudly to disdain any affinity with me, are content to sink, at last, into my bosom.

You will probably wish to have some account of my person. I am not a regular beauty : some of my features are rather harsh and prominent, when viewed separately ; but my countenance has so much variety of expression, and so many different attitudes of elegance, that those who study my face with attention, find out continually new charms ; and though I have been so long a mother, I have still a surprising air of youth and freshness, which is assisted by all the advantages of well-chosen ornament ; for I dress well, and always according to the season.

### EXERCISE XXXVIII.

GOOD TEMPER. *Miss Lamb.*

In whatsoever place resides  
Good Temper, she o'er all presides ;  
The most obdurate \* heart she guides.

Even Anger yields unto her power,  
And sullen Spite forgets to lower,  
Or, reconcil'd, weeps a shower.

Reserve she softens into Ease,  
Makes Fretfulness leave off to tease ;  
She Waywardness itself can please.

Her handmaids they are not a few ; —  
Sincerity that's ever true,  
And prompt Obedience always new,

Urbanity that ever smiles,  
And Frankness that ne'er useth wiles,  
And Friendliness that ne'er beguiles,

And Firmness that is always ready  
To make young good resolves more steady, —  
The only safeguard of the giddy ;

\* Accented, *obdu'rate*, for the effect of metre.

And blushing Modesty, and sweet  
Humility, in fashion neat :  
Yet still her train is incomplete,

Unless meek Piety attend  
Good Temper, as her surest friend,  
Abiding with her to the end.

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### EXERCISE XXXIX.

MARGARET DAVIDSON.     *Washington Irving.*

WHEN permitted, for a short interval, to renew her studies, which the state of her health had, at one time, interrupted, she was soon all cheerfulness and enjoyment. Her pen and her pencil were frequently in her hand ; she occupied herself also with her needle, in embroidery on canvass, and other fancy work. Hope brightened, with the exhilaration of her spirits. "I now walk and ride, eat and sleep as usual," she observes, in a letter to a young friend, "and although not well, have strong hopes that the opening spring, which renovates the flowers, and fields, and streams, will revive my enfeebled frame, and restore me to my wonted health."

In these moods, she was the life of the domestic circle ; and these moods were frequent and long. And here we should observe, that though these memoirs, which are furnished principally from the recollections of an afflicted mother, may too often represent this gifted little being as a feeble invalid, struggling with mortality, yet in truth her life, though a brief, was a bright and happy one.

At times, she was full of playful and innocent gayety ; at others, of intense mental exaltation ; and it was the very intensity of her enjoyment, that made her so often indulge in those poetic paroxysms, — if we may be allowed the expression, — which filled her mother with alarm. A few weeks of this intellectual excitement, were followed by another rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and a long interval of extreme debility.

The succeeding winter was one of vicissitude. She had several attacks of bleeding at the lungs, which evidently alarmed her at the time, though she said nothing, and en-

deavoured to repress all manifestation of her feelings. If taken suddenly, she instantly resorted to the sofa, and, by a strong effort, strove to suppress every emotion. With her eyes closed, her lips compressed, and her thin, pale hand resting in that of her anxious mother, she seemed to be waiting the issue. Not a murmur would escape her lips; nor did she ever complain of pain. She would often say, by way of consolation, to her mother, "Mamma, I am highly favoured. I hardly know what is meant by pain. I am sure I never, to my recollection, have felt it."

The moment she was able to sit up, after one of these alarming attacks, every vestige of a sick chamber must be removed. No medicine, no cap, no bed-gown, no loose wrapper must be in sight. Her beautiful dark hair must be parted on her broad, high forehead, her dress arranged with the same care and neatness, as when in perfect health. Indeed, she studied to banish from her appearance all that might remind her friends that her health was impaired, and, if possible, to drive the idea from her own thoughts. Her reply to every inquiry about her health was, "Well, quite well; or, at least, *I* feel so, though mother continues to treat me as an invalid. True, I have a cold, attended by a cough, that is not willing to leave me; but when the spring returns, with its mild air and sweet blossoms, I think this cough, which alarms mother so much, will leave me."

She had, indeed, a strong desire to live; and the cause of that desire is indicative of her character. With all her retiring modesty, she had an ardent desire for literary distinction. The example of her sister Lucretia was incessantly before her; she was her leading star; and her whole soul was bent to emulate her soarings into the pure regions of poetry.

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## EXERCISE XL.

EARTH. *Margaret Davidson.*

EARTH! thou hast nought to satisfy  
The cravings of immortal mind!  
Earth! thou hast nothing pure and high,  
The soaring, struggling soul to bind.

Impatient of its long delay,  
The pinioned spirit fain would roam,  
And leave this crumbling house of clay,  
To seek, above, its own bright home!

The spirit, — 'tis a spark of light  
Struck from our God's eternal throne,  
Which pierces through these clouds of night,  
And longs to shine where once it shone!

Earth! there will come an awful day,  
When thou shalt crumble into nought;  
When thou shalt melt beneath that ray  
From whence thy splendours first were caught.

Quenched in the glories of its God,  
Yon burning lamp shall then expire;  
And flames, from heaven's own altar sent,  
Shall light the great funereal pyre.

Yes, thou must die! and yon pure depths  
Back from thy darkened brow shall roll;  
But never can the tyrant death  
Arrest this feeble, trusting soul.

When that great Voice, which formed thee first,  
Shall tell surrounding worlds thy doom,  
Then the pure soul, enchained by thee,  
Shall rise triumphant o'er thy tomb.

Then on, still on, the unfettered mind  
Through realms of endless space shall fly;  
No earth to dim, no chain to bind,  
Too pure to sin, too great to die.

Earth! thou hast nought to satisfy  
The cravings of immortal mind!  
Earth! thou hast nothing pure and high,  
The soaring, struggling soul to bind.

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## EXERCISE XLI.

## THE TURBAN, OR INSINCERITY PUNISHED.

*A Dramatic Sketch, from Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying."*

SCENE I. — *A party at breakfast, at Lady Delaval's. Lady Delaval, Jemima Aldred, Lucy Denton, and other girls.*

*Lady D.* WELL, I must say, that, for my own part, this scarf and these ribands do not please me. And so you think them pretty, — do you?

*All the young people.* Oh! yes, — beautiful!

*Lady D.* But, surely, they do not become my olive, ill-looking complexion.

*All but Jemima.* They are certainly very beautiful. But we cannot say we think them very becoming.

*Jemima.* Now, I think the colour just as becoming, as it is brilliant. I do not know what dear Lady Delaval means by underrating her own clear complexion.

*Lady D.* The less that is said about that the better, I believe.

*Lucy D.* [*Aside to Jemima.*] A good lesson to you, Jemima, on sincerity.

*Jemima.* [*Aside to Lucy D.*] Some people seem to me to need a lecture on rudeness.

*Lady D.* Now, my young friends, as the weather is not inviting for an excursion, I shall be glad to have your aid in pinning up this turban which I have begun. I propose to cover it with silver tissue.

*Jemima.* Oh! how beautiful!

*Lady D.* On the whole, however, I think that will be too simple.

*Jemima.* *It does seem too plain,* I think.

*Lady D.* I will have this rainbow-tinted gauze.

*Jemima.* Oh! superb!

*Lucy D.* It seems to me too gaudy.

*All but Jemima.* So I think.

*Jemima.* I assure you I think it magnificent. What a rich effect!

*Lucy D.* If nothing ornamental is added to it, it may pass, perhaps, without much objection. But not otherwise.

*Lady D.* Now let me recommend some rich accompani-

ments, — these coloured stones, this gold band, that green spun-glass feather, and this scarlet one.

*Jemima.* Oh! that would be superb!

*Lucy D.* [*Aside to Jemima.*] How can you say so? What a tawdry mass the whole will be!

*Jemima.* [*Aside to Lucy D.*] Politeness, I should think, would teach people always to approve their friends' tastes.

*Lucy D.* [*Aside to Jemima.*] Sincerity ought to teach us to say nothing that we do not feel to be true. For my part, I do not understand Lady Delaval to-day.

*Lady D.* Now it is finished, let me have your judgment on it. I will put it on.

*All but Jemima.* Oh! it is not at all becoming.

*Lady D.* What do you think, Jemima?

*Jemima.* I think it is very becoming. I never saw you, Lady Delaval, wear any thing in which you looked so well, although you always look well in any thing. But that lovely turban would become any one.

*Lady D.* Try how it would fit you, Jemima.

*All but Jemima.* Ha! ha! ha! How grotesque! how ridiculous! ha! ha! ha!

*Jemima.* [*Looking in the glass.*] Now, I insist on it that it is beautiful, — superb. I think it becomes me very much. How I should like to wear it abroad! Do let me wear it, dear Lady Delaval, the rest of the morning!

*Lady D.* But it is so heavy, it will oppress you.

*Jemima.* Not at all, I assure you. Do let me wear it.

*All.* What a frightful spectacle you make!

*Lady D.* Young ladies, either you or Jemima must be greatly wanting in taste or eyes. — But the weather is now fine. Let us walk out awhile.

SCENE II. — *Jemima at home, with her mother.* [*Enter a servant with a note, and a bandbox.*] *Jemima opens and reads the note.*

“DEAR JEMIMA,

“As I know that you have long wished to visit my niece, Lady Ormsby, and also to attend the astronomical lecture on the grand transparent orrery, which is to be given at the public rooms, this evening, for the Infirmary; though your praiseworthy prudence prevented you from subscribing to it; I have great pleasure in enclosing you a ticket for the lecture, and in informing you that I will call, and take you to dinner at Lady Ormsby's, at four o'clock, whence you and I, and the

rest of the party, (which will be a splendid one,) shall adjourn to the lecture." —

How kind! how very kind! O mamma! how fortunate it was that I made up my dyed gauze when I did! and I can wear natural flowers in my hair: they are so becoming, as well as cheap. —

*Reads.* "But I shall take you to the dinner, and I give you the ticket for the lecture, only on condition, — that you wear the accompanying turban, which was decorated according to *your* taste and judgment, and in which you were conscious of looking so well! — Every *additional* ornament was bestowed to please you; and as I know that your wish will be not to deprive me of a headdress in which your *partial* eyes thought that I looked so *charmingly*, I positively assure you that no consideration shall ever induce me to wear it; and that I expect you to meet my summons, arrayed in your youthful loveliness and my turban." — Look at that odious thing! [*pointing to the turban.*]

*Mother.* Why, to be sure, Jemima, Lady Delaval must be making game of you. What could cause such an absurd requisition?

*Jemima.* What! expect me to hide my pretty hair under that preposterous mountain? Never, never! To be sure, Captain Leslie and George Vaux will dine at Lady Ormsby's, and go to the lecture; but then they will not bear to look at me in this frightful headdress, and will so quiz me; and I am sure they will think me too great a *quiz* to sit by! No, no; much as I wish to go, — and I do very, very much wish it, — I cannot go on these cruel conditions!

*Mother.* But what excuse can you make to Lady Delaval?

*Jemima.* I must tell her that I have a bad toothache, and cannot go; and I will write her a note to say so; and, at the same time, return the ugly, detestable turban.

### SCENE III. — *Jemima at home, with her mother.*

*Jemima, [looking out.]* There is Lady Delaval stepping out of her carriage, and the servant is taking out a bandbox. O dear! mamma, I protest that ridiculous old woman has brought her ugly turban back again! [*Jemima's mother leaves the room.*]

*Lady D. [entering.]* I was sorry to find that you were not able to accompany me to the dinner and lecture, Jemima; and were kept at home by the toothache. Was that your only reason for staying at home?

*Jemima.* Certainly, madam : can you doubt it ?

*Lady D.* Yes ; for I have a strong suspicion that the toothache is a pretence, not a reality.

*Jemima.* This from you, Lady Delaval ! my once kind friend.

*Lady D.* Jemima, I am come to prove myself a far kinder friend than ever I did before. I am glad to find you alone ; because I should not have liked to reprove a child before her mother. I wished to speak plainly with you of the mean habit of flattery, in which you are so apt to indulge : I was, for one moment, a dupe, as regards the turban, and insisted on your wearing it, in order to punish your duplicity. Had you not acted thus, I meant to have taken you to the dinner and lecture, without conditions ; but I wished to inflict on you a salutary punishment, in hopes of convincing you that there are no qualities so safe, or so pleasing, as truth and ingenuousness. — I saw you cast an alarmed look at the hat-box ; but fear not : the turban is no more ; and, in its stead, I have taken the liberty of bringing you a Leghorn bonnet ; and should you, while you wear it, feel any desire to flatter, let it remind you of this conversation, and its *cause*, — and make your present mortification the means of your future good.

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## EXERCISE XLII.

### THE FATHER'S CHOICE. *Mrs. S. J. Hale.*

In the year 1697, a body of Indians attacked the town of Haverhill, Mass., and killed, or carried into captivity, forty of the inhabitants. A party of the Indians approached the house of Mr. Thurston, who was abroad at his labour, but who, on their approach, hastened to the house, sent his children out, and ordered them to flee, in a course opposite to that in which danger was approaching. He then mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up — when he should overtake the little flock — the child with which he was most unwilling to part.

When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him ; and, when at a short distance, fired on him and his little company. He returned the fire,

and retreated, alternately ; still, however, keeping a resolute face to the enemy, and so effectually sheltered his charge, that he finally lodged them all, safe, in a distant house.

“ Now fly, as flies the rushing wind, —  
Urge, urge thy lagging steed !  
The savage yell is fierce behind ;  
And life is on thy speed.

“ And from those dear ones make thy choice : ” —  
The group he wildly eyed,  
When “ Father ! ” burst from every voice,  
And “ Child ! ” his heart replied.

There's one that now can share his toil,  
And one he meant for fame,  
And one that wears her mother's smile,  
And one that bears her name.

And one will prattle on his knee,  
Or slumber on his breast ;  
And one whose joys of infancy  
Are still by smiles expressed.

They feel no fear while he is near ;  
He'll shield them from the foe ;  
But oh ! his heart must break to hear  
Their shriekings, should he go.

In vain his quivering lips would speak ;  
No words his thoughts allow ;  
The burning tear is on his cheek,  
Death's marble on his brow.

And twice he raised his cold, clinched hand, —  
Then bade his children fly !  
And turned ; — and even that savage band  
Cowered at his wrathful eye.

Swift as the lightning winged with death,  
Flashed forth the quivering flame ! —  
Their fiercest warrior bows beneath  
The father's deadly aim.

Not the wild cries, that rend the skies,  
His heart or purpose move : —  
He saves his children, — or he dies,  
The sacrifice of love.

Ambition goads the conqueror on, —  
Hate points the murderer's brand ; —  
But love and duty, these alone  
Can nerve the good man's hand.

The hero may resign the field,  
The coward murderer flee :  
He cannot fear, he will not yield,  
That strikes, sweet Love, for thee.

They come, they come ; — he heeds no cry,  
Save the soft childlike wail :  
“ O father, save ! ” — “ My children, fly ! ”  
Were mingled on the gale.

And firmer still he drew his breath,  
And sterner flashed his eye,  
As fast he hurls the leaden death,  
Still shouting, “ Children, fly ! ”

No shadow on his brow appeared,  
Nor tremor shook his frame,  
Save when, at intervals, he heard  
Some trembler lisp his name.

In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,  
Like famished tigers chafe : —  
The sheltering roof is neared, is gained, —  
All, all the dear ones safe !

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### EXERCISE XLIII.

EFFECTS OF A FLOOD. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

It was one of those fine mornings in which a softer season makes its first effectual resistance against the lingering claims of winter ; like a buxom infant, springing from the arms of a

wrinkled dame, whose caresses chill it. Still the influence of the "sire of storms" was perceptible. The small streams moved but torpidly, between margins of ice, or beneath a thin veil, which might have hidden their progress; had it not been revealed by a cold, subterranean murmuring.

Over the larger rivers, small boats were seen gliding, while their cheerful navigators repelled, with long poles, those masses of ice which assayed too near an approach; or, supporting themselves on the slippery surface, collected the drift-wood which adhered to them. Other labourers were busily employed in replacing bridges, which the sullen waters had injured or destroyed; for seldom did the spring-tide floods pass the town, but the faces of the inhabitants gathered gloom from the prospect of an additional weight of taxation.

While the solitary amateur admired the wrath of the resounding streams, the richer and less romantic burgher would calculate the cost, like Marlow in the well-furnished inn, apprehending "how horribly a fine sideboard and a marble chimney-piece would swell the reckoning." But the labourers, who had nothing to pay, and foresaw gain from being employed about broken bridges, and dilapidated fences, contented themselves with lamenting, in a less rueful tone, the evils of their almost insular situation.

Considerable loss and suffering had frequently been sustained, in the southern extreme of the town, which occupied the ground at the junction of the two principal rivers. These waters, when swollen by dissolving snows, and the increased revenue of their tributaries, came rushing down with great power. Inundated streets, merchants lamenting the loss of their goods, and sometimes of the warehouses which contained them; or millers gazing, with uplifted hands, after their floating fabrics, attested the ravages of the triumphant flood. Here and there, the sharp eaves of a fisherman's hut, or the upper story of some building of larger dimensions, would rise above the encompassing element; while the boats, employed to take from their windows the sick, encountered continual obstacles from trees partly immersed, and fences, planted like *chevaux de frise*, beneath the treacherous waters.

Occasionally, a bridge from some neighbouring town, has been borne along, a reluctant visitor. In one instance, a structure of this sort glided by, displaying in unbroken majesty a toll-gate, upon whose topmost bar a red-winged tenant of the barn-yard was perched. Having evinced his fidelity to his favorite roost, by adhering to it during all the shocks of its

midnight disruption, morn beheld the undaunted bird, clapping his wings, as he passed the town, and sending forth shrill notes of triumph, from excitement at his extraordinary voyage of discovery.

Once, an infant, in his cradle-ark, suddenly washed from the cabin of his slumbering parents, glided over the bosom of the pitiless surge. He was rescued, — not by the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens, but by the father, urging on his light boat with eager strokes, while the mother, not standing “among the flags by the river’s brink,” but wading unconsciously into the cold, slippery channel, received, with extended arms, the babe, smiling as he awoke.

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### EXERCISE XLIV.

MORNING TWILIGHT. *J. G. Percival.*

THE mountains are blue in the morning air,  
And the woods are sparkling with dewy light ;  
The winds, as they wind through the hollows, bear  
The breath of the blossoms that wake by night.  
Wide o’er the bending meadows roll  
The mists, like a lightly-moving sea ; —  
The sun is not risen ; and over the whole  
There hovers a silent mystery.

The pure blue sky is in calm repose ;  
The pillowy clouds are sleeping there ;  
So stilly the brook in its covert flows,  
You would think its murmur a breath of air.  
The water that floats in the glassy pool,  
Half hid by the willows that line its brink,  
In its deep recess has a look so cool,  
One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour,  
Go off to the home of the bright and blessed ;  
They steal on the heart with an unseen power,  
And its passionate throbbings are laid at rest :  
Oh ! who would not catch, from the quiet sky,  
And the mountains that soar in the hazy air, —  
When his harbinger tells that the sun is high, —  
The visions of bliss that are floating there ?

## EXERCISE XLV.

VIRTUE. *George Herbert.*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright, —  
The bridal of the earth and sky, —  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night :  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave ;  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
Thy music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

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## EXERCISE XLVI.

TRUE MAGICIANS, A DREAM. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

I THOUGHT I had been travelling through an unknown country, and came, at last, to a thick wood, cut out into several groves and avenues, the gloom of which inspired thoughtfulness ; and a certain mysterious dread of unknown powers, came upon me. I entered, however, one of the avenues, and found it terminated in a magnificent portal, through which I could discern confusedly, among thick foliage, cloistered arches and Grecian porticoes, and people walking and conversing amongst the trees. Over the portal was the following inscription : “ *Here dwell the true magicians. Nature is our servant. Man is our pupil. We change, we conquer, we create.* ”

As I was hesitating whether I should presume to enter, a pilgrim, who was sitting under the shade, offered to be my guide; assuring me that these magicians would do me no harm, and that, so far from having any objection to be observed in their operations, they were pleased with any opportunity of exhibiting them to the curious. In therefore I went, and addressed the first of the magicians I met with, who asked me whether I liked panoramas. On replying that I thought them very entertaining, she took me to a little eminence, and bade me look round. I did so, and beheld the representation of the beautiful vale of Dorking, with Norbury Park and Box Hill to the north, Ryegate to the east, and Leith Tower, with the Surry Hills, to the south.

After I had admired, for some time, the beauty and accuracy of the painting, a vast curtain seemed to be drawn gradually up; and my view extended on all sides. On one hand, I traced the windings of the Thames, up to Oxford, and stretched my eye westward over Salisbury Plain, and across the Bristol Channel into the romantic country of South Wales: northward, the view extended to Lincoln Cathedral, and York Minster, towering over the rest of the churches. Across the Sussex Downs I had a clear view of the British Channel, and the opposite coast of France, with its ports blockaded by our fleets. As the horizon of the panorama still extended, I spied the towers of Nôtre Dame, and the Tuilleries; and my eye wandered at large over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," quite down to the source of the Loire. At the same time, the great Atlantic Ocean opened to my view; and, on the other hand, I saw the Lake of Geneva, and the dark ridge of Mount Jura, and discovered the summits of the Alps, covered with snow, and beyond, the orange groves of Italy, the majestic dome of St. Peter's, and the smoking crater of Vesuvius.

As the curtain still rose, I stretched my view over the Mediterranean, the scene of ancient glory, the Archipelago, studded with islands, the shores of the Bosphorus, and the gilded minarets and cypress groves of Constantinople. Throwing back a look to the less attractive north, I saw pictured the rugged, broken coast of Norway, the cheerless moors of Lapland, and the interminable desolation of the plains of Siberia. Turning my eye again southward, the landscape extended to the plains of Barbary, covered with date-trees; and I discerned the points of pyramids, appearing above the horizon, and saw the Delta, and the seven-mouthed Nile.

In short, the curtain still rose; and the view extended farther and farther, till the panorama took in the whole globe. I cannot express to you the pleasure I felt as I saw mountains, seas, and islands, spread out before me. Sometimes my eye wandered over the vast plains of Tartary; sometimes it expatiated in the savannas of America. I saw men with dark skins, white cotton turbans wreathed about their heads, and long flowing robes of silk; others almost naked under a vertical sun. I saw whales sporting in the northern seas, and elephants trampling amidst fields of maize and forests of palm-trees. I seemed to have "put a girdle about the earth," and was gratified with an infinite variety of objects which I thought I never could be weary of contemplating. At length, turning towards the magician who had entertained me with such an agreeable exhibition, and asking her name, she informed me it was *Geography*.

My attention was next arrested by a sorceress, who, I was told, possessed the power of calling up from the dead whomsoever she pleased, man or woman, in their proper habits and figures, and obliging them to converse and answer questions. She held a roll of parchment in her hand, and had an air of great dignity. I confess that I felt a little afraid; but having been somewhat encouraged by the former exhibition, I ventured to ask her to give me a specimen of her power, in case there was nothing unlawful in it. "Whom," said she, "do you wish to behold?" After considering some time, I desired to see Cicero, the Roman orator. She made some talismanic figures on the sand; and presently he rose to my view, his neck and head bare, the rest of his body in a flowing toga, which he gathered round him with one hand, and stretching out the other very gracefully, he recited to me one of his orations against Catiline. He also read to me, — which was more than I could in reason have expected, — several of his familiar letters to his most intimate friends.

I next desired that Julius Cæsar might be called up: on which he approached, his hair nicely arranged, and the forepart of his head, which was bald, covered with wreaths of laurel; and he very obligingly gave me a particular account of his expedition into Gaul. I wished to see the youth of Macedon, but was a little disappointed in his figure, for he was low in stature, and held his head awry; but I saw him manage Bucephalus with admirable courage and address, and was afterwards introduced with him into the tent of Darius, where I was greatly pleased with the generosity and politeness of his behaviour.

I afterwards expressed some curiosity to see a battle, if I might do it with safety, and was gratified with the sea-fight of Actium. I saw, after the first onset, the galleys of Cleopatra turning their prows, and flying from the battle, and Antony, — to his eternal shame, — quitting the engagement, and making sail after her.

I then wished to call up the kings of England ; and they appeared in order, one after the other, with their crowns and the insignia of their dignity, and walked over the stage, for my amusement, — much like the descendants of Banquo in Macbeth. Their queens accompanied them, trailing their robes upon the ground, and the bishops with their mitres, and judges, and generals, and eminent persons of every class. I asked many questions as they passed, and received a great deal of information relative to the laws, manners, and transactions of past times. I did not, however, always meet with direct answers to my questions. For instance, when I called up Homer, and after some other conversation asked him where he was born, he only said, "Guess!" And when I asked Louis the Fourteenth, Who was the man in the iron mask, he frowned, and would not tell me.

I took a great deal of pleasure in calling up the shades of distinguished people, in different ages and countries ; making them stand close by one another, and comparing their manners and costume. Thus I measured Catharine of Russia against Semiramis, and Aristotle against Lord Bacon. I could have spent whole years in conversation with so many celebrated persons, and promised myself that I would often frequent this obliging magician. Her name, I found, was, in heaven, *Clio*, — on earth, *History*.

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## EXERCISE XLVII.

### THE COMET'S FLIGHT. *Miss Day.*

It happened, one morn, that a straggl'g ray,  
 From the solar system lost its way,  
     And it came to a Comet's den ; —  
 And it roused him up from his long, long sleep ;  
 And he sprang from his cavern in Chaos deep,  
     To visit the Sun again.

So long had he lain in his dungeon cold,  
His joints felt exceedingly stiff and old;  
And he scarce could move a limb ;—  
But, in spite of his sharp, rheumatic pain,  
He shook his limbs, and he combed his mane,  
And put himself soon in trim.  
'Then, forth he sprang on the realms of Night :  
All Chaos stared at his crazy flight,  
And a terrible tumult made ;—  
And torrents of cloud, and flood, and flame,  
Up from her dark abysses came ;—  
But nothing the monster stayed.  
On, on he went, as the lightning fast,  
Till — the realms of destruction and darkness past —  
Glad was the Comet, then,  
For behind lay the kingdom of night and death ;  
And he saw the light, and he breathed the breath,  
Of the starry world again.  
That lovely world, with its bound of blue,  
Lay far and wide in the Comet's view,  
As he stayed in his course to gaze ;—  
And he hung, like one in a joyful trance,  
Watching the stars, in their mystic dance,  
Through many a glittering maze.  
By millions and millions, the orbs of light  
Solemnly moved in their courses bright ;  
And, from afar, to his ravished ears,  
Seemed, like a breeze, to swell and die,  
A clear and awful harmony, —  
'Twas the music of the spheres !  
And gentle gales came floating there,  
Gales of the soft, ethereal air ;  
And, at their reviving breath,  
Down, down he plunged, in his heedless way ;  
And woe to all in his path that lay,  
In his fiery path of death !  
By many a rolling star he flew,  
With her glittering seas, and her lands of blue ;  
But in loneliness he fared, —  
For, with pallid beams, they shrank away,  
And hid themselves from his deadly ray,  
As he wildly on them glared.  
But once, too near to his fearful blaze,  
One tiny planet came forth to gaze,

From her path of light afar ; —  
And the comet withered the waving trees,  
And blighted the lands, and dried the seas,  
Of the venturous little star.  
Swifter and swifter, the comet flew, —  
Brighter and brighter, his radiance grew, —  
When the glorious Sun was near ;  
But the planets wished him back again,  
And fast asleep in his midnight den ;  
For their orbs were thrilled with fear.  
Saturn called loudly each frightened moon, —  
And they gathered, for safety, behind him soon,  
And peeped through his ring of gold ;  
Jove drew his girdle around him tight,  
And called on Mars to prepare for fight ;  
But the courage of Mars was cold.  
Soon he came near to the beautiful Earth, —  
Hushed were her murmurs of joy and mirth,  
When she saw that direful ray ; —  
And the pallid moon behind her fled,  
And covered with clouds her fainting head,  
And concealed in darkness lay.  
Venus in splendour he could not dim ; —  
Her eye of glory beamed on him,  
And where was his savage heart ?  
One glance of love he backward cast,  
And trimmed his beams as he onward passed ;  
And in sadness did he depart.  
Mercury fled in dismay, at the sight ;  
The Comet laughed to behold his fright,  
And erected his mane of flame ; —  
But now, his fiery course was done,  
His long and trackless race was run ;  
For unto the sun he came.  
But, should I tell you the conference dire,  
That was held between those orbs of fire,  
Your every hair would rise !  
So now, I descend to earth again,  
Ere the height has turned my giddy brain,  
Or the glory dimmed my eyes.

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## EXERCISE XLVIII.

RESPECT TO TEACHERS. *Mrs. Farrar.*

THE more enlightened our country becomes, and the more we are disencumbered of those false notions of gentility which we inherited from the land of our fathers, the more will those be honoured, and the better will they be paid, who make a business of teaching. In the fluctuating state of our society, persons will be so employed, for a short time, who afterwards fill high stations in the land; whilst those, also, who have figured in the foremost ranks of life, will, at a later period, be found earning their living by teaching a language, or giving lessons in music. Well-educated foreigners, also, whose souls have been refined by suffering for conscience' sake, are often engaged in this mode of earning a living. This being the case, language and music masters do not form a class by themselves, as in the old countries of Europe; they belong here to all well-educated circles, and should be treated with no less politeness, and a little more respect, than you show to other gentlemen of your acquaintance.

When the office of teacher is filled by one of your own sex, all your kindest sympathies should be enlisted in her favour; and you should endeavour, by every means in your power, to render her task agreeable, and to sustain her in that position in society to which her manners and acquirements entitle her. Nothing can be meaner than the false pride exhibited by some girls towards the ladies who give them lessons in music, drawing, or languages. Some have been known to pass their instructresses in the street, without acknowledging the acquaintance, even by a passing bow; others salute in passing, but would on no account invite the lady to their house as a guest; and she, whose cultivation and refinement may far exceed those of her pupils, is considered by them of inferior rank, because she has added to her other merits, that of rendering herself independent, by the exercise of her talents.

Now, all this is wrong, entirely wrong; and, in this country, it has no meaning but one of excessive folly, in those who practise it. Where there are no hereditary distinctions, and no long-established division of society into castes or ranks, the only mode of classification is that of wealth, or individual merit, comprising refinement of manners and cultivation of mind.

If wealth is to be the standard of gentility or importance, in a country where fortunes are often suddenly acquired by persons without any education, or any native refinement, and where the fluctuating nature of property often deprives those who have been the most luxuriously brought up, of the means of living, we may expect to see the grossest manners prevail, and civilization decline. But, much as riches are valued, there is an instinctive homage paid to mental culture and refined manners, beyond what wealth can command; and those who pass by their female teacher in the street, without bowing to her, would yet hesitate to acknowledge they did so because she had fewer dollars at her disposal, than they had. They probably avoid all scrutiny of their motives, and try to make themselves believe there is a propriety in so doing, which cannot be easily explained. They are right, there. It cannot be explained on any principle of justice or sound reason.

If a female teacher, of unblemished reputation, has a refined and cultivated mind; if she has good manners, and the habits of society which belong to the circle in which she teaches; what should hinder her being received into it on a footing of perfect equality? Certainly not the simple circumstance of her turning her talent to account in a community of shop-keepers and merchants, lawyers and doctors, bankers and manufacturers. Why should the lady who makes her living by imparting to others, one of her accomplishments, be less regarded than the man who gains his livelihood by selling goods or manufacturing them? — and can there be any sense in the half-educated daughter of a lawyer or merchant, treating her more mature and more accomplished teacher as an inferior? That such a thing can take place, in a republic like ours, shows how many generations it requires to remove the taint of aristocracy, derived from the mother country. It is to be hoped that the day of its utter extinction is at hand.

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### EXERCISE XLIX.

FORMATION OF A CORAL ISLAND. *Montgomery.*

A POINT, at first,  
It peered above the waves, — a point so small,  
I just perceived it, fixed where all was floating;  
And when a bubble crossed it, the blue film

Expanded like a sky above the speck :  
That speck became a hand-breadth ; — day and night  
It spread, accumulated, and, ere long,  
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,  
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea, —  
Bare at low water, and as still as death ;  
But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface,  
'Twas like a resurrection of the dead :  
From graves innumerable, punctures fine  
In the close coral, capillary swarms  
Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,  
Covered the bald-pate reef ; then all was life,  
And indefatigable industry :  
The artisans were twisting to and fro,  
In idle-seeming convolutions ; yet  
They never vanished with the ebbing surge,  
Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer  
On layer, was added to the growing mass. —  
Ere long the reef o'ertopped the spring-flood's height,  
And mocked the billows, when they leaped upon it,  
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,  
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.

Compared with this amazing edifice,  
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,  
What are the works of intellectual man ? —  
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres ;  
Ideal images in sculptured forms,  
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,  
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown ;  
Pride, gratitude, affection, turned to marble,  
In honour of the living or the dead ;  
What are they ? — fine-wrought miniatures of art,  
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,  
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,  
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,  
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime ! —  
Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,  
Compared with these achievements in the deep,  
Were all the monuments of olden time,  
In days when there were giants on the earth.  
Babel's stupendous folly, though it aimed  
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,  
The plaything of the world in infancy : —  
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,

Built for eternity, — though, where they stood,  
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,  
And Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath ; —  
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,  
Even when its “ head of gold ” was smitten off,  
And from a monarch changed into a brute ; —  
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,  
Left by one tide, and cancelled by the next : —  
Egypt’s dread wonders, still defying Time,  
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,  
Scattered by winds beyond the Libyan desert,  
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,  
And cast in tillage o’er the corn-sown fields,  
Where Memphis flourished, and the Pharaohs reigned ; —  
Egypt’s gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,  
That have survived the language which they speak,  
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,  
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal ; —  
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,  
But puny ornaments for such a pile  
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
Filled with dry mummies of the builder-worms !

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## EXERCISE L.

THE CORAL INSECT. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;  
Toil on, — for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock ;  
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
And your arches spring up through the crested wave :  
Ye’re a puny race, thus boldly to rear  
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear !

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone, —  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavements spring  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria’s king ;

The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?  
There are snares enough on the tented field,  
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;  
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,  
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,  
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath;  
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;  
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;  
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see  
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee.  
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in;  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin.  
From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye,  
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep,  
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep;  
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

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### EXERCISE LI.

#### EARTHQUAKE OF POINTE-À-PÎTRE, GUADALOUPE.

*H. H. Breen.*

ON the night preceding the earthquake, a grand ball had been given; and many were still reposing from the fatigue of the festive scene. The Court of Assize had assembled for the administration of human justice: the principal hotel was

thronged with strangers and planters from the interior, discussing matters of business, or seated together at the *table d'hôte*; and on the quays, and along the streets, trade and traffic were proceeding with their wonted bustle and activity.

At the fatal hour of twenty-five minutes to eleven, there was heard a noise, — a hollow, rolling, rumbling noise, — as of distant unbroken thunder: the sea dashed tumultuously on the beach; the earth heaved convulsively, and opened in several places, emitting dense columns of water. In an instant, all the stone buildings had crumbled to the ground, — a wide-spread heap of rubbish and ruin; and in that one instant, — a dread and destructive instant, — five thousand human beings, torn from their families and friends, were ushered into eternity.

But the work of destruction did not stop here: scarcely had the earthquake ceased its ravages, when a fire broke out, in several places at once; and such were the terror and confusion of the surviving inhabitants, that not a single house was rescued from the flames. In another instant, the pile was lit up, the devouring element was sweeping over the immense holocaust; and a loud and lugubrious shriek from the living, and a long and lingering groan from the dying, had told the tale and sealed the doom of Pointe-à-Pître, the pride of the West!

The scenes of horror that followed, it would be difficult to describe. Fathers ran about in search of their children; children screamed aloud for their mothers, — mothers for their husbands, — husbands for their wives; and the wild and wailing multitude that wandered over the ruins, in search of a mother, a father, a husband, a child, a brother, a sister, or a friend, found nothing but headless trunks and severed limbs. Rich and poor, black and white, planter and peasant, master and slave, — all lay confounded in one vast sepulchre, — all were crushed, calcined, or consumed, — all hushed in the shadow of death, or the silence of despair.

The night that succeeded, was a night of wretchedness and want, — of sorrow and suffering. Twelve thousand inhabitants, — without food, without raiment, without money, without means, without house, or home, or hope, — had sought refuge under temporary tents, erected in the open air. Who can depict, who can imagine, the visions of darkness and danger that haunted these widowed thousands, walking over the remains of the departed city? Three days did the devouring element, fed in its progress by a forest of projecting timbers,

continue with unabated fury : three nights did the funeral pile send forth its lurid glare, — a beacon to mariners ; marking where Pointe-à-Pître stood no more.

On the following morning, the task of exploration began. — But to enable the workmen to proceed without danger, it became necessary to batter down several walls and portions of houses, whose scattered impending fragments threatened destruction on all sides. In the space of one week, *six thousand* bodies were dug out of the ruins ; fifteen hundred of which were still living, but mostly in a deplorable state of mutilation. These were immediately removed to the town of Basse-terre, and placed under medical care ; yet, — sad to say, — not more than one third of them recovered.

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### EXERCISE LII.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING. *Campbell.*

HERE were not mingled, in the city's pomp,  
 Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;  
 Judgment awoke not here her dismal trump,  
 Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom ;  
 Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.  
 One venerable man, beloved of all,  
 Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,  
 To sway the strife, that seldom might befall ;  
 And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,  
 He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,  
 Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged,  
 Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire !  
 And though, amidst the calm of thought, entire,  
 Some high and haughty features might betray  
 A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire  
 That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
 As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife ; —  
 But yet, O Nature ! is there nought to prize,  
 Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life ?  
 And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies

No form with which the soul may sympathize ? —  
 Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild  
 The parted ringlet shone in sweetest guise,  
 An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,  
 Or blessed his noonday walk ; — she was his only child.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek : —  
 What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire  
 A Briton's independence taught to seek  
 Far western worlds ; and there his household fire  
 The light of social love did long inspire ;  
 And many a halcyon day he lived to see,  
 Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,  
 When fate had reft his mutual heart : but she  
 Was gone ; — and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee.

A loved bequest ; — and I may half impart  
 To them that feel the strong paternal tie,  
 How like a new existence to his heart  
 That living flower uprose beneath his eye,  
 Dear as she was from cherub infancy,  
 From hours when she would round his garden play,  
 To time when, as the ripening years went by,  
 Her lovely mind could culture well repay,  
 And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms ;  
 (Unconscious fascination, undesigned !)  
 The orison repeated in his arms,  
 For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;  
 The book, the bosom on his knee reclined ;  
 Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,  
 (The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)  
 All unaccompanied else her heart had gone,  
 Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

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### EXERCISE LIII.

A GUST. *Dickens.*

THE sun went down, beneath the long dark lines of hill  
 and cloud, which piled up, in the west, an airy city, — wall

heaped on wall, and battlement on battlement; the light was all withdrawn; the shining church turned cold and dark; the stream forgot to smile; the birds were silent; and the gloom of winter dwelt on every thing.

An evening wind uprose, too; and the slighter branches cracked and rattled, as they moved, in skeleton dances, to its moaning music. The withering leaves, no longer quiet, hurried to and fro, in search of shelter from its chill pursuit. The labourer unyoked his horses, and, with head bent down, trudged briskly home beside them; and from cottage windows lights began to glance and wink upon the darkening fields.

Then the village forge came out in all its bright importance. The lusty bellows roared "Ha, ha!" to the clear fire, which roared in turn, and bade the shining sparks dance gayly to the merry clinking of the hammers on the anvil. The gleaming iron, in its emulation, sparkled too, and shed its red-hot gems around profusely. The strong smith and his men dealt such strokes upon their work, as made even the melancholy night rejoice, and brought a glow into its dark face, as it hovered about the door and windows, peeping curiously in, above the shoulders of a dozen loungers. As to this idle company, there they stood spell-bound by the place, and, casting, now and then, a glance upon the darkness in their rear, settled their lazy elbows more at ease upon the sill, and leaned a little farther in, no more disposed to tear themselves away, than if they had been born to cluster round the blazing hearth, like so many crickets.

Out upon the angry wind! how from sighing, it began to bluster round the merry forge, banging at the merry wicket, and grumbling in the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows for doing any thing to order! And what an impotent swaggerer it was too, for all its noise! For, if it had any influence on that hoarse companion, it was but to make him roar his cheerful song the louder, and, by consequence, to make the fire burn the brighter, and the sparks to dance more gayly yet. At length, they whizzed so madly round and round, that it was too much for such a surly wind to bear: so off it flew with a howl, giving the old sign before the alehouse door such a cuff as it went, that the Blue Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterward, and, indeed, before Christmas, reared clean out of his crazy frame.

It was small tyranny for a respectable wind to go wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves; but this wind happening to come up with a great heap of them,

just after venting its humour on the insulted Dragon, did so disperse and scatter them, that they fled away, pell-mell, some here, some there, rolling over each other, whirling round upon their thin edges, taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress. Nor was this enough for its malicious fury; for, not content with driving them abroad, it charged small parties of them, and hunted them into the wheelwright's saw-pit, and below the planks and timbers in the yard, and scattering the saw-dust in the air, it looked for them underneath; and when it did meet with any, — whew! how it drove them on, and followed at their heels!

The scared leaves only flew the faster for all this; and a giddy chase it was; for they got into unfrequented places, where there was no outlet, and where their pursuer kept them eddying round and round, at his pleasure; and they crept under the eaves of houses, and clung tightly to the sides of hayricks, like bats, and tore in at the open chamber windows, and cowered close to hedges; and, in short, went anywhere for safety.

Being, by this time, weary of such trifling performances, the boisterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaring over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it.

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## EXERCISE LIV.

TIME. *Carey.*

SAY, is there aught that can convey  
An image of Time's transient stay?  
'Tis a hand'sbreadth; 'tis a tale;  
'Tis a vessel under sail;  
'Tis a conqueror's straining steed;  
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;  
'Tis an eagle on its way,  
Darting down upon its prey;  
'Tis an arrow in its flight,  
Mocking the pursuing sight;  
'Tis a vapour in the air;  
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;

'Tis a short-lived fading flower ;  
'Tis a rainbow on a shower ;  
'Tis a momentary ray,  
Smiling in a winter's day.  
'Tis a torrent's troubled stream ;  
'Tis a shadow ; 'tis a dream ;  
'Tis the closing watch of night,  
Dying at approaching light ;  
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,  
Painted upon crumbling clay ;  
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires ;  
'Tis a smoke that quick expires ;  
'Tis a bubble ; 'tis a sigh : —  
Be prepared, O man, to die !

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## EXERCISE LV.

CHILDHOOD OF LUCRETIA DAVIDSON. *Miss Sedgwick.*

LUCRETIA'S first literary acquisition indicated her after course. She learned her letters at once. At the age of four, she was sent to the Plattsburg Academy, where she learned to read, and to form letters in sand, after the Lancasterian method. As soon as she could read, her books drew her away from the plays of childhood ; and she was constantly found absorbed in the little volumes that her father lavished upon her.

Her mother, on some occasion, in haste to write a letter, looked, in vain, for a sheet of paper. A whole quire had strangely disappeared from the table on which the writing implements usually lay : she expressed a natural vexation. Her little girl came forward, confused, and said, " Mamma, I have used it." Her mother, knowing she had never been taught to write, was amazed, and asked what possible use she could have for it. Lucretia burst into tears, and replied, that " she did not like to tell." Her mother respected the childish mystery, and made no farther inquiries.

The paper continued to vanish ; and the child was often observed with pen and ink, still sedulously shunning observation. At last, her mother, on seeing her make a blank book, asked what she was going to do with it. Lucretia blushed,

and left the room, without replying. This sharpened her mother's curiosity: she watched the child narrowly, and saw that she had made quantities of these little books, and that she was disturbed by observation; and if one of the family requested to see them, she would burst into tears, and run away to hide her secret treasure.

The mystery remained unexplained, till she was six years old, when her mother, in exploring a closet rarely opened, found, behind piles of linen, a parcel of papers, which proved to be Lucretia's manuscript books. At first, the hieroglyphics seemed to baffle investigation. On one side of the leaf was an artfully-sketched picture, on the other, Roman letters, some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards, not formed into words, nor spaced in any mode. Both parents pored over them till they ascertained the letters were poetical explanations, in metre and in rhyme, of the picture in the reverse. The little books were carefully put away, as literary curiosities.

Not long after this, Lucretia came running to her mother, — painfully agitated, — her face covered with her hands, and tears trickling down between her slender fingers, — “O mamma! mamma!” she cried, sobbing, “how could you treat me so? You have not used me well! My little books! — you have shown them to papa, — Anne, — Eliza, — I know you have. Oh! what shall I do?”

Her mother pleaded guilty, and tried to soothe the child, by promising not to do so again. Lucretia's face brightened; and a sunny smile played through her tears as she replied, “O mamma, I am not afraid you will do so again; for I have burned them all;” — and so she had!

This reserve proceeded from nothing cold or exclusive in her character; never was there a more loving or sympathetic creature. It would be difficult to say which was most rare, her modesty, or the genius it sanctified.

She did not learn to write till she was between six and seven; her passion for knowledge was then rapidly developing; she read with the closest attention, and was continually running to her parents, with questions and remarks that startled them. At a very early age, her mother implanted the seeds of religion, — the first that should be sown in the virgin soil of the heart. That the dews of Heaven fell upon them, is evident from the breathing of piety throughout her poetry, and still more from its precious fruit in her life. Her mother remarks, that, “from her earliest years, she evinced a fear of

doing any thing displeasing in the sight of God ; and if, in her gayest sallies, she caught a look of disapprobation from me, she would ask, with the most artless simplicity, 'O mother, was that wicked?'"

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## EXERCISE LVI.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS. *Procter.*

SEND down thy wingèd angel, God !  
Amid this night so wild ;  
And bid him come where now we watch,  
And breathe upon our child !

She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or waketh with a patient smile,  
And striveth *not* to weep.

How gentle and how good a child  
She is, we know too well,  
And dearer to her parents' hearts,  
Than our weak words can tell.

We love, — we watch throughout the night,  
To aid, when need may be :  
We hope, — and have despaired, at times,  
But *now* we turn to Thee !

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God !  
Amid the darkness wild ;  
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,  
And heal our gentle child !

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## EXERCISE LVII.

MORNING SERVICE IN THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

*Anon.*

ELNATHAN ascended Mount Moriah, early in the morning, and drew near to the eastern gate of the outer court of the

Temple, called the King's Gate, which was framed of wood, and overlaid with plates of brass. The wall of the court, which was partly of wood, and partly of stone, was, on this side, supported upon a great terrace, raised up with huge stones from the deep valley of Kedron below, in order to enlarge the space on the top of the hill, and make it equal to the plan which Solomon intended.

And when the sun began to rise, the gates of the Lord's House were opened by the porters, to the sound of silver trumpets; and Elnathan entered into the outer court of the people, along with the multitude who had come from the city to worship. He advanced towards the steps of the east gate of the inner court of the Temple, called the Higher Gate of the Lord's House. And, looking through this gate, he saw before him the lofty and magnificent porch of the House of God, or Sanctuary, one hundred and twenty cubits high, built of beautiful white stones, which had been hewn out in the neighbouring mountains. Behind this structure, — only half its height from the ground, but of equal altitude, being built on a hill, — stood the Temple, or Sanctuary, itself; consisting of the Holy Place, and Holy of Holies, surrounded by three stories of chambers, each four cubits square. And within the court, he saw the brazen altar, and the molten sea, and the priests passing to and fro, barefooted, and clothed in long white linen garments, having girdles embroidered with blue, purple, and scarlet, and bonnets of white linen upon their heads. And, lying upon the ascent of the altar, he saw the lamb already slain, and prepared for the morning sacrifice. And Elnathan put off his sandals, and covered his head with the corner of his garment, as unworthy to lift up his eyes in the divine presence; and so he went and stood in his place, among the congregation of Israelites who had come to worship.

Two priests now began to ascend, with great solemnity, the steps which were before the door of the lofty and beautiful porch of the Lord's House, to offer incense upon the golden altar, within the Holy Place. One of them carried a censer with live coals taken from the fire, which burned continually upon the brazen altar; and the other had, in his hand, a golden censer, full of frankincense. Two other priests walked before them, who had already been in the Holy Place, trimming the golden lamps, and cleansing the altar of incense. And when they had all entered the Holy Place, the two priests, who had been there before, took up the golden vessels which they had used in their service, and then, after worship-

ping toward the most Holy Place, they came out, and stood in the porch. And he who carried the censer of coals, after kindling the fire on the incense altar, also worshipped, and came out and stood with the two others in the porch, leaving the priest who was to offer, alone in the Holy Place. Every thing being now ready, the incense was kindled upon the golden altar; and the Holy Place was filled with the odour; and all the congregation without bowed their heads, with their faces to the earth, and their hands upon their breasts, and prayed:—

“Appoint peace, goodness, and blessing—grace, mercy, and compassion for us, and for all Israel thy people! Bless us, O our Father! even all of us as one man, with the light of thy countenance; for, in the light of thy countenance, thou, O Lord our God, hast given us the law of life, and loving mercy and righteousness, and blessing and compassion, and life and peace. Let it please Thee to bless thy people Israel, at all times! In the book of life, with blessing, and peace, and sustentation, let us be remembered and written before Thee,—we, and all thy people, the house of Israel.”

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### EXERCISE LVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED. *Ibid.*

AND when the prayers were ended, the priest, whose lot it was, took the lamb which had been slain for the morning sacrifice, and laid it upon the fire which was burning upon the brazen altar. After this was done, the priest, who had been in the Holy Place, offering incense, came out with the other three who ministered with him, and, standing upon the steps which were before the entrance of the porch, with their eyes bent upon the ground, they stretched out their hands towards heaven; and one of them, in a loud and solemn voice, blessed the people, and said—“The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” And when he had ended, the daily meat-offering was made, and the drink-offering poured out.

Then the Levites, who stood on the east side of the altar, having harps, and psalteries, and tabrets, and cornets, and

cymbals, began to play upon them; and the women and the Levites, who sang with their voices, began this song of praise:—

“The earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof;  
The world, and they that dwell therein:  
For he hath founded it upon the seas,  
And established it upon the floods.”

Here they paused, while the priests sounded their silver trumpets, and the congregation bowed their heads, and worshipped. And, after this pause, half of the musicians and of the singers sang, —

“Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?  
And who shall stand in his Holy Place?”

And the other half answered them in their song, —

“He that hath clean hands,  
And a pure heart;  
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,  
Nor sworn deceitfully;  
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,  
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.”

To which the other half responded, singing, —

“This is the generation of them that seek Him,  
That seek thy face, — O Jacob!”

Upon which the whole band united, and sang, —

“Praise ye the Lord.”

And then they all paused, while the priests again sounded their silver trumpets, and the people bowed their heads, and worshipped. After this, half of the musicians and of the singers resumed their song, —

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates;  
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;  
And the King of Glory shall come in!”

Upon which the other half asked,

“Who is this King of Glory?”

And the first answered them,

“The Lord strong and mighty,

The Lord mighty in battle.  
 Lift up your heads, O ye gates :  
 Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ;  
 And the King of Glory shall come in ! ”

The other half asked again,

“ Who is this King of Glory ? ”

And the first replied to them,

“ The Lord of hosts,  
 He is the King of Glory.”

Upon which the whole band united, and sang, in loud chorus,

“ Praise ye the Lord ; ”

while the priests sounded their silver trumpets, and the people bowed their heads, and worshipped.

Thus ended the morning service in the Temple ; the people afterwards dispersing to their different habitations.

## EXERCISE LIX.

### SONG OF THE STARS. *Bryant.*

AWAY, away ! through the wide, wide sky, —  
 The fair blue fields that before us lie ;  
 Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
 Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
 And waters that lie like fluid light !

For the Source of glory uncovers his face,  
 And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space :  
 And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
 In our ruddy air, and our blooming sides ; —  
 Lo ! yonder the living splendours play : —  
 Away, on our joyous path, away !

Look, look ! — through our glittering ranks afar,  
 In the infinite azure, star after star,  
 How they brighten and bloom, as they swiftly pass, —  
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass,

And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean !

And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;  
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews,  
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round !

Away, away ! In our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See love is brooding, and life is born ;  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light !

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## EXERCISE LX.

FILIAL REVERENCE. *Mrs. Farrar.*

THE present state of manners, though not the best possible, has one advantage over that which preceded it : it is more favourable to a confidential intercourse between children and parents, than was the starched demeanour of our forefathers ; but there might be a much greater infusion of respect, without any diminution of confidence. Filial love, indeed, can never exist, in perfection, unless it be founded on a deep sentiment of reverence ; and where that has not been well cultivated in childhood, it is soon frittered entirely away, by habitual indulgence in disrespect, flippancy, or rude familiarity.

The sentiment of reverence is one of the noblest attributes of the human mind : to its exercise, God has affixed an exquisite sense of enjoyment ; it operates, in a thousand ways, to elevate and embellish the character. Its first development is in the feelings of a child for its parents ; and this is the natural preparation of the mind for its rise to a higher object, even to the Father in heaven. As the understanding ripens, and this sentiment is cultivated, it embraces all that is great and good among men, all that is vast and magnificent in nature and in art ; shedding over the character of its possessor an

indescribable grace, softening the very tones of the voice, and rendering it impossible for the manners to be wanting in deference and courtesy towards parents, or teachers, or the aged of any description.

Where the sentiment of reverence is deficient, a foundation is wanting for many graceful superstructures; and the defect shows itself in various ways, of which the irreverent are little aware; or they would endeavour to supply the deficiency, as a mere matter of taste, if not of principle. Such persons will have unpleasant manners which no rules of good-breeding will correct; and as the irreverent state of feeling grows by indulgence in disrespectful demeanour, they are in danger of becoming bold, reckless, and even impious.

You whom I address, are yet young: whatever may have been your education, you are yet young enough to reëducate yourselves; you have hearts capable of being touched by the beautiful, the true, the sublime. You feel reverence for God and the things that belong to religion; but you have not, perhaps, considered how the same sentiment is connected with other relations in life. In all the great moral authors whom you have read, you have found filial piety, and reverence for the aged, treated as indispensable qualities in a virtuous character, whether heathen or Christian; but you may never have reflected on the indications which you give of the want of it in your own. If, then, your conscience tells you that you are guilty of those faults of manner, which I have described as but too common in our society, you may be sure that your feelings of reverence need quickening and cultivating; and if you would escape becoming the harsh, ungraceful character, which grows out of such delinquency, you must reform your manners.

It is to be feared, that some young ladies think themselves excused from the duty of filial reverence, because they are more highly educated than their parents; they have more knowledge, more refinement; and therefore they may dictate, contradict, and set up their judgments in opposition to their fathers' and mothers'! But this is a great mistake: no superiority of culture can change the relation of child and parent, or annul the duties that grow out of it. The better your education has been, the more cause for gratitude to those who have procured for you this blessing; the higher the culture, the more you are bound to perform well all the duties of life; the greater your refinement, the more perfect should be your manners towards your parents; the more your influence is

needed in the family, the more important it is, that you should not impair it, by such faults as the uneducated can judge of, as well as the most cultivated. There is, besides, a great meanness in turning against your parents the weapons which their kindness has put into your hands. The acquirements of their children often make parents feel their own deficiencies very painfully ; and nothing but the most respectful behaviour, on the part of the offspring, can lessen the mortification, and convince them that, apart from all such adventitious circumstances, they have undeniable claims to the love and reverence of their children.

Nothing can justify the want of respect, in the manners of children to parents, of pupils to teachers, of the young to the aged ; not even faults of character in the individuals claiming such deference and regard. It is due to yourself to treat the relation with respect ; and the more perfectly proper your manners are, the greater will be your influence.

There is nothing, in the whole circle of domestic relations, so lovely, so pure, so honourable to both parties, as the respectful, affectionate, and confidential intercourse of some young women with their parents.

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### EXERCISE LXI.

#### LOVE AND DEATH. *Tennyson.*

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light,  
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes ;  
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,  
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
And talking to himself, first met his sight.  
“ You must be gone,” said Death ; “ these walks are mine.”  
Love wept, and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;  
Yet ere he parted said, “ This hour is thine :  
Thou art the shadow of Life ; and as the tree  
Stands in the sun, and shadows all beneath,  
So, in the light of great Eternity,  
Life eminent creates the shade of death ; —  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall ;  
But I shall reign forever over all.”

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## EXERCISE LXII.

AN OLD FRIEND. *Court Journal.*

WHAT a fine old man comes down the street, buttoned up to the chin, in a shaggy great coat, which gives him somewhat the look of a bear! How sturdily he steps along! — Yes, he is a fine old man, with his cold, clear, blue eye, and his rosy face, like a winter apple. Perhaps he is *rather* too stout, and his face is *rather* too rubicund; but it is the frost without, acting on the good cheer within, which giveth that hue, — and a right pleasing one after all.

Surely he is some high personage; for, mark, as he parades the street, how the boys cease their snowballing; the shop-windows assume a gayer look; and, to win his eye as he passes, the grocer fills his window with oranges, and best raisins, and lays a strange image, of a foot high, against the glass pane, wrought of fig-paste, raisins, and blanched almonds. The stranger sends a benevolent smile into the shop, which the courtly grocer returneth with his very best bow; and even after he is taking down orders from a good customer, his thoughts wander after the giver of the smile.

The green-grocer has caught a glimpse of him; and, putting a hastily-pulled handful of red-berried holly into her bosom, she comes courtesying forth to greet him, from amid the boughs of shining holly and mystic mistletoe. The hearty kiss he bestows upon the fat dame, makes the ragged urchins in the street laugh; and one of them, in defiance of all good-breeding, sends a well-aimed snowball at the old gentleman's nose.

Look! how he jumps round; and now he is snow-balling his tormentors; and they run, shout, and return to the charge, till a gruff voice growls from the butcher's stall — "Get along, you warmint! I aint a-going to stand this a-snowballing one of my best friends;" — and a heavy stick is brandished by the muscular arm of Master Blue-apron, which disperses the young crew in a few seconds. "Sarvint, sir, sarvint; them boys is enough to drive a saint distracted. Beautiful show of beef, sir! sirloin, from the prize-ox." And truly, the goodly show of red and white, ranged in symmetrical order, among boughs of bright holly, is enough to make the heart glad.

The poulterer's dainty store of fat capons and crammed turkeys, induces the stranger to pause for a moment. I think he would have taken up his abode at the door; but the church-

clock chimed twelve, and a coach with four bays drove up to the principal inn. The stranger took his seat on the box, and handled the reins as if he were a skilful whip. Off we go. The country looks clear and still; the frost lies on the berries of the hips and haws on the way-side; and the roads are crisp with snow. There is a large sheet of ice in yonder meadow: it covers a pond; and numerous hardy youngsters and unbearded youths are skating over its smooth surface.

Oh! but it is cold. "Seasonable weather," says the stranger, "warms the heart, — cold hands, warm heart." The coach stops at the gate of a country mansion; and we descend. The old gentleman offers me his arm; and we pace it to the house. The shrubberies are magnificent, and the weather as beautiful as they. I have forgotten the cold; for such a calm as lies now on inanimate nature, warms and cheers the soul. And what a sight within the walls of that large house! — a family party, — great-great-aunts, grandmothers, great-great-grandchildren, sitting down to an early dinner. Early! Bless your heart! it is four o'clock. I remember when we dined at twelve. Simple habits make man estimable.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Early to eat, and early to pray,  
Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,  
And point out to God the way."

What sumptuous fare! Come in; they are waiting for me to say grace, — always say it to-day.

The old gentleman entered the hall; he laid aside his shaggy coat, which looked none the better for its morning snowballing; and, as he made his way to the dining-room, I saw him catch a blooming girl of sixteen in his arms, and give her a hearty kiss. In her playful struggles to get free, a spray of mistletoe fell from his button-hole; and the sprightly maiden placed it gayly in her girdle, singing — "No mistletoe bough, no kiss, good sir." What jokes and laughter did he not cause, — that dear old man! How he cut oranges into sick ladies, for the children, and made himself into a little old dwarf, to mystify their sires and frighten the young girls; for now the daylight had long been shut out; and red damask curtains hung in heavy folds over the windows.

Then, in the stone hall, the mysteries of snap-dragon and the magic lantern were alternately tried; and when mirth seemed to flag, the summons to tea was given; and a dance to the music of a blind fiddler, promised to the young ones on

the carpet. How we danced, — grandsires and maiden aunts, babes of two years and their pretty mothers ! We danced till, one by one, the young ones deserted our ranks, and stretched themselves in dark corners and on sofas, to sleep.

And now the children were dismissed to bed ; — the country dance was over, — the fiddler sent into the servants' hall to make merry ; and we drew our seats close round the fire, and talked of by-gones, till all hearts were softened. At eleven o'clock, the stranger began to get fidgetty ; at half-past eleven, he said he must go and see how the servants' hall stood for merriment ; and bursts of laughter, which were faintly heard in the drawing-room, followed his appearance in those far-off regions.

I saw an old grandfather smile, as if in possession of some mighty secret, and presently he whispered to me, — “ Sly dog ! there is a bough of mistletoe over the door ! ” — The half hour chimed, the bell rang for prayers ; and soon the whole household knelt around their head ; and a serious voice repeated the words of grace and thanksgiving. And the old gentleman, who had returned, like a truant child expecting to be whipped, slipped silently into his place, after the rest ; and I heard his voice join in the offering of praise. Beneath the windows, a band of rural musicians struck up a stirring tune of minstrelsy, as we rose from our knees. “ The waits ! ” said the master of the house. “ Give them their Christmas-box.”

I turned to speak to the stranger, but he had disappeared ; and, at that moment, the pendule on the marble slab struck the hour of midnight, — Christmas was indeed gone. Dear, warm-hearted old Christmas ! with his gambols and his quaint sayings, he was gone ; and I had not found time to wish him many happy returns of his visit ; — I had not found time to bid him farewell !

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### EXERCISE LXIII.

#### THE LAST WISH. *I. M'Lellan, Jr.*

The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot, where the birds would come and sing over his grave.

IN some wild forest shade,  
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,

Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,  
Let me be laid.

In this dim, lonely grot,  
No foot, intrusive, ever will be found ;  
But o'er me, songs of the wild bird shall sound,  
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones  
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,  
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,  
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose,  
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume,  
Above the spot, where, in my grassy tomb,  
I take repose.

Year after year,  
Within the silver birch-tree, o'er me hung,  
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,  
Shall build her dwelling near.

There, at the purple dawn of day,  
The lark shall chant a pealing song above ;  
And the shrill quail, when eve grows dim and gray,  
Shall pipe her hymn of love.

The blackbird and the thrush,  
And golden oriole, shall flit around,  
And waken, with a mellow gush of sound,  
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea  
Shall sometimes hither flock, on snowy wings,  
And soar above my dust, in airy rings,  
Singing a dirge to me.

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## EXERCISE LXIV.

GOD THE CREATOR. *Fenelon, translated by Mrs. Follen.*

CAST your eyes upon the earth that supports us; raise them then to this immense vault of the heavens, that surrounds us; these fathomless abysses of air and water, and these countless stars that give us light. Who is it that has suspended this globe of earth? who has laid its foundations? If it were harder, its bosom could not be laid open by man for cultivation; if it were less firm, it could not support the weight of his footsteps. From it proceed the most precious things: this earth, so mean and unformed, is transformed into thousands of beautiful objects, that delight our eyes. In the course of one year, it becomes branches, buds, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds; thus renewing its bountiful favours to man. Nothing exhausts it. After yielding, for so many ages, its treasures, it experiences no decay; it does not grow old; it still pours forth riches from its bosom.

Generations of men have grown old and passed away, while, every spring, the earth has renewed its youth. If it were cultivated, it would nourish a hundred fold more than it now does. Its inequalities add to its beauty and utility. The mountains have risen, and the valleys descended, in the places where the Lord has appointed! In the deep valleys grows the fresh herbage for cattle. Rich harvests wave in the champaign\* country. Here, ranges of little hills rise like an amphitheatre, and are crowned with vineyards and fruit-trees; there, high mountains lift their snow-crowned heads among the clouds. The torrents that pour from their sides, are the sources of the rivers. The rocks, marking their steep heights, support the earth of the mountains, just as the bones of the human body support the flesh. This variety makes the charm of rural scenery, while it is also the means of satisfying all the different wants of man.

Every thing that the earth produces, is decomposed, and returns again to its bosom, and becomes the germ of a new production. Every thing that springs from it, returns to it; and nothing is lost. All the seeds that we sow in it, return multiplied to us. It produces stone and marble, of which we

\* Properly pronounced, *sham'pain*, in contradistinction to *champaign*, (*shampain'*), the wine of Champagne.

make our superb edifices. It teems with minerals, precious or useful to man. Look at the plants that spring from it. Their species and their virtues are innumerable.

Contemplate these vast forests, as ancient as the world ; those trees whose roots strike into the earth, as their branches spread out towards the heavens. Their roots support them against the winds, and are like subterranean pipes, whose office is to collect the nourishment necessary for the support of the stem ; the stem is covered with a thick bark, which protects the tender wood from the air ; the branches distribute, in different canals, the sap which the roots have collected in the trunk. In summer, they protect us with their shade from the rays of the sun ; in winter, they feed the flame that keeps us warm. Their wood is not only useful for fuel ; but it is of a substance, although solid and durable, to which the hand of man can give every form that he pleases, for the purposes of architecture and navigation. Fruit-trees, as they bow their branches towards the earth, seem to invite us to receive their treasures. The feeblest plant contains within itself the germ of all that we admire in the grandest tree. The earth, that does not change, itself, produces all these changes in its offspring.

Who has stretched over our heads this vast and glorious vault ? What sublime objects are there ! An All-powerful hand has presented this grand spectacle to our vision.

What does the regular succession of day and night teach us ? The sun has never omitted, for so many ages, to shed his blessing upon us. The dawn never fails to announce the day ; and the sun, says the Holy Book, knows his going down. Thus it enlightens alternately both sides of the world, and sheds its rays on all. Day is the time for society and employment. Night folds the world in darkness, finishes our labours, and softens our troubles. It suspends, it calms every thing. It sheds around us silence and sleep ; it rests our bodies, it revives our spirits. Then day returns, and recalls man to labour, and reanimates all nature.

But besides the constant course of the sun, that produces day and night ; during six months, it approaches one pole, and during the other six, the opposite one. By this beautiful order, one sun answers for the whole world. If the sun, at the same distance, were larger, it would light the whole world, but it would consume it with its heat. If it were smaller, the earth would be all ice, and could not be inhabited by men.

What compass has been stretched from heaven to earth,

and taken such just measurements? The changes of the sun make the variety of the seasons, which we find so delightful. The spring checks the cold winds, wakens the flowers, and gives the promise of fruits. The summer brings the riches of the harvest. The autumn displays the fruits that spring has promised. Winter, which is the night of the year, treasures up all its riches, only in order that the following spring may bring them forth again with new beauty. Thus Nature, so variously adorned, presents alternately her beautiful changes, that man may never cease to admire. The Hand that guides this glorious work, must be as skilful as it is powerful, to have made it so simple, yet so effectual; so constant and so beneficent.

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## EXERCISE LXV.

ELIOT \* AND THE INDIAN. *Anon.*

It was an autumn morning fair,  
Ere yet the sun was high;  
But the early mists were passed away,  
And placid was the sky,  
When on the turf, beside the wood,  
Five hundred Indian warriors stood,  
And keenly turned the listening ear,  
The white man's coming step to hear.

He came, — but not with sword or plume,  
Bright helm or glance of pride:  
His robe was of the forest woof;  
A cap of wild deer's hide  
Above his parted locks he wore;  
And in his hand a scroll he bore.

They, gathering, thronged, — the wild, the free, —  
Around that lonely man;  
And many a piercing eye was bent  
His face and form to scan;

\* Often called "the apostle of the Indians," — from his devoted labours among the native tribes of Massachusetts, as a self-sustained missionary.

But on his mild and open brow,  
No trace of terror did he show ;  
And backward, silent and amazed,  
They drew, yet still in wonder gazed.

The stranger kneeled ; — and toward his God  
He raised his forehead bare,  
And in his earnest native tongue  
He poured a rapid prayer :  
Perchance his prayer he could not frame,  
Those rugged Indian words to name ;  
The warriors silent stood, and near,  
That noble foreign speech to hear.

Then to the listening chiefs he turned,  
And in their language spoke ;  
His kindling words with fervour burned,  
His voice like music broke  
Upon a stillness so profound,  
You started from the lightest sound.

Oh ! it were worth ten years of life,  
That forest church to see, —  
Its pillars of the living pine,  
Its dome, the arching tree !  
While round and round, in circling band,  
The savage Indian hunters stand ;  
And in the centre, — all alone, —  
The fearless and devoted one !

He told of mercy, — full and deep,  
And boundless as the sea ;  
And of a bright One who was slain  
To set his children free ;  
And of a glorious world on high,  
For those who faithful be !  
And ever as his theme grew higher,  
His pale cheek flushed with living fire ;  
His sweet low voice rang proudly out,  
And rose to an exulting shout !

Then with the pleading tones of love  
He sought their hearts to win ;

He told them of his holy book,  
And all that lay within ;  
And when he marked their bosoms swell,  
He spoke his blessing and farewell !

Full many an outstretched hand sprang forth,  
Their passing friend to greet ;  
For they wist not that upon this earth  
They ever more might meet ;  
And kindly wish and kindlier word,  
From many a swarthy lip was heard ;  
But there was *one* apart who crept,  
And turned his face away — and wept.

Ay, *wept* ! — The haughty Indian chief  
Even to the dust was bowed, —  
The strong man's soul was touched with grief,  
And he must weep aloud !  
But none may hear an Indian's moan, —  
He rushed into the woods alone :

Yet not unmarked, — his gentle friend  
Upon his footsteps trod ;  
And, kneeling down beside him, there,  
He prayed for him to God !  
Then went rejoicing on his way,  
O'er all the blessings of that day !

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## EXERCISE LXVI.

### A DAY IN BROADWAY. *Anon.*

I STROLLED up Broadway, between nine and ten, and encountered the *morning tide down* ; and if you never have studied the physiognomy of this great thoroughfare, in its various fluxes and refluxes, the differences would amuse you. The clerks and mechanics have passed down, an hour before the nine o'clock tide ; and the sidewalk is filled, at this time, with speculators bound to Wall Street ; old merchants and junior partners, bound to Pearl and Water ; and lawyers, young and old, bound for Nassau and Pine.

Ah! the faces of care! The day's operations are working out in their eyes; their hats are pitched forward at the angle of a stage coach, with all the load on the driver's seat; their shoulders are raised with the shrug of anxiety; their steps are hurried and short; and mortal face and gait could scarcely express a heavier burden of solicitude than every man seems to bear. They nod to you without a smile, and with a kind of unconscious recognition; and, if you are unaccustomed to walk out at that hour, you might fancy that, if there were not some great public calamity, your friends, at least, had done smiling on you.

Walk as far as Niblo's, stop at the greenhouse there, and breathe an hour in the delicious atmosphere of flowering plants, and then return. There is no longer any particular current in Broadway. Foreigners coming out from the *cafés*, after their late breakfast, and idling up and down for fresh air; country people shopping early; ladies going to their dress-makers in close veils and demi-toilettes; errand-boys, news-boys, duns, and doctors, make up the throng.

Toward twelve o'clock, there is a sprinkling of mechanics going to dinner,—a merry, short-jacketed troop, glancing gayly at the women as they pass, and disappearing round corners and up alleys. And, an hour later, Broadway begins to brighten. The omnibuses go along empty, and at a slow pace: few people, now, would rather ride than walk. The side streets are tributaries of silks and velvets, flowers and feathers, to the great thoroughfare; and ladies, whose proper mates, (judging by the dress alone,) should be lords and princes, and dandies, shoppers, and loungers of every description, take crowded possession of the *pavé*.

At nine o'clock, you look into the troubled faces of men going to their business, and ask yourself, "To what end is all this burden of care?" and at two, you gaze on the universal prodigality of exterior, and wonder what fills the multitude of pockets that pay for it! The faces are beautiful; the shops are thronged, the sidewalks crowded for an hour; and then the full tide turns, and sets upward.

The most of those who are out at three, are bound to the upper part of the city, to dine; and the merchants and lawyers, excited by collision and contest above the depression of care, join, smiling, in the throng. The physiognomy of the crowd is at its brightest. Dinner is the smile of the day to most people; and the hour approaches. Whatever has hap-

pened in stocks or politics, whoever is dead, whoever ruined,  
since morning, Broadway is thronged with cheerful faces and  
good appetites, at three!

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## EXERCISE LXVII.

THE DYING PAUPER AND HER SOVEREIGN. *Anon.*

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade  
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,  
    A dying woman lay ;  
Three little children round her stood,  
And there went up from the green wood  
    A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,  
"O mother, mother! do not die,  
    And leave us all alone!" —  
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,  
But the faint accents died away  
    In a low, sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death,  
And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
    And up she raised her head ;  
And, peering through the deep wood maze  
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
    "Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,  
A little maid's light form was seen,  
    All breathless with her speed ;  
And following close, a man came on,  
(A portly man to look upon,)  
    Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,  
Or ere she reached the woman's side,  
    And kissed her clay-cold cheek, —  
"I have not idled in the town,  
But long went wandering up and down,  
    The minister to seek.

“ They told me here, they told me there, —  
I think they mocked me everywhere ;  
    And when I found his home,  
And begged him on my bended knee  
To bring his book, and come with me,  
    Mother ! he would not come.

“ I told him how you dying lay,  
And could not go in peace away  
    Without the minister ;  
I begged him, for dear Christ, his sake,  
But oh ! my heart was fit to break, —  
    Mother ! he would not stir.

“ So though my tears were blinding me,  
I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
    To come again to you ;  
And here, — close by, — this squire I met,  
Who asked (so mild !) what made me fret ;  
    And when I told him true,

“ ‘ I will go with you, child,’ he said ;  
‘ God sends me to this dying bed : ’ —  
    Mother, he’s here, hard by.”  
While thus the little maiden spoke,  
The man, — his back against an oak, —  
    Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free, —  
With quivering flank and trembling knee,  
    Pressed close his bonny bay ;  
A statelier man, — a statelier steed,  
Never on greensward paced, I rede,  
    Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
The man, — his back against an oak, —  
    Looked on with glistening eye  
And folded arms ; and in his look,  
Something that, like a sermon book,  
    Preached, — “ All is vanity.”

But when the dying woman’s face  
Turned towards him with a wishful gaze,

He stepped to where she lay ;  
And kneeling down, bent over her,  
Saying, — " I am a minister, —  
My sister ! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,  
(God's words were printed on his soul,)  
Into the dying ear  
He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,  
The things that unto life pertain,  
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
In Christ renewed, — regenerate, —  
Of God's most blest decree,  
That not a single soul should die,  
Who turns repentant with the cry  
" Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
Endured but for a little while  
In patience, — faith, — and love, —  
Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
Exchanged for an eternity  
Of happiness above.

Then, — as the spirit ebbed away, —  
He raised his hands and eyes to pray  
That peaceful it might pass ;  
And then, — the orphans' sobs alone  
Were heard ; and they knelt every one  
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes  
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
Who reined their coursers back,  
Just as they found the long astray,  
Who, in the heat of chase, that day,  
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,  
And lighted down, as if agreed,  
In silence at his side ;

And there, uncovered all, they stood : —  
 It was a wholesome sight and good,  
 That day, for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land  
 Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band ;  
 And central in the ring,  
 By that dead pauper on the ground,  
 Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
 Knelt their anointed king.\*

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### EXERCISE LXVIII.

#### MONASTERY OF ST. BERNARD. *Brockedon.*

THE scene around us was nearly closed in by mountains, peaks and rocks, which descend even to the *hospice* : † upon the latter of these, bordering the lake, lay large patches of snow, from which it is rarely free throughout the year. The spot was wild beyond imagination, and combined the features of the sublime and the beautiful : to these we are disposed to add a third, — the *social*, — which, even in this wilderness in the clouds, we received from the kind attentions of the monks of St. Bernard. The brethren were at their duties in the chapel, when we entered ; but we were welcomed by an attentive servant, who, in a few minutes, placed refreshments before us, and said we should be expected, at six o'clock, to sup with the brethren. The decent, unpretending kindness of this welcome, delighted us. We were, soon after, greeted by some of the monks ; and surprised to see them all young men, — at least, none were forty. We learned that they volunteer into this kind and devoted service, at eighteen years of age ; their vows are for fifteen years to this duty ; but few are robust enough to bear the severities of the winter, at this height, without feeling their effects in broken constitutions and ruined health ; for, even in the height of summer, it always freezes, early in the morning. The *hospice* is rarely four months clear of snow ; its average depth around the building is seven or

\* The royal minister was George the Third. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. George Crabbe.

† Pronounced, *hospeece*, (house of reception for travellers.)

eight feet ; and, sometimes, the drifts accumulate to the height of forty feet against the *hospice*.

One chamber is devoted to visitors, especially the ladies : it may be considered as the drawing-room of the establishment. To decorate this room, travellers have presented to the *hospice* prints and drawings ; and even a piano-forte has been added to the means of enjoyment here. A cabinet is attached to this chamber, which contains collections, made by the monks, of the plants and minerals around the Great St. Bernard, and antiquities from the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, which formerly stood on this mountain. These consist of votive tablets and figures in bronze and other metals, arms, and coins ; and are a great resource to the visitors at the *hospice*, if the weather should be unfavorable enough to detain them within its walls.

The perilous passage of these mountains, is more frequently undertaken in the winter, than is generally imagined. It is difficult to conceive the necessity or urgency of affairs which can lead persons, at such a season, through such scenes of danger. The travellers are, generally, peddlers, or smugglers, who mount the pass from either side, in defiance of the snows, and avalanches of these high regions. During the severe cold of winter, the snow, at this elevation, forms and falls, like dust ; it congeals so soon, and so hard, that the particles do not attach and form flakes, when they touch, as in lower regions ; and, instead of consolidating beneath the traveller's feet, they rise around him in powder, and he sinks to his middle.

These snow-storms, when accompanied by violent winds, are often fatal to the poor wretches who encounter them ; unable then to trace the path, they wander, and fall over precipices. The avalanches, too, take their share of the victims. The summer avalanche is caused by the submelting of the snow, which undermines its support ; and the mass, once set in motion, descends with great violence. The avalanches of winter are occasioned by the masses of snow accumulating on the slopes of the mountains, where it is too dry to attach firmly ; and when the weight of snow exceeds the supporting resistance of the surface of the ground, it slides off into the valley below, with a suddenness and violence, which the monks, who described it, compared to the discharge of a cannon-ball : these are the sort of avalanches which, in the winter, render the approach to the *hospice* very dangerous. Near the convent, the mountains are steep ; and the traveller is

exposed to almost certain destruction, if an avalanche fall, whilst he passes; and the poor wretch, buried beneath the mass, is found only when the snow melts, and the summer, which to him never returns, discovers the victim in these regions of winter.

Under every circumstance in which it is possible to render assistance, the worthy monks of St. Bernard set out upon their regularly appointed duties. Undismayed by the spirit of the storm, and obeying a higher power, they seek, amidst the greatest dangers, the exhausted or overwhelmed traveller; — they are generally accompanied by their dogs. The sagacity of these animals is so extraordinary, that they, too, as if conscious of their performing a high duty, will roam alone, the day and night through, in those desolate regions, discover the victim buried in the snow, and lie on him, and lick him to impart warmth. They bear with them some refreshing *liqueur*, around their necks, for the poor traveller whom they may find, if he should have still sense enough left to use it; they then bark or howl, — their signals for assistance, — or, if the distance be too great, return to seek it.

The number of resident monks is now twelve: — they all, except the principal, work at the common duties of their establishment; they have five or six resident domestics, besides some at the dairy, and in several other services of the *hospice*. The religious order of the monks on the St. Bernard, is that of St. Augustin; of which the distinguishing badge is a white narrow band, with an open slit some way along the middle. This is passed over the head, and hangs like a chain from the shoulders; the ends are tucked, before and behind, into a black broad girdle, which is worn round the middle. Their dress is a long cloth tunic, with sleeves which fit close. On the head they wear a pyramid cap, with a tuft at the top; the whole dress is very becoming.

In reply to some questions which I put to the prior about the state of their funds, and the report which had prevailed in England, that the absence of Napoleon from the political world, had lessened their resources, he informed me that their finances were now in a flourishing condition, and that Bonaparte rather impoverished than enriched them. It is true that he had assisted them with donations; but his claims upon them for the purveyance of his soldiers, had exceeded these benefits: — they had had forty men quartered upon them for months together; and 50,000 had passed by the *hospice*, and been assisted, in one year. Now, however, the prior said, their

resources were increasing : the peace of Europe enabled those strangers to visit the *hospice* who travelled for pleasure, and could afford to aid their funds. Those who can pay, though no charge is made, usually deposit something in the box in the chapel of the convent ; which is rarely less than the parties would have paid at an inn : the poor traveller is always fed and lodged gratuitously.

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## EXERCISE LXIX.

END OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. *W. M. Rogers.*

THE method of attaining the end of a Christian education, includes the tasking and enriching of the mind, in the search and acquisition of truth. By truth, we mean that view of things, which exists, in the mind of God. The nearest approach which we can make to it in this world, in its variety and extent, will leave enough to learn for the immortality beyond. Yet what may be known, by the discoveries of the past, or the opening developments of the future, we would arrange around the creating God as its origin, and bring the mind of man and child, to live upon it, not as the fruit of an ingenious and infidel spirit, — but as the living bread furnished by a Father's hand for the nourishment of the soul.

There is not a star or flower which we will surrender to infidelity. God made them all ; and we have not a fear, that when He arranged the stars, his "alphabet of light," and the flowers, "the small print" of his creation, he combined them into any form of truth at variance with the Bible.

Let us Christianize science, and refer all things to a creating God ; and each truth becomes in one aspect of it religious, and is related to every other truth, and to God, as the points of a circumference to each other and to their common centre. There is a connection between the attributes of the unsearchable One, and the articulations of an insect's wing, — between every thing created and the Creator.

Whatever may be known of the universe, of this world, and of man, is but the knowledge of God. Science may select and methodize ; but after all, what she tells us of mind or matter, is but the truth of God.

Look, for instance, at that rose : its gracefulness, its fra-

grance, and its hues, make it meet to deck the chaplet of a bride. But is this all it teaches? You may designate its class, its order, and its species. But this is not all. Who trained its gracefulness, who breathed upon it its fragrantcy, who touched its leaves with loveliness, — but God? You may trace it to its root, and note its radicles grasping the soil for strength and nourishment; you may watch the circulation of its juices, the expansion of its leaf to the sunlight, and the wonderful arrangement for continuing its kind; and when you have done, you may call it botany; — but have you not been “ thinking the very thoughts of God after him ” ?

Science is nothing else than that arrangement of things which God has constituted, or revealed, as in its own nature eternal. All truth is religious truth; and to this noble domain of the soul, a Christian education should introduce us.

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### EXERCISE LXX.

#### THE VICISSITUDES OF NATURE. *Cowper.*

WHAT prodigies can power divine perform  
 More grand than it produces, year by year,  
 And all in sight of inattentive man?  
 Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause;  
 And in the constancy of nature's course,  
 The regular return of genial months,  
 And renovation of a faded world,  
 All we behold is miracle; but, seen  
 So duly, all is miracle in vain. —  
 Where now the vital energy that moved,  
 While summer was, the pure and subtile lymph  
 Through the imperceptible meandering veins  
 Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch  
 Of unprolific winter has impressed  
 A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.  
 But let months go round, a few short months,  
 And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,  
 Barren as lances, among which the wind  
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,  
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,  
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,

Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.  
Then each, in its peculiar honors clad,  
Shall publish, even to the distant eye,  
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich  
In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;  
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,  
And of an humbler growth, — the other \* tall,  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foaming surf  
That the wind severs from the broken wave;  
The lilach, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
With purple spikes pyramidal; as if  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;  
Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,  
But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never-cloying odours, early and late;  
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon, too,  
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset  
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;  
Althea with the purple eye; the broom,  
Yellow and bright as bullion unalloyed  
Her blossoms; and, luxuriant above all,  
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf  
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more  
The bright profusion of her scattered stars. —  
These have been, and these shall be in their day;  
And all this uniform, uncoloured scene  
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
And flush into variety again. —  
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,  
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man  
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes  
The grand transition, that there lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.  
The beauties of the wilderness are His,  
That make so gay the solitary place

\* The Guelder-rose.

Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms  
That cultivation glories in, are His.  
He sets the bright procession on its way,  
And marshals all the order of the year;  
He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,  
Uninjured, with inimitable art;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

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## EXERCISE LXXI.

WOMAN. *George B. Emerson.*

THE first and necessary relation of woman, is that of daughter. From this relation numerous duties arise, for the performance of which every woman should be educated. A daughter is the natural companion, friend, and stay, of her parents. A man leaves his father and mother, and marries into the family of his wife. But in our own and other free countries, a woman, whether single or married, more frequently remains with her earliest affections, in or near the mansion of her parents. It is to her that they naturally look for the tender affections which will soothe them in their declining years. It is for her to temper the rough winds of adversity, and render brighter the sunshine of prosperity. She is their comforter, physician, and nurse. When their voice has become tremulous, and their eye dim with age, and the stores of memory have been closed, it is for her to bring forth the pleasures of consolation, to make the sound of gladness still be heard in their dwelling, and to fill it with a cheerful and, — if she have been rightly educated, — a holy light.

I need not speak particularly of the relation of the sister: not that I undervalue the importance of her duties; but because I believe that the woman who is well educated for the more important ones of daughter and wife, cannot fail to be a faithful sister and friend.

We have merely time to glance at the numerous duties of the mistress of a family.

Enter the humblest dwelling under the prudent management of a discreet and well-educated female, and observe the simplicity and good taste which pervade it. The wise mistress has nothing gaudy in her dress or furniture; for she is above the silly ambition of surpassing her neighbours in show. Her own best ornaments are cheerfulness and contentment; and those of her house are neatness, good order and cleanliness, which make a plain house and modest apartments seem better than they are. She has not the selfish vanity which would make her strive to appear above her circumstances. She knows what are, and what ought to be, the expenses of her family; and she is not ashamed of her economy. It gives her the means of being liberal in her charity; and hers is a charity which reaches round the earth, and embraces the poor and unfortunate everywhere. Her domestics, if she have any, look to her for advice in doubt, and counsel in difficulties; they respect her judgment, for she has shown herself wise and disinterested; they see that she cares for them, and they have felt her sympathy in their sorrows: in return, they make her interest their own, anticipate her wishes, and show the willingness of their service by their cheerful alacrity.

She knows the virtue of pure air, and the excellence of scrupulous cleanliness; she can judge of the qualities of wholesome food, and knows how easily it may be poisoned by careless or unskilful cooking. Her knowledge and care shine in the happy and healthful faces of her children. No harsh sounds are heard in her dwelling; for her gentleness communicates itself to all around her. Her husband hastens home; and whatever may have been his fortune abroad, enters his house with a cheerful step. He has experienced the pleasure of seeing kind faces brightening at his approach; and, contented with what he finds at home, has no inducement to seek for happiness abroad. Nor is she satisfied with consulting the present gratification of those around her. By her example and gentle influence, she leads them onward to what is better and more enduring hereafter. Few know the noiseless and real happiness which such a woman sheds around her, as if she were the sun of a little world.

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## EXERCISE LXXII.

SILENCE. *Anon.*

THERE is no sound borne on the wind,  
 From throngèd plain or haunted stream,  
 Which comes not o'er the peaceful mind  
 So filled with sweetness, it might seem  
 A language lent it, to express  
 Its own unuttered thankfulness.

The lowing of the cheerful herd,  
 The bleating of the gentle flocks,  
 The soft notes of the timid bird,  
 The chamois' call among the rocks, —  
 Are all with joy too richly fraught  
 For messengers of human thought.

The rustling corn upon the hills,  
 That tells of golden harvests near;  
 The tinkling of the little rills,  
 Pouring their waters bright and clear;  
 The thunder pealing through the sky;  
 The echo's long and deep reply, —

The whispering of the winds, which shakes  
 The fragile leaf upon its stem;  
 The dashing of the flood, which makes  
 The cataract's foaming diadem; —  
 These are the envoys by which we  
 Hold converse with the Deity.

But *Silence*, solemn, deep, serene,  
 Which makes its presence felt abroad;  
 The atmosphere, which spreads between  
*Us* and the omnipresent God;  
 When nought replieth to our call,  
 But our own voice's echoing fall; —

Its influence through the earth and sky  
 Succeedeth to the words of prayer,  
 As if an answer from on high  
 Were stealing through the upper air, —

A voice, which mortal might not hear,  
Were breathing on the inward ear.

And night, the starry night, which broods  
In shadows over wood and glen,  
In silvery beams upon the floods,  
In rest upon the homes of men,  
Which then, beneath the darkened sky,  
Like "cities of the silent" lie,\*

When this warm, throbbing life puts on  
The calm similitude of death,  
We know not how the Eternal One  
Looks down upon this world beneath;  
What works of grace, or love, or power,  
He worketh at that silent hour!

God speaks not to us from the sky,  
Nor wakes us by a prophet's call;  
No awful warning meets our eye,  
As the hand-writing on the wall:  
He spreads no signal to our sight, —  
A cloud by day, a fire by night;

But *Silence*, solemn, deep, serene,  
Which makes His presence felt abroad, —  
This is the mean which lies between  
Our spirits and the living God.  
On Him Creation's voices call,  
By this alone He answereth all.

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### EXERCISE LXXIII.

THE SLEEPER. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Oh! lightly, lightly tread! —  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep.

\* The Affghâns call burial-grounds, "Cities of the Silent."

A holy thing from Heaven,  
A gracious dewy cloud, —  
A covering mantle given  
The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !  
Revere the pale, still brow,  
The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back,  
From the world unseen by you  
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away, —  
In her childhood's land, perchance,  
Where her young sisters play,  
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old, sweet, native sound  
Her spirit haply weaves ;  
A harmony profound  
Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,  
A laughing tone of streams : —  
Long may her sojourn be  
In the music-land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,  
Each gleam of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair ; —  
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

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## EXERCISE LXXIV.

## AN ENGLISH BOARDING SCHOOL IN A COUNTRY

TOWN. *Abridged from Dickens.*

*Miss Monflathers, (governess;) Assistant Teachers; Miss Edwards; Young Ladies; Nell.*

[*Nell presents a packet of circulars of the Wax-work Exhibition, to Miss Monflathers, as the governess, her assistants and pupils, are setting out on their morning walk.*]

*Miss Monflathers.* You'RE the wax-work child, — are you not?

*Nell.* Yes, ma'am.

*Miss M.* And don't you think you must be a very wicked little child, to be a wax-work child, at all? Don't you know, that it's very naughty and unfeminine, and a perversion of the properties wisely and benignantly transmitted to us, with expansive powers, to be roused from their dormant state, through the medium of cultivation? Don't you feel how naughty it is of you, to be a wax-work child, when you might have the proud consciousness of assisting, to the extent of your infant powers, the manufactures of your country; of improving your mind by the constant contemplation of the steam-engine; and of earning a comfortable and independent subsistence, of from two-and-nine-pence to three shillings a week? Don't you know that the harder you are at work, the happier you are?

*Teacher.* "How doth the little busy —"

*Miss M.* Eh? Who said that? "The little busy bee," is applicable only to genteel children.

"In books, or work, or healthful play,"

is quite right, as far as they are concerned; and the work means painting on velvet, fancy needle-work or embroidery. In such cases as these, [*pointing to Nell,*] and in the case of all poor people's children, we should read it thus:

"In work, work, work — in work alway

Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last."

*Teachers and Pupils.* Oh! how beautiful!

[*Nell drops her handkerchief; Miss Edwards picks it up, and hands it to her.*]

*Miss M.* It was Miss Edwards who did that, I *know*. Now, I am *sure* that was Miss Edwards. Is it not a most remarkable thing, Miss Edwards, that you have an attachment to the lower classes, which always draws you to their sides? or, rather, is it not a most extraordinary thing that all I say and do will not wean you from propensities which your original station in life has unhappily rendered habitual to you, — you extremely vulgar-minded girl?

*Miss E.* I really intended no harm, ma'am. It was a momentary impulse, indeed.

*Miss M.* An impulse! I wonder that you presume to speak of impulses to me — I am astonished. —

*Both Teachers.* I am astonished! —

*Miss M.* I suppose it is an *impulse* which induces you to take the part of every grovelling and debased person that comes in your way.

*Both Teachers.* I suppose so.

*Miss M.* But I would have you know, Miss Edwards, that you cannot be permitted, — if it be only for the sake of preserving a proper example and decorum in this establishment, — that you cannot be permitted, to fly in the face of your superiors in this exceedingly gross manner. If *you* have no reason to feel a becoming pride before wax-work children, there are young ladies here who have, and you must either defer to those young ladies, or leave the establishment, Miss Edwards. — You will not take the air to-day, Miss Edwards. Have the goodness to retire to your own room, and not to leave it without permission.

[*Miss E. retires.*]

Ah! she has passed me without any salute! She has actually passed me without the slightest acknowledgment of my presence! — [*To Nell.*] As for you, you wicked child! tell your mistress that if she presumes to take the liberty of sending to me any more, I shall write to the legislative authorities, and have her put in the stocks, or compelled to do penance in a white sheet; and you may depend upon it that you shall certainly experience the treadmill, if you dare to come here again. — Now ladies, on!

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## EXERCISE LXXV.

MAY MORNING. *Anon.*

It is May, it is May !  
And all earth is gay ;  
For at last old Winter is quite away.  
He lingered awhile on his cloak of snow,  
To see the delicate primrose blow, —  
He saw it, and made no longer stay ; —  
And now it is May, it is May !

It is May, it is May !  
And we bless the day  
When we first delightedly so can say :  
April had beams amidst her showers,  
Yet bare were her gardens, and cold were her bowers ;  
And her frown would blight, and her smile betray.

It is May, it is May !  
And the slenderest spray  
Holds up a few leaves to the ripening ray ;  
And the birds sing fearlessly out on high,  
For there is not a cloud in the calm blue sky ;  
And the villagers join the roundelay, —  
For oh ! it is May, it is May !

It is May, it is May !  
And the flowers obey  
The leaves which alone are more bright than they ;  
Yet they spring at the touch of the sun,  
And opening their sweet eyes one by one,  
In a language of beauty, seem all to say, —  
And of perfume, — it is May, it is May !

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## EXERCISE LXXVI.

THE MAY QUEEN. *Tennyson.*

[An example of *joy*, as expressed in *loud* and *lively* tones.]

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the blithe new year, —  
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine :  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline ;  
But none so fair as little Alice, in all the land, they say ;  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If ye do not call me loud when the day begins to break :  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,  
But Robin, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday, —  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white ;  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash o' light.  
They call me cruel-hearted ; but I care not what they say, —  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love ; but that can never be :  
They say his heart is breaking, mother : — what is that to me ?  
There's many a bolder lad will woo me any summer day ;  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me, to-morrow, to the green ;  
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side will come from far away ;  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows  
gray ; —  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass ;  
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass :

There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day ; —  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ; —  
To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad new year :  
To-morrow will be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

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## EXERCISE LXXVII.

### NEW-YEAR'S EVE. *Id*

[An example of *pathos*, as expressed in *soft, low, slow*, and  
*plaintive* tones.]

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.  
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,  
Then ye may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set, and left behind  
The good Old Year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;  
And the New Year's coming up, mother ; — but I shall never see  
The may upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May, we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;  
And we danced about the maypole, and in the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high ; —  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook will caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea ;  
And the swallow will come back again with summer o'er the wave ; —  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave o' mine,  
In the early morning the summer sun will shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,  
Ye'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

Ye'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade ;  
And ye'll come, sometimes, and see me, where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget ye, mother — I shall hear ye when ye pass,  
With your foot above my head, in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye'll forgive me now ;  
Ye'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow :  
Nay, nay, — ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild ;  
Ye should not fret for me, mother ; ye have another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
Though ye'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,  
And be often — often with ye, when ye think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night ! — when I have said good-night for evermore,  
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door,  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor ; —  
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set  
About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ! call me when it begins to dawn. —  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year ; —  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear !

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## EXERCISE LXXVIII.

JUNE. *Howitt*

“JUNE is the very carnival of nature ;” and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest-trees, when all is basking and still, at noon, and to see the landscape suddenly darken, the black and tumultuous clouds assemble, as at a signal, — to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening air, — and

then to mark the glorious bow rise on the lucid rear of the tempest, — the sun laugh jocundly abroad, and

“Every bathèd leaf and blossom fair  
Pour out their soul to the delicious air.”

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned cottages, in the morning, when the bees are flitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honeysuckle and sweet-brier mingle their spirit with the breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if ever we were tempted to turn anglers, it would be now. To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried, completely buried, in fresh grass; the foam-like flowers of the meadow-sweet, the crimson loosestrife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon-fly and king-fisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream; and one of our ten thousand volumes of delectable literature in our pocket: then, indeed, could we be a most patient angler, — content though we caught not a single fin. What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of heaven superior to lying on a sofa, and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we can best climb

“Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease.”

How delicious, too, are the evenings become! The damps and frosts of spring are past. The earth is dry. The night air is balmy and refreshing. The glow-worm has lit her lamp.

Mount a horse, when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and ride among the newly-shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields. Linger beside the solitary woodland. The gale of evening is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odour, and of every tint, from the deepest blush to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous snowy-flowered elder, embellish every way-side, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood. Field peas and beans, in full flower, add their spicy aroma. The red clover is, at once, splendid, and profuse of its honeyed breath. The young grain is bursting into ear. The awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding panicles of oats, shoot forth from the green and glaucous stems in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are garlanded with flowers. The elegant flowering rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure

and splendid white lily, invest every stream and lonely mere with grace. The sunsets of this month are commonly glorious. The mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue, — the splendour of burnished gold, the deepest mazarin blue, fading away, in the higher heavens, to the palest azure; and an ocean of purple shadow, flung over the twilight of woods, or the far-stretching and lovely landscape. The heart of the spectator is touched; it is melted and rapt into dreams of past and present, — pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness, which can never awake amidst the crowd of mortals or of books.

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### EXERCISE LXXIX.

#### MARKET OF ALGIERS. *Campbell.*

I ACCOUNT for my continuing to be interested in this place, only by the novelty of objects which it presents. The diversity of the people and of their costume, is not only amusing to the eye, but it stirs up a curiosity in the mind, respecting the history of so many races, and the causes of their concourse. The “Grande Place” affords the only tolerable promenade.

Here, at the market-time of a morning, you see not only the various people, but the animal and vegetable productions of nature displayed in rich picturesqueness. It has been a perfect treat to me, for several days, to lounge here, before breakfast.

How I long for the pencil of a Flemish painter, to delineate to you the human figures of all complexions and dresses! — the turbaned Moor, the Jew, with his sly face, and his spouse Rebecca, with her yard-long headdress behind her. I could not pass even the Jew boys that blacken shoes, without being struck by the nimbleness of their tongues, and the comic play of their countenances. They all speak French, and seem the happiest creatures on earth; excepting, perhaps, the half-naked negroes, who are always chattering and laughing loudest, in proportion to the scantiness of duds upon their backs. — I omit the Europeans; for they rather spoil the picture.

Peculiarly striking are the looks of the Kabyles,\* the abo-

\* Pronounced, *Kabilays*.

original highlanders of Barbary, who have, all of them, a fierce air, and, many of them, forms that would not disgrace the grenadier company of a regiment of Scottish highlanders.

Taller, and generally more slender, are the Arabs, descended from those who conquered the country in the seventh century. They are distinguishable by vivid black eyes, shaped like an almond laid sidewise; and though many of them look wretched and squalid, you see among them those whose better drapery and forms, and fine Old Testament heads, give them a truly patriarchal appearance.

I thought myself looking on a living image of antiquity, as I stood this morning beside a majestic old Arab, whilst he made the camels he had led into the market kneel before him, to be unloaded of their enormous cargoes of herbs and fruits. I felt "my very een enriched" at the sight of the vegetable treasures around me, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow, — splendid heaps of purple grapes in one panner, and oranges, peaches, lemons, and pomegranates in another. Here were spread out, in piles, the huge and golden-hued melons and pompions, and there the white garlic, and "the scarlet and green pepper-pods," together with the brown melogines,\* an excellent pot vegetable, in size, shape, and colour resembling a polished cocoa-nut.

Altogether, the vegetable profusion here beats even that of Covent Garden.† I was particularly astonished at the cheapness of the Barbary fig. It is a fruit entirely distinct from the true fig, and, though sweet, is insipidly flavoured; but still it is palatable and nutritious. I ceased to be surprised at its cheapness, when I found that it grows wild on the roadside, and may be had for the trouble of gathering. It is not a universal production, over Barbary; but, where it grows, the poorer Arabs live on it almost entirely, during the weeks when it is in season. It is about the size of an ordinary lemon, and grows on the cactus-bush. This plant, the cactus, does not assume the shape of a tree, till its leaves, which are about ten inches long, and an inch thick, twist themselves together into a trunk. It affords the singular phenomenon of leaf springing out of leaf. The leaves are thickly covered with prickles, which, when they get into the flesh, are with difficulty coaxed out of it. It is much used for hedges about Algiers.

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\* Pronounced, *maylozheens*. † The vegetable market of London.

## EXERCISE LXXX.

THE YOUTHFUL POET. *Beattie.*

Lo ! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves  
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,  
 And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,  
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine ;  
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,  
 And echo swells the chorus to the skies. —  
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ? —  
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey, —  
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn, —  
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,  
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn ;  
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,  
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;  
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,  
 And villager abroad at early toil. —  
 But lo ! the sun appears ; — and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,  
 When all in mist the world below was lost :  
 What dreadful pleasure, there to stand sublime,  
 Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,  
 And view the enormous waste of vapour tossed  
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon round, —  
 Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed, —  
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

When the long-sounding curfew, from afar,  
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,  
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,  
 Lingering and listening, wandered down the vale :  
 There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale,  
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,  
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,  
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,  
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,  
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,  
 To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,  
 Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;  
 And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep  
 A vision brought to his entranced sight:  
 And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep  
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,  
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of Night.

Anon, in view a portal's blazoned arch  
 Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;  
 And forth a host of little warriors march,  
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold:  
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,  
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire;  
 And here and there, right venerably old,  
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,  
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,  
 A troop of dames from myrtle-bowers advance;  
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear;  
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance;  
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;  
 To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;  
 Now bound aloft, with vigorous spring, then glance  
 Rapid along: — with many-coloured rays  
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

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### EXERCISE LXXXI.

#### THE APPROPRIATE SPHERE OF WOMAN. *Muzzey.*

I WOULD name first, what is incontestably one part of the sphere of woman, — home. She *may* act in other situations, in this she *must*. Providence whispers to her, in the cradle, the divine monition, "Be a kind, obedient, dutiful daughter." And if, to the latest moment of her life, she heed not this solemn charge, she is false, not only to her own sex, but to man and to God.

The Sister, by what other virtues can she expiate a neglect

of the claims of her beautiful relation? Let her be a monitor to the younger, and receive kindly the counsels of the elder, in her paternal circle; and how does she grace a sweet portion of her appropriate sphere! Nor will I omit to say, that, whether united to another by the sacred bond of marriage or not, if she be a true woman, she is instinct with those inward charms, and Christian dispositions, which qualify her for that responsible connection. Intelligence, wisdom, disinterested affections, a mind to advise, a heart rich with sympathies, and a hand to aid,—these should find in her their chosen resting-place.

And what Mother can fill the sphere ordained for her sex, if she be not a devoted parent? Possessed of this trait, no woman can fail of honour and usefulness. She who looks on her race with a maternal interest, who feels that God hath made of one blood all the children of the earth, and who lives not for herself but her neighbour, she is of the genuine female nobility. There is in her character a grandeur,—let her dwell in “Alpine solitude,”—before which the admired of all admirers,—the gay butterfly, whose wings open and close, with the sun of adulation, shrinks into an object of pity.

Next to home, I should cite private beneficence, the scenes of charity, and the chamber of sickness, as within the sphere of woman. Let her not only minister to the needs of her own fireside, but put on the sandals of mercy, and go forth to the bed of suffering, and the dwelling of poverty.

Does she court distinction and applause? There are those who would rend the air with shouts, did she pass as a queen, in some gilded chariot; or clap their hands at the strains of her eloquence, in crowded halls. But how few are these, compared with those who commend her who is an angel of love, in the dark hours of life! What true woman would not prefer that the statue erected to her honour, should be of the delicate ivory, rather than of brass, that emblem of boldness?

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### EXERCISE LXXXII.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA. *Mrs. Hemans.*

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea,  
 Forever and the same!  
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,  
 Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone  
From the rich bowers of earth;  
And hushed is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore  
Along thy wave, is still;  
The harp of Judah peals no more  
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord  
That breathed the mystic tone;  
And the songs, at Rome's high triumphs poured,  
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang  
O'er stream and mountain free;  
And the hymn the leagued crusaders sang,  
Hath died on Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,  
Through many an olden clime,  
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep  
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice  
To every wind and sky;  
And all our earth's green shores rejoice  
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,  
The sunset's heaven of gold;  
And the still midnight hears the sound,  
Even as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,  
Where sceptred cities rose!  
Thou speak'st of One who doth not change;—  
So may our hearts repose.

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## EXERCISE LXXXIII.

VOICES OF SUMMER. *N. P. Willis.*

It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the daytime of the year; and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think, when I was a child, that it was fairy music.

If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature; — the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up; and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines; — but what a world of music does the sun shine on! — the deep lowing of the cattle, blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air, like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grew softer and sweeter, as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out, some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle, to the low cooing of the dove, they are all modified by their modes of living, and their consequent dispositions. With the small birds, the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness; and it is pleasant to see that, without one articulate word, it is so sweet a gift to them. It seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and, I believe in my heart, that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fulness.

Nature seems never so utterly still to me, as in the depth of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds; and the leaves hang motionless on the trees; and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock; and the frog lies breathing in the pool; and even the murmur that is heard at night, is inaudible; for the herbage droops beneath the sun; and the seed

has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still; and the pulses beat languidly. It is a time for sleep.

But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood, when the evening breeze begins to stir; and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch; and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle, like a thousand tiny wings; and then it creeps up the tall fir; and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper; and as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes sullenly out, like the echo of a far-off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power; and, as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then, what is more soothing than the dropping of the rain? You should have slept in a garret, to know how it can lull, and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath, as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gust, and the rattling of the panes!—I used to say over my prayers, and think of the apples I had stolen, then!

But were you ever out fishing upon a lake, in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear bell-like tinkle, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the *recollection* of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish,—I was ever a milky-hearted boy,—and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restless death of those panting and beautiful creatures; but I loved to go out with the old men, when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gunwale, listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect upon my temper, and stilled, for a while, the uneasiness of that vague longing, that is like a fever, at a boy's heart.

## EXERCISE LXXXIV.

DIRGE. *Collins.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And youthful virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast, oft, at evening's hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;  
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Beloved, till life can charm no more;  
And mourned, till Pity's self be dead.

## EXERCISE LXXXV.

WOMAN. *Economy of Human Life.*

GIVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence; and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart:

so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? — Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad. She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips. Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth. Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life; and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence, and Virtue attendeth at her right hand. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but Discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence: the awe of her virtue keepeth them silent. When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip. Her breast is the mansion of goodness; and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother. She presideth in the house; and there is peace: she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed. She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business. The care of the family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance, with frugality, is seen in her mansion. — The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband; and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness. The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience. She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts; and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity, she is not puffed up; in adversity, she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience. The troubles

of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom and receiveth comfort. Happy is the man that has made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

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## EXERCISE LXXXVI.

HOPE THE FRIEND OF THE MARINER. *Campbell.*

ANGEL of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.  
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
His bark, careering o'er unfathomed fields;  
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,  
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,  
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:  
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;  
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,  
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;  
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:  
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;  
His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
The grot that heard his song of other times,  
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,  
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,  
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,  
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind,  
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace,—  
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,  
And clasps with many a sigh his children dear!

While, long-neglected, but at length caressed, —  
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
Points to the master's eyes, (where'er they roam,)  
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

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## EXERCISE LXXXVII.

ALL-HALLOW EVE IN WALES. *Anon.*

OLD festival days, with their games and merriments, are passing into forgetfulness in England. Not so in Wales : — the people are not there worn into the smoothness of general society, by intercourse with large towns. Hence, all these festivals are there kept up with their ancient glee and freshness. Old Polly Lewis would as soon pass over Christmas Day itself as All-hallow Eve.

It is now All-hallow Eve ; and, twenty times during the day, has every nook and corner of her ample farm-kitchen been swept and dusted, the hearth cleaned up, the crockery-ware and kettles and pans washed and rubbed till they shine again. The clock looks brighter, and ticks more sharply, than ever clock ticked before. Evergreens are spread here and there, as at Christmas, and tastefully intermingled with the china and kitchen ware on the shelves.

It is now twilight ; and Polly's vigour becomes supernatural. The huge bowl is installed on the black and shining oak table ; the hearth is built up with logs ; and the fire blazes most cheerily, through the ample range of the capacious chimney. What a store of apples and raisins, and tea, and hot cakes ! Mistress and maids at length sit down, and watch the clock and the weather. The clock shows that the time is come for the arrival of the visitors. It is a blustrous night, which only renders the light of the blazing wood-fire still more cheerful.

At length, a tap at the door, — and Miss Lizzy Jones enters ; a pretty, smiling lass, accompanied, of course, by her beau, a fat ruddy-cheeked Welsh youth. Next comes Mr. Thomas Shenkin, the tailor, and his sister, a still bonnier and plumper lass ; then a succession of farmers with their wives and daughters. Next, the nursery-maid and house-maid from the " Hall," as smart as ribands and new gowns can make them. They are

escorted by the footman in livery, who looks as great as the Duke of Wellington receiving the Queen on parade. Next pretty Rachel, the beauty of the village, accompanied also by her beau, William, the young carpenter.

The room is now full; and the sports begin. The first of them is jumping for the apple, — a large apple suspended, by a string, from the bacon-rack in the middle of the ceiling. Each of the young men jumps in turn: most of them miss it; and some of them get a fall, which sets the company in a roar. Young William at last gets a good bite out of it; and his reward is the apple itself, and a kiss from the lass he likes best, of course his own Rachel.

After jumping for apples, as long as apples could make them jump for joy, the next sport comes. A tub is filled with water, into which a sixpence is dropped; and each of the young men, in turn, dips his head into the tub, and again excites the roar of the company, by his failure and queer looks. One of them, at length, gets the sixpence; and this sport ends.

Next, follow the tea and cakes, and the merry rustic jokes and the simple gallantry which they produce. Next, the was-sail bowl, composed of ale, spices, fruits, mixed with wine, and a due portion of some stronger liquor; roast apples and sweet cakes floating at the top.

All this over, "Well," says old Polly, "let us now see who will be spared for next 'Hallow-eve!'" She takes a fine smooth nut, and throws it into the fire. She gazes at it with a smile of delight: — "Yes, I may reckon upon another merry meeting in these old walls." The smart footman throws his into the fire; it dies without any blaze: he affects to laugh it off, but looks pale and ill satisfied. Young William next throws his nut into the fire, and says, "Shall I have my wish?" The nut blazes cheerily; — the youth smiles, and looks meaningly at pretty Rachel.

Old Polly Lewis is now in her full glory: — she walks up to her high-backed arm-chair by the fireside, takes her seat, and prepares to relate one of those tales which she knows is expected from her, and without which All-hallow Eve could never be duly wound up.

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## EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

THE LIBELLED BENEFACTOR. *Horace Smith.*

THEY warned me, by all that affection could urge,  
To repel his advances, and fly from his sight ;  
They called him a fiend, a destroyer, a scourge,  
And whispered his name with a shudder of fright.

They said that disease went as herald before,  
While sorrow and severance followed his track ;  
They besought me, if ever I came to his door,  
Not a moment to pause, but turn instantly back.

"His breath," they exclaimed, "is a pestilence foul,  
His aspect more hateful than language can tell ;  
His touch is pollution, — No Gorgon or Ghoul,  
In appearance or deeds, is more loathsome and fell."

Such stern prohibitions, description so dire,  
By which the most dauntless might well be dismayed,  
In me only wakened a deeper desire  
To gaze on the monster so darkly portrayed.

I sought him, — I saw him ; — he stood by a marsh,  
Where henbane and hemlock with poppies entwined :  
He was pale, he was grave ; but no feature was harsh ;  
His eye was serene ; his expression was kind.

"This stigmatized being," I cried, in surprise,  
"Wears a face most benignant ; but looks are not facts :  
Physiognomy often abuses our eyes ; —  
I'll follow his footsteps, and judge by his acts."

There came from a cottage a cry of alarm :  
An infant was writhing in agonies sore ; —  
His hand rocked the cradle, — its touch was a charm, —  
The babe fell asleep, — all its anguish was o'er.

He reached a proud mansion where, worn by the woe  
Of consumption, a beauty lay withered in bed ; —  
Her pulse he compressed with his fingers ; and lo !  
The complaint of long years, in a moment had fled !

He passed where he heard the disconsolate moan  
Of a widow, with manifold miseries crushed ; —  
Where a pauper was left in his sickness to groan : —  
Both were healed at his sight ; and their sorrows were  
hushed.

He sped where a king, sorely smitten with age,  
In vain sought relief from the pangs he endured :  
“ I come,” said the stranger, “ your woes to assuage ; ” —  
He spoke ; and the monarch was instantly cured.

Astounded by deeds which appeared to bespeak  
In the fiend a benevolent friend of mankind,  
From himself I resolved a solution to seek  
Of the strange contradiction that puzzled my mind.

“ Chase, mystical being ! ” I cried, “ this suspense :  
How comes it thou’rt blackened by every tongue,  
When in truth thou’rt the champion, the hope, the defence,  
Of the king and the beggar, the old and the young ? ”

“ Thou hast witnessed,” he answered, (his voice and his face  
Were all that is musical, bland, and benign,)  
“ Not a tithe of the blessings I shed on the race,  
Who my form and my attributes daily malign.

“ All distinctions of fortune, of birth, of degree,  
Disappear where my levelling banner I wave :  
From his desolate dungeon the captive I free ;  
His fetters I strike from the suffering slave.

“ And when from this stormy probation on earth,  
The just and the righteous in peace I dismiss,  
I give them a new and more glorious birth  
In regions of pure and perennial bliss.”

“ Let me bless thee,” I cried, “ for thy missions of love :  
Oh ! say to what name shall I fashion my breath ? ” —  
“ THE ANGEL OF LIFE, is my title above ;  
But short-sighted mortals have christened me DEATH ! ”

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## EXERCISE LXXXIX.

MIDSUMMER EVE. *N. Hawthorne.*

Mr. Hawthorne gives us, in his "Twice-Told Tales," the following lively description of the revelry of Midsummer Eve, as celebrated in olden time. The scene is laid in a colony where life did not always wear the habitual gravity of Puritan manners.

BRIGHT were the days at Merry Mount, when the May-pole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! Midsummer Eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round, at Merry Mount; sporting with the summer months, and reveling with Autumn, and basking in the glow of Winter's fire-side. Through a world of toil and care, she flitted with a dreamlike smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the May-pole been so gayly decked, as at sunset on Midsummer Eve. This venerated emblem was a pine-tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, coloured like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribands that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colours, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine-tree. Where this green and flowery splendour terminated, the shaft of the May-pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses; some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O people of the golden age, the chief of your husbandry, was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood, hand in hand, about the May-pole? It could not be, that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic monsters, though

perhaps of Grecian ancestry On the shoulders of a comely youth, uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still, with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore-paws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance, as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose half-way, to meet his companions as they stooped.

Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear, in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the "salvage man," well known in heraldry, — hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a noble figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore fools'-caps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible mirth of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of more sober garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood, in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated May-pole.

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### EXERCISE XC.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON MAN. *Mellen.*

HE heard it 'mid the trees!  
When forth in thought he hied,  
Under the eventide,  
When flowers were closing on the drowsy bees.  
Then, as in dreamy mood he turned  
His link'd fancies wild,  
He heard, far up, as one afraid,  
The music by the shrill leaves made, —  
Then shouted, as a child,  
To that lone harping of the wind!

He heard it from the earth!  
When, in the silent heat of day,  
Like pilgrim, pantingly he lay  
Beside the bubbling fount  
Of streams, that had their dewy birth,  
On some untrodden mount;  
Leaping and lost among the hills,  
Ten thousand tuned and tinkling rills!

He heard it by the sea!  
The old and the magnificent!  
Where God's sublimest wonders be,  
All power with glory blent!  
There, on the warrior waves  
That rode the battling storm,  
He heard the anthem of its roar  
Passing from shore to shore,  
And saw the tempest's cloudy form  
Above its gathering thunder bent.  
Again, when listening laid  
In some green grotto's shade,  
He heard the voices of the deep,  
Like those which stir us in our sleep,  
Come mellow through the hidden caves! —  
And oh! what noble harmonies,  
Were voices such as these,  
To a spirit fine and free,  
When Ocean his responses made,  
And Music walked the sea!

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### EXERCISE XCI.

#### THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN. *Sacred Scriptures.*

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and

giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed in scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. — Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

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## EXERCISE XCII.

TO THE MOON. *Bernard Barton.*

ALL hail to thee! radiant ruler of night, —  
Shedding round thee thy soft and silvery light;  
Now touching the hill-tops, now threading the vale,  
Oh! who can behold thee, nor bid thee all hail?

The monarch of day more majestic may be,  
When he rises in pomp, on the verge of the sea;  
When, the clouds that have curtained him slowly undrawn,  
His magnificence scatters the mists of the morn.

His glory at noon may be greater than thine;  
More splendid and glowing his evening decline,

When the hues of the rainbow illumine the west,  
And millions of happy birds sing him to rest.

But not in his rise, in his zenith, nor even  
When his parting effulgence irradiates half heaven,  
Though grand and majestic his glory be shown,  
Does he shine with a loveliness sweet as thy own.

Through the path which thy Maker has traced thee on high,  
Thou walkest in silence across the vast sky ;  
Suns and worlds scattered round thee, though brilliant they be,  
Appear but like humble attendants on thee.

All silent thyself ! yet that stillness appears  
The signal for music, as sweet as the tears  
That the dews of the night o'er the landscape distil, —  
Which seen by thy bright beams, are lovelier still.

For the softest of sounds shed their harmony round,  
More musical far, in a calm so profound ; —  
The murmur of brooks, and the nightingale's song,  
And the sigh of the breeze, sweeping gently along.

Roll on, then, thou radiant ruler of night !  
Exult in thy empire, rejoice in thy light ;  
Over mountain and valley, o'er ocean and isle,  
Pour down thy soft splendour, and lavish thy smile.

For thy splendour, undazzling, and touchingly sweet,  
Is one that e'en sorrow serenely can greet ;  
And thy smile, glistening bright on each dew-drop, appears  
Bringing hope from on high, forming rainbows in tears !

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### EXERCISE XCIII.

#### PETREA.

*Translated from Miss Bremer, by Mary Howitt.*

WE are all of us somewhat related to chaos. Petrea Frank was very nearly so. Momentary bursts of light, and long periods of confusion, alternated in her. There was a great dissimi-

larity between the sisters Louise and Petrea. While Louise required six drawers to contain her possessions, there needed scarcely half a one for the whole wardrobe of Petrea; and this said wardrobe, too, was always in such an ill-conditioned case, that it was, according to Louise, quite lamentable; and she not unfrequently lent a helping hand to its repair. Petrea tore her things, and gave away without bounds or discrimination, and was well known, in the sisterly circle, for her bad management. Petrea had no turn for accumulation: on the contrary, she had truly, although Louise would not allow it, a certain turn for art.

She was always occupied by creations of one kind or another, either musical, or architectural, or poetical. But all her creations contained something of that which is usually called folly. At twelve years old, she wrote her first romance: "Annette and Belis loved each other tenderly; they experienced adversity in their love; were at last, however, united, and lived henceforth in a charming cottage, surrounded with hedges of roses, and had eight children in one year;" which we may call a very honourable beginning. A year afterwards, she began a tragedy, which was to be called "Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe,"\* and which opened in the following manner:—

"Now from Germania's coast returned,  
I see again the much-loved strand;  
From war I come, without a wound,  
Once more into my native land.

Say, Banner, say what woe has caused these tears:  
Am I not true to thee? or is it idle hope alone that will be-  
fool my years?"

Whether no sheet of paper was broad enough to contain the lengthened lines, or any other cause interfered to prevent the completion of the piece, we know not; but certain it is, that it was soon laid aside. Neither did a piece of a jocular nature, which was intended to emulate the fascinating muse of Madame Lenngren,† advance much farther:—the beginning was thus:—

"In the castle of Elpaklastie,—  
Which lay, in sooth, somewhere in Sweden, —

\* Pronounced, *Bråhay*.

† Anna Lenngren, a distinguished Swedish poetess, admired especially for her Idyls. She died in 1817.

There lived the lovely Melanie,  
Sole daughter of the Count Sterneden."

At the present time, Petrea was engaged on a poem, the title of which, written in large letters, ran thus —

"The Creation of the World!"

The Creation of the World began thus: —

"CHAOS.

Once in the depths etern of darkness lying,  
This mighty world  
Waited expectantly the moments flying,  
When light should be unfurled.  
The world was nothing then, which now is given  
To crowds of busy men;  
And all our beautiful, star-spangled heaven  
Was desolate darkness then;  
Yet He was there, who before time existed,  
Who will endure forever" —

The creation of the world ceased with this faint glimmering of light, and was probably destined, under Petrea's hand, never to be brought forth from chaos. Petrea had an especially great inclination for great undertakings, and the misfortune to fail in them. This want of success always wounded her deeply; but in the next moment, the impulse of an irresistibly vigorous temperament, raised her above misfortune, in some new attempt. Her young head was filled with a mass of half-formed thoughts, fancies, and ideas; her mind and her character were full of disquiet. At times, joyous and wild beyond bounds, she became, on the other hand, wretched and dispirited without reason. Poor Petrea! she was wanting in every kind of self-regulation and ballast, even outwardly: she walked ill, — she stood ill, — she courtesied ill, — sat ill, and dressed ill; and occasioned, in consequence, much pain to her mother, who felt so acutely whatever was displeasing; and this also was very painful to Petrea, who had a warm heart, and who worshipped her mother.

Petrea's appearance imaged her soul; — for this, too, was variable; this, too, had its raptures; and here, too, at times, a glimmering light would break through the chaos. If the complexion were muddled, and the nose red and swollen, she had a most ordinary appearance; but in cooler moments, and

when the rose-hue confined itself merely to the cheeks, she was extremely good-looking ; and sometimes too, and that ever in her pleasant moments, there would be a gleam in her eye, and an expression in her countenance, which had occasioned her brother Henrik to declare that Petrea was after all handsome.

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## EXERCISE XCIV.

JOURNEY OF THE CULPRIT FAY. *J. R. Drake.*

THROUGH dreary beds of tangled fern,  
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,  
Over the grass and through the brake,  
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;  
Now o'er the violet's azure flush  
He skips along in lightsome mood ;  
And now he thrids the bramble bush,  
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.  
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,  
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,  
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,  
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.  
He had fallen to the ground outright, —  
For rugged and dim was his onward track, —  
But there came a spotted toad in sight,  
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back :  
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist ;  
He lashed her sides with an osier thong ;  
And now, through evening's dewy mist,  
With leap and spring they bound along,  
Till the mountain's magic verge is passed,  
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,  
Moveless still the glassy stream ;  
The wave is clear, the beach is bright  
With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;  
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,  
In murmurings faint and distant moans ;  
And ever, afar, in the silence deep,  
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,

And the bend of his graceful bow is seen, —  
A glittering arch of silver sheen,  
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,  
And dripping with gems of the river dew.  
The elfin cast a glance around,  
As he lighted down from his courser toad;  
Then round his breast his wings he wound,  
And close to the river's bank he strode;  
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer, —  
Above his head his arms he threw,  
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,  
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,  
From sea-silk beds, in their coral caves;  
With snail-plate armour snatched in haste,  
They speed their way through the liquid waste; —  
Some are rapidly borne along  
On the mailed shrimp, or the prickly prong;  
Some on the blood-red leeches glide;  
Some on the stony starfish ride;  
Some on the back of the lancing squab,  
Some on the sidelong soldier-crab,  
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings  
At once a thousand streamy stings; —  
They cut the wave with the living oar,  
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,  
To guard their realms, and chase away  
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

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### EXERCISE XCV.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED. *Ibid.*

FEARLESSLY he skims along:  
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;  
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,  
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;  
His locks of gold on the waters shine;  
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise;  
His back gleams bright above the brine;  
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.

But the water-sprites are gathering near,  
To check his course along the tide :  
Their warriors come in swift career,  
And hem him round, on every side ; —  
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold ;  
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled ;  
The prickly prong has pierced his skin ;  
And the squab has thrown his javelin ;  
The gritty star has rubbed him raw ;  
And the crab has struck with his giant claw :  
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain, —  
He strikes around ; but his blows are vain : —  
Hopeless is the unequal fight ; —  
Fairy ! nought is left but flight.

He turned him round, and fled amain,  
With hurry and dash, to the beach again ;  
He twisted over from side to side,  
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.  
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,  
And with all his might he flings his feet ;  
But the water-sprites are round him still,  
To cross his path, and work him ill.  
They bade the wave before him rise ;  
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes ;  
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,  
With the porpoise heave, and the drumfish croak.  
Oh ! but a weary wight was he,  
When he reached the foot of the dogwood-tree :  
Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,  
He laid him down on the sandy shore ; —  
He blessed the force of the charmed line ;  
And he banned the water-goblins' spite ;  
For he saw around, in the sweet moonshine,  
Their little wee faces above the brine,  
Giggling and laughing with all their might  
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew,  
From the sorrel leaf and the henbane bud ;  
Over each wound the balm he drew ;  
And with cobweb lint he stanchèd the blood.  
The mild west wind was soft and low, —  
It cooled the heat of his burning brow ;

And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,  
 As he drank the juice of the cal'mus root :  
 And now he treads the fatal shore,  
 As fresh and nimble as before.

## EXERCISE XCVI.

TIVOLI. *Anon.*

WHO has not heard of Tivoli,\* — the Tibur of the ancients ; — so famed for the loveliness of its scenery, — for its beautiful groves, and its crumbling ruins, — its dark, frowning caverns, and the wild cascades, which, dashing down its rocky steep, rush, with frightful speed and deafening roar, into deep, black, yawning gulfs beneath ? Its picturesque charms attract the attention of all travellers who visit Rome ; and the stranger's pilgrimage to the Eternal City would be incomplete indeed, without an excursion to Tivoli.

This enchanting spot stands to the north-eastward of Rome, at a distance of about nineteen miles. It is a bold eminence, rising out of the tract of country called the Campagna,† and forming the termination of a projecting spur from the great chain of the Apennines, with which it is more immediately connected by the Sabine hills. The abruptness of its elevation produces a succession of rocky heights, which break the waters of the Teverone‡ into those splendid cascades, that contribute so largely to the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

This river, — the Anio of antiquity, — has its source among the Apennines, in a cluster of lakes. Early in its course, it suffers frequent interruptions, but then continues flowing placidly along between shady hills, until, at Tivoli, where the high ground terminates, it falls headlong down into the plain below. Above, stands the town, its site occupying both banks of the river ; beyond it, on the north and east, rise, afar off, the mountains of the Sabine country ; to the south appear the heights of the Frascati,§ bounding the plain into which the hill of Tivoli, on that side, slopes in steep de-

\* Pronounced, *Tee'rolee*.† *Câmpâ'nyâ*.‡ *Taypayrô'nay*.§ *Frâscâ'tee*.

clivities; while to the west, the view is open, and extends along the winding stream of the Teverone, as far as the great city itself, whose loftier buildings rear their high heads, conspicuous in the distance.

The first object that engages the attention of the traveller, on his arrival, is the ruin of a beautiful little circular temple, which crowns the summit of the rocky precipice, suspended, as it were, above the great cascade. This exquisite remain, which is by some assigned to the goddess Vesta, by others to the Sibyl, who reigned in the neighbouring groves, stands in the yard at the back of the "Sibilla Inn:" it consists of ten Corinthian columns, above which rises the entablature, originally supported by eighteen. Its appearance is extremely picturesque, and harmonizes well with the scenery around.

Not far from this ancient edifice, are the remains of a little square building, which is supposed, by those who regard its neighbour as that of Vesta, to be the real temple of the Sibyl. The back of the temple, with a portion of one flank, and some Ionic half-columns, much decayed, are all that now exist. By the side of this ruin, a winding pathway leads down the chasm into which the great cascade pours its rapid waters, and conducts to the Grotto of Neptune, — a dark cavern, from which another fall, half subterranean, rushes forth, and joins its foaming stream to that which rolls from above. The united mass dashes with frightful impetuosity into the deep and dark abyss below, and after tumbling a little way among the rocks, is lost in a second cavern, called the Grotto of the Siren.

Crossing the stream, on the top of this cavern, which forms the natural bridge of the Ponte di Lupo,\* the traveller descends on the opposite side, and, entering its mouth, looks down into the channel through which the river rushes to its bed below. When he has reached the lower part of the stream, the view above him is enchanting. "Looking upwards," says a traveller, "you see the temple, the city, the rocks, the falls, combined in the most magical manner. It is a scene, however, which it is difficult to characterize. It might be called sublime, if the objects of beauty were not so numerous; and if its sublimity and beauty were less impressive, you would pronounce it the most picturesque view that was ever beheld."

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\* *Pontay dee Loopo.*

## EXERCISE XCVII.

AN AUTUMN DAY. *Bryant.*

BUT now a joy too deep for sound,  
A peace no other season knows,  
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground, —  
The blessing of supreme repose.  
Away! I will not be, to-day,  
The only slave of toil and care;  
Away! from desk and dust, away!  
I'll be as idle as the air.  
Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The sinless, peaceful works of God,  
I'll share the calm the season brings.  
Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see  
The gentle meaning of the heart, —  
One day amid the woods with thee,  
From men and all their cares apart; —  
And where, upon the meadow's breast,  
The shadow of the thicket lies,  
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest  
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.  
Come, — and when, 'mid the calm profound,  
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,  
They, like the lovely landscape round,  
Of innocence and peace shall speak.  
Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade;  
And on the silent valleys gaze,  
Winding and widening, till they fade  
In yon soft ring of summer haze.  
The village trees their summits rear  
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,  
At rest in those calm fields, appear  
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.  
One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,  
Where the hushed winds their Sabbath keep,  
While a near hum from bees and brooks,  
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep. —  
Well might the gazer deem, that when,  
Worn with the struggle and the strife,

And heart-sick at the sons of men,  
The good forsake the scenes of life, —  
Like the deep quiet, that awhile  
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,  
Shall be the peace whose holy smile  
Welcomes them to a happier shore!

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## EXERCISE XCVIII.

WINTER SCENE. *Thomson.*

THE keener tempests rise ; and, fuming dun,  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first, thin wavering ; till, at last, the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast ; dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun,  
Faint, from the west, emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. — Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet. — The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death, in various forms, dark snares and dogs,  
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains,  
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urged,  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

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### EXERCISE XCIX.

#### THE MUSIC OF WINTER. *N. P. Willis.*

I LOVE to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood, by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it, if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot, in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground ; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of

one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries.

I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle, as yet, from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher; and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen, in mute wonder, to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist; and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended, like ear-ring jewels, between the filaments of the cedar tassels, and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlock; and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places, like well-set gems.

The next morning, the warm sun comes out; and, by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood, at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding, is scattered over the ground; and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly, as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature, with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice, in the distant river, heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest.

These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds; and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the

sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections ; and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

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### EXERCISE C.

#### TASTE IN DRESS. *Mrs. Farrar.*

THERE is too much individual character shown in dress, and it is too generally taken as an indication, on which to form our opinions of people, for it to be treated as a matter of no consequence. To be sure, it shrinks into insignificance, compared with the inward adornment of the mind ; but a proper regard to it will not interfere with any weightier matter. Whenever dress occupies too much time, engrosses too much thought, costs too much money, it becomes, like any other excess, a serious evil.

Allowing, then, that, to the most rational and intellectual young lady, dress must naturally be a matter of some consequence, it is very important that her mind should be so enlightened upon the subject, and her taste so cultivated, that she may attain the desired end of being always well dressed, with the smallest possible sacrifice of time, mind, and money.

Now, there are some rules, which, being founded on first principles, are of universal application ; and one of these is that nothing can be truly beautiful which is not appropriate : nature and the fine arts teach us this. Propriety, or fitness, lies at the foundation of all good taste in dressing.

Let a true sense of propriety, of the fitness of things, regulate all your habits of living and dressing ; and it will produce such a beautiful harmony and consistency of character, as will throw a charm around you, that all will feel, though few may comprehend. Always consider well whether the articles of dress, which you wish to purchase, are suited to your age, your condition, your means ; to the climate, to the particular use to which you mean to put them ; and then let the principles of good taste keep you from the extremes of the fashion, and regulate the form, so as to combine utility

and beauty ; whilst the known rules of harmony in colours, save you from shocking the eye of the artist, by incongruous mixtures.

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## EXERCISE CI.

THE MISS-NOMERS. *Mrs. Barron Wilson.*

Miss BROWN is exceedingly fair ;  
Miss White is as red as a berry ;  
Miss Black has a gray head of hair ;  
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry ;  
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone ;  
Miss Rich can scarce muster a guinea ;  
Miss Hare wears a wig, and has none ;  
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny !

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold ;  
Miss Dove's ever coarse and contrary ;  
Miss Young is now grown very old ;  
And Miss Heaviside's light as a fairy.  
Miss Short is at least five feet ten ;  
Miss Noble's of humble extraction ;  
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,  
While Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular *blue* ;  
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily ;  
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view ;  
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly !  
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,  
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool ;  
Miss Mee's not at all like *myself* ;  
Miss Carpenter no one can rule !

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,  
While Miss Groom from the stables will run ;  
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse ;  
And Miss Aimwell ne'er levelled a gun.  
Miss Greathead has no brains at all ;  
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining ;  
Miss Dance has ne'er been at a ball ;  
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning*.

Miss Wright, — she is constantly wrong ;  
 Miss Tickell, alas ! is not funny ;  
 Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song ;  
 And alas ! poor Miss Cash has no money.  
 Miss Bateman would give all she's worth,  
 To purchase a man to her liking ;  
 Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth ;  
 Miss Boxer the men don't find *striking* !

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow ;  
 Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb ;  
 Miss Joy still anticipates woe,  
 And Miss Charity's never "at home."  
 Miss Hamlet resides in a city ;  
 The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken ;  
 Miss Prettiman's beau is not pretty ;  
 Miss Faithful her love has forsaken !

Miss Porter despises all froth ;  
 Miss Scales they'll make *wait*, I am thinking ;  
 Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth ;  
 Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking.  
 Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat ;  
 Miss Last at a party is first ;  
 Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat ;  
 And Miss Waters has always a thirst !

Miss Knight is now changed into Day, —  
 Miss Day wants to marry a Knight ;  
 Miss Prudence has just run away,  
 And Miss Steady assisted her flight.  
 But success to the fair, — one and all !  
 No *mis-apprehensions* be making : —  
 Though wrong the dear sex to *mis-call*,  
 There's no harm, I should hope, in MISS-TAKING.

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## EXERCISE CII.

### CONVERSATION. *Caroline Fry.*

It is objected by some, that young people talk too much, and by others that they talk too little ; and each remark is

just; for they do both. When young people are alone, freed from the constraints of society, and the presence of those who are older or wiser than themselves, their ceaseless volubility, the idleness, uselessness, and folly of their conversation, is all too much: not a pause to reflect upon their words; not a moment to weigh the sentiments they hear; not a care for the time they waste, or for the habits of trifling and exaggeration which they acquire. But in society they often talk too little. An unreasonable fear of exposing their sentiments, loses to them the best means of ascertaining if they are right. A want of that simplicity of mind, which, conscious of no design, does not look to be charged with a wrong one, makes them fear to be thought ostentatious; while the real difficulty of expressing themselves, from want of being accustomed to it, — a difficulty their indolence would rather keep than make an effort to subdue, — prevents their joining in conversation on subjects on which they are fully able to speak, and would gain information by doing so. Modesty may lead them to suppose they cannot contribute to the pleasure of the conversation; and pride prevents their speaking, lest they should, perhaps, expose their ignorance.

It was a cheerless night: — the heavens were hung with the thick, dark clouds that betoken coming snows: here and there, a pallid star peeped forth, — perceived but a moment ere it was gone, — and returned no more. I watched them long, and they became fewer and fewer; and, one by one, I saw the clouds close over them, as time closes over the joys that have passed away. And now the vapours united into one unshadowed and unbroken mass of blackness. The winds just whispered through the leafless trees a low and melancholy sound; and I began to feel the cold droppings of the fleecy shower of snow. More silent than the thief upon his midnight errand, unheard and unsuspected from within, it stole down upon the hard-frozen earth, to prepare for the returning sun far other landscape than that he shone upon before he set.

I was some distance yet from home, and liking to observe Nature in all her varied aspects, I sought shelter in the porch of a handsome dwelling-house that fronted the path I was treading. There, through an opening in the crimson curtains of an adjoining window, I looked upon a scene strikingly contrasted with that which was without. A blazing fire, recently fed with the dry log, crackled and sparkled on the hearth. The reeking urn, with the tall candles by its side, was hissing on the table. The downy rug and many-coloured carpet, with

the deep crimson of the curtain, gave a glow of warmth to the picture, strikingly opposed to the growing whiteness of the scene without.

A number of young persons were in the room; the plainness of their dress, their easy familiarity, and small numbers, did not indicate a party; and yet there were more than might belong to a single family. This was not hard to understand. And how powerfully came to my mind, at the moment, the boundless munificence of that Being, who has provided enjoyments for every season; comforts for nature's most sad and cheerless hours! What was to them the chilling shower of snow that fell without, or the frost that bound the palsied earth in impenetrable hardness? In the enjoyment of present pleasures, other, but not less, they sighed not at the recollection of the tints of autumn or the summer's sun. And then came into my gladdened mind all the delights of social intercourse; of sentiments sweetly responding to each other; of feelings tenderly participated; of argument without dispute; reproof without unkindness.

The youthful party, — for such it was, — had recently met, as it seemed to me, to pass a social evening; all on familiar terms and intimately acquainted: therefore there was neither reserve, nor form, to check or damp their pleasures. The tea was making; and as they sipped the fragrant draught, the talk went cheerfully round. It began, as usual, with the weather. I do not exactly object to this; because something must be said first; and, as the beginning address is a great difficulty to the reserved and modest, it is very well to have an established form of commencement, fitted for all circumstances. But I did think half an hour something too long for this prelude. And I did think, besides, that when one called it miserable weather, and another said it was a wretched day, and a third declared it put her quite out of temper, and a fourth wished she could sleep till it was finer; the speakers either did not well regard the meaning of their words, or had formed an extraordinary estimate of misery and wretchedness, as well as of the value of time, and the preservatives of good-humour. And I began to be something impatient, when one remarked, at some length, on the wonderful shortening of the days, which, as it usually occurs in November, I thought scarcely might need a remark, much less an expression of surprise or complaint.

The subject next in succession, was that of dress. Here,

too, the gentle critic must concede something to what makes a necessary part of a woman's business, and so I was very patient for a while. But, indeed, this subject so far outlived its predecessor, the remarks were so useless, the eagerness so disproportioned to the occasion, the importance attached to it so much too great, and the expenditure of thought on it so very obvious, that I began to be well-nigh weary of my listening; when it diverged a little from dress in the abstract, to dress in the application, and all the dresses of all the ladies in the parish, red, blue, and black, Sunday and working-day, were numbered, described, and discussed.

But I forbore to listen. The night's increasing chillness warned me thence; and as I betook myself to my solitary home, I tried in vain to recall, of all I had heard, one single expression of feeling, one thought that bespoke reflection, one breathing of piety, cultivation, or good sense.

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### EXERCISE CIII.

#### ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BROTHER.

*Margaret Davidson.*

BROTHER! I need no pencilled form  
To bring back glowing thoughts of thee;  
Love's pencil, bathed in hues of light,  
Shall trace the page of memory.

There they shall live, each look or smile,  
Each gentler word, or look, or tone;  
Fancy shall view love's work the while,  
And add rich colouring of her own.

Oh! turn not from my strain away,  
Nor scorn it, simple though it be!  
It is a sister's sorrowing lay,  
A token of her love for thee.

Oh! that a prophet's eye were mine,  
To read the shrouded future o'er!

Oh! that the glimmering lamp of time  
Could cast its feeble rays before!

Oh! if a sister's partial hand  
Could weave the web of fate for thee,  
Pleasure should wave her mystic wand,  
And all thy life be harmony!

Peace, foolish heart! — a wiser Power  
Thy hand shall guide, thy footsteps lead;  
Each bitter grief, each rapturous hour,  
By His unerring will decreed.

Farewell, my brother! and believe,  
Through every scene of weal or woe,  
A sister's heart with thine shall grieve,  
With thine in rapturous joy shall glow.

Each morn and eve a mother's prayer,  
With mine shall seek the courts above;  
A mother's blessing rest on thee,  
Embalmed in all a mother's love.

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#### EXERCISE CIV.

TO THE RAINBOW. *Campbell.*

TRIUMPHAL arch! that fill'st the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud Philosophy  
To teach me what thou art. —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven!

Can all that Optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow! no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,  
Heaven's covenant, thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first made anthem rang,  
On earth delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam:  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town;  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

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## EXERCISE CV.

THE CIRCASSIANS. *Anon.*

THE people of the province of Nottakhaitzi,\* are considered to be the handsomest of all the Circassian tribes; and Mr. Spencer states that, during his whole route, he saw not a single face undistinguished by beauty. "The women," he says, "are characterized by a graceful, easy deportment, and a natural elegance of manners; the men, by a dignified and warlike bearing; and it is not too much to say, that, perhaps, no half-civilized people in the world display so pleasing an exterior."

"In short, the beauty of feature and symmetry of form, for which this people are celebrated, are no chimeras; — and some of the finest statues of the ancients do not display in their proportions greater perfection; — but it is the singular degree of animation in the eye, so generally observable, that most arrests attention: when this is exhibited, in a high degree, in the men, it gives an expression of great ferocity to the countenance; and when we see a warrior, mounted on his fiery steed, armed and equipped for battle, brandishing his cimeter in the air, bending, turning and stopping at full gallop, with unequalled agility and grace of action, he realizes every idea of Homer's Hector."

"In the first appearance of a Circassian, there is something extremely martial and commanding: his majestic look, elevated brow, dark mustachio, and flowing beard, his erect position and free, unconstrained action, are all calculated to interest the stranger in his favour. It must be confessed that he owes something to his fine military costume, the jewelled poniard that hangs at his belt, and the round black cap of shining astrachan, — the most becoming part of the dress; and which would improve the very worst features."

\* Pronounced, *Nottakhitsee*.

“Unlike the apathetic Turk, the Circassians are lively and animated, and but little disposed to sedentary pursuits; the occupations of war being only diversified by agricultural and pastoral employments: even these, of late years, have been left principally to their slaves, on account of the incessant hostility of the Russians. Fortunately, however, they are, in some measure, prepared for the evils of war; their houses being principally constructed of hurdles and mud, with thatched roofs: hence they make no scruple of setting fire to the whole of their villages and hamlets, on the approach of an enemy too formidable for them to meet front to front. A few days will suffice to rebuild their habitations; consequently, when the Russians invade the country, they find it a desert, destitute alike of food and shelter; which, of course, obliges them to retrace their steps.”

Their bravery does not exceed their kindness of heart; and though travellers have had abundant reason to complain of their brigandage, this, says Mr. Spencer, is not the effect of cruelty, but long-established usage.

“Among the Circassians, like the ancient Spartans, the thief who exercises his profession with dexterity, excites universal admiration; and you cannot insult a Circassian more, than to tell him he did not know how to steal an ox. However, the mal-adroit who may be detected is not only condemned to the restitution of the stolen articles, but to a fine of nine times their value. In fact, these people are very clever thieves; and nothing could protect a stranger from their sleight-of-hand dexterity, were it not for the religious respect they pay to the rites of hospitality; for, however much a Circassian may be addicted to this vice, — here considered a virtue, — from the moment a traveller has entered his house, and broken bread with him, he would defend the person and property of the stranger, even with life itself.”

One more evidence in favour of Circassia: —

“The respect exhibited towards the aged, by the inhabitants of the Caucasus, is not less admirable than their hospitality, and deserves to be imitated by Europeans. The counsel of the most venerable man in the village, is sought for with reverence; his decisions are bowed to, in all cases of petty contentions; when he speaks, the most loquacious man becomes instantly silent; if angry, his denunciations are patiently listened to; should he strike, the blow is never returned; wherever he appears, youth makes way for him; the warmest corner near the fire is assigned him; and it is considered an

honour to light his tchibouque ; \* when he rides out, his horse is caught and saddled ; and on his return, at least a dozen lads are seen running to help him down : happy is the man he blesses ; and cursed indeed is the man he curses, for he is shunned by all !

“ Even poor degraded woman, so generally a stranger to kindnesses and honours, in the East, is here treated with the highest consideration. The minstrels, like the ancient troubadours, sing songs in praise of her charms and virtues. The brave knights of olden time never displayed more respectful gallantry towards the fair sex, than these simple mountaineers ; and this is the people now menaced with slavery or extermination by the Russians.

“ In summing up the virtues of the Circassians, we must not forget their charity : the poor man never cries at the door of the rich in vain ; the orphan is provided for by the nearest relation as his own children ; if a man's house is burned, his neighbours assist in building it ; if he loses his cattle from sickness, or his corn from blight, each gives him assistance, which the obliged party always makes it a point of conscience to repay liberally, when fortune is kind.”

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### EXERCISE CVI.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS. *N. P. Willis.*

THE morning broke. — Light stole upon the clouds  
With a strange beauty. — Earth received again  
Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,  
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,  
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light  
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were sad  
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth  
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores ;  
And the young birds were singing as if life  
Were a new thing to them : but oh ! it came  
Upon her heart like discord ; and she felt

\* *Tsheebok*, (pipe.)

How cruelly it tries a broken heart,  
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.

The morning passed; and Asia's sun rode up  
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.  
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,  
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay  
On beating bosoms, in her spicy trees.  
It was an hour of rest! — But Hagar found  
No shelter in the wilderness; and on  
She kept her weary way, until the boy  
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips  
For water; but she could not give it him.  
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky; —  
For it was better than the close, hot breath  
Of the thick pines, — and tried to comfort him;  
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes  
Were dim and bloodshot; and he could not know  
Why God denied him water in the wild. —  
She sat a little longer; and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.  
It was too much for her. She lifted him,  
And bore him farther on, and laid his head  
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;  
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,  
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,  
Till he should die; and watching him, she mourned: —

“God stay thee, in thine agony, my boy!  
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook  
    Upon thy brow to look,  
And see death settle on my cradle joy.  
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!  
    And could I see thee die?”

“I did not dream of this, when thou wast straying,  
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;  
    Or wiling the soft hours,  
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,  
    So beautiful and deep.

“Oh no! and when I watched by thee, the while,  
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,  
    And thought of the dark stream

In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
How prayed I that my fathers' land might be  
A heritage for thee !

" And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,  
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press ;  
And oh ! my last caress  
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee. —  
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there  
Upon his clustering hair ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

She stood beside the well her God had given  
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed  
The forehead of her child until he laughed  
In his reviving happiness, and lisped  
His infant thought of gladness at the sight  
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

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### EXERCISE CVII.

TO THE WINDS. *Bernard Barton.*

AWFUL your power ! when by your might,  
You heave the wild waves, crested white,  
Like mountains, in your wrath ;  
Ploughing between them valleys deep,  
Which to the seaman roused from sleep,  
Yawn like Death's opening path !

Graceful your play ! when, round the bower  
Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,  
To wreath her dark locks there,  
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe  
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,  
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth ;  
And you can give far loftier birth : —  
Ye come : — we know not whence !  
Ye go ! — can mortals trace your flight ?  
All imperceptible to sight,  
Though audible to sense.

The sun, — his rise, and set we know ;  
 The sea, — we mark its ebb, and flow ;  
     The moon, — her wax and wane ;  
 The stars, — man knows their courses well,  
 The comet's vagrant paths can tell ; —  
     But you his search disdain.

To me, when Fancy stirs  
 My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's messengers,  
     Who leave no path untrod ;  
 And when, as now, at midnight's hour,  
 I hear your voice in all its power,  
     It seems the Voice of God !

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### EXERCISE CVIII.

JOY. *Margaret Davidson.*

OH ! my bosom is throbbing with joy,  
 With a rapture too full to express :  
 From within and without I am blest ;  
     And the world, like myself, I would bless.

All nature looks fair to my eye,  
 From beneath and around and above :  
 Hope smiles in the clear azure sky ;  
     And the broad earth is glowing with love.

I stand on the threshold of life,  
     On the shore of its wide-rolling sea ; —  
 I have heard of its storms and its strife,  
     But all things are tranquil to me.

There's a veil o'er the future, — 'tis bright  
     As the wing of a spirit of air ;  
 And each form of enchantment and light,  
     Is trembling in Iris hues there.

I turn to the world of affection,  
     And warm, glowing treasures are mine ; —  
 To the past, — and my fond recollection  
     Gathers roses from memory's shrine.

But oh! there's a fountain of joy  
More rich than a kingdom beside :  
It is holy ; — death cannot destroy  
The flow of its heavenly tide.

'Tis the love that is gushing within ; —  
It would bathe the whole world in its light,  
Which the cold stream of time shall not quench,  
The dark frown of woe shall not blight.

Though age, with an icy-cold finger,  
May stamp his pale seal on my brow,  
Still, still in my bosom shall linger  
The glow that is warming it now.

Youth will vanish, and Pleasure, gay charmer,  
May depart on the wings of to-day ;  
But that spot in my heart shall grow warmer,  
As year after year rolls away.

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### EXERCISE CIX.

A STORY OF THE PYRENEES. *R. M. Milnes.*

THE marriage blessing on their brows,  
Across the Channel seas  
And lands of gay Garonne, they reach  
The pleasant Pyrenees : —  
He into boyhood born again,  
A child of joy and life, —  
And she a happy English girl,  
A happier English wife.

They loiter not where Argeles,  
The chestnut-crested plain,  
Unfolds its robe of green and gold  
In pasture, grape, and grain :  
But on and up where Nature's heart  
Beats strong amid the hills,  
They pause, contented with the wealth  
That either bosom fills.

There is a lake, a small round lake,  
High on the mountain's breast,  
The child of rains and melted snows,  
The torrent's summer rest, —  
A mirror where the veteran rocks  
May glass their peaks and scars,  
A nether sky, where breezes break  
The sunlight into stars.

Oh! gayly shone that little lake,  
And Nature, sternly fair,  
Put on a sparkling countenance  
To greet that merry pair :  
How light from stone to stone they leaped,  
How trippingly they ran ;  
To scale the rock, and gain the marge,  
Was all a moment's span !

" See, dearest, this primeval boat,  
So quaint, and rough, I deem  
Just such a one did Charon ply  
Across the Stygian stream :  
Step in, — I will your Charon be,  
And you a Spirit bold ; —  
I was a famous rower once  
In college days of old.

" The clumsy oar ; the laggard boat ! —  
How slow we move along !  
The work is harder than I thought ; —  
A song, my love, a song !"  
Then standing up, she carolled out  
So blithe and sweet a strain,  
That the long silent cliffs were glad  
To peal it back again.

He, tranced in joy, the oar laid down,  
And rose in careless pride,  
And swayed in cadence to the song  
The boat from side to side :  
Then clasping hand in loving hand,  
They danced a childish round,  
And felt as safe in that mid-lake  
As on the firmest ground.

One poise too much ! — He headlong fell —  
She, stretching out, to save,  
A feeble arm, was borne adown  
Within that glittering grave !  
One moment, and the gush went forth  
Of music-mingled laughter, —  
The struggling splash and deathly shriek  
Were there the instant after.

Her weaker head above the flood,  
That quick engulfed the strong,  
Like some enchanted water-flower,  
Waved piteously along :  
Long seemed the low and lonely wail  
Athwart the tide to fade ; —  
Alas ! that there were some to hear,  
But never one to aid.

But weep, ye very rocks, for those  
Who, on their native shore,  
Await the letters of dear news,  
That shall arrive no more !  
One letter from a stranger hand, —  
Few words are all the need ;  
And then the funeral of the heart,  
The course of useless speed !

The presence of the cold dead wood,  
The single mark and sign  
Of all so loved and beautiful,  
The handiwork divine !  
The weary search for his fine form  
That in the depth would linger,  
And late success : — oh ! leave the ring  
Upon that faithful finger !

And if in life there lie the seed  
Of real enduring being, —  
If love and truth be not decreed  
To perish unforeseeing, —  
This Youth the seal of death has stamped,  
No time can wither ever, —  
This Hope, that sorrow might have damped,  
Is flowering fresh forever.

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## EXERCISE CX.

## THE OÄSIS,\* OR THE GARDEN AMID THE DESERT.

*H. Reed.*

IMAGINE yourself in the interior of India, on one of those boundless plains which characterize the country, called the Deccan. Here the eye stretches in vain for a limit, unless some rising hillock breaks the prospect. Neither fence, nor hedge, nor forest, interrupts the monotony of the scene. Not a tree relieves the eye, except it be near a well, or reservoir of water.

It was in the early part of June. Eight months had already elapsed, since the fall of a single shower of rain. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a relic of former vegetation, was to be seen, except where the soil had been artificially irrigated. Here and there, a shade-tree, or a fruit-tree, whose roots penetrate far beneath the surface, can survive the drought of the hot season. Dreariness and desolation cover the land, on every side.

At an early hour, we left our resting-place, a kind of caravansary. The atmosphere was slightly refreshing, though not cool. But no sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than we began to wither beneath the intensity of his rays. It was scarcely nine, when the hot wind, a kind of sirocco, commenced, which, added to the scorching of the heated earth, rendered travelling almost intolerable. We sought a place for shelter.

Casting our eyes to the left, we explored an immense waste plain, which apparently extended to the shore of an interminable ocean. Knowing well that we were in the interior of a great country, and far from sea, lake, or river, we recognized, for the first time, in this appearance, the *mirage*,† an extraordinary optical illusion, formed by the refraction of a vertical sun, from the heated earth. So perfect is the deception, that deer, and other animals, have died from exhaustion, while pursuing the retiring phantom.

But, from the opposite side, we saw a reality nearer at hand, and scarcely less wonderful,—a verdant spot, fresh and blooming,—fragrance in the midst of desolation,—a fertile island in the bosom of an ocean of sand,—spring amid the deadness of autumn. Wearied by travel, and almost suf-

\* Pronounced, *ö'äsis*.† *Meerázh*.

focused with dust and heat, we drew near, as to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

How cheering, amidst such desolation, how refreshing to the pilgrim beneath the rays of a tropical sun, to behold a green field, a cool, fair garden, whose trees bend with fruit, whose flowers diffuse perfume, whose atmosphere breathes the sublimity of a temperate clime! Hasting to this enchanted spot, we pitched our tent beneath the thick foliage and wide-spreading branches of a tamarind-tree.

How changed the scene! It was a garden of several acres in extent. — Every plant and flower, every shrub and tree, was clad in the richest verdure. Here was a compartment filled with healthful vegetables. Near it was ripening grain, corn in "the blade or in the ear;" then a tuft of trees, loaded with blossoms, or enriched with perfected fruit. The tamarind, the mango, and the orange, the lemon and pomegranate, the citron and banana, were here in their glory. Here, also, were the rose, the lily, the jessamine, and countless other flowers peculiar to the tropics, and the luxuriant vineyard, maturing its rich clusters. And among the embowering verdure, the warbling songsters found a pleasant retreat from the tyrant rage of an Indian sun.

What a contrast with the surrounding country! What a fulfilment of the sublime promise of the Hebrew prophet; "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

But what caused this sudden springing forth of beauty? A fountain was there, deep and broad, sending forth copious streams, to fructify the surrounding region. Fertility, in the East, depends much on an artificial supply of water. If this can be freely commanded, vegetation is rapid and abundant. The intense heat, and plentiful moisture, make even barrenness prolific. Seed-time and harvest meet. A succession of crops, thrice, or even four times in a year, is realized. Spring, summer, and autumn, blend in one continued harvest hymn of praise.

The garden or field is usually divided into compartments of fifteen or twenty square feet. In the centre is a fountain or well, and near it a small reservoir. Thence, the main watercourse extends, in some convenient direction; and smaller channels are led from it, in branches, to every separate compartment. The water is raised by oxen, attached

to a long rope, which passes over a windlass, and is made fast to an enormous leathern bucket. When a great quantity is thus thrown into the reservoir, it spontaneously flows into the principal channel, whence the gardener conducts it at his pleasure. —“The rivers of waters are in his hand; he turneth them whithersoever he will.”

When the stream begins to flow from the reservoir, he stations himself at the channel which conveys it to the first compartment, and, removing, with his foot, a slight mound of earth, directs thither as much water as is requisite for its irrigation. Closing that avenue, he proceeds to the second, thence to the third, and thus onward, till all have been visited. This is repeated every morning and evening; and it matters little how large the field is, if the fountain contain a sufficient supply. But if the space to be irrigated is out of proportion, or the fountain diminished by drought, vegetation withers, or becomes extinct. The farther you recede from the centre, the more blighted does every thing appear: —the water is too low, the impetus too feeble, to reach the remoter bounds. This constant and laborious process of cultivation, explains the inspired description of a tropical region; where “thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it *with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs.”

We know that Lebanon was renowned for its sublime scenery; that its lofty cedars, its plantations of olive, its vineyards, producing the choicest wines, its crystal streams, its fertile vales, and odoriferous shrubberies, combined to form what, in the poetic style of prophecy, is called “its glory.” Mount Carmel is proverbial, in the sacred volume, for its unfading verdure and surpassing fertility. Sharon, an extensive plain, to the south of Carmel, celebrated for its vines, flowers, and green pastures, and adorned in early spring with the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and the orange lily, the carnation, and a countless variety of other flowers, with its groves of olive and sycamore, is but another name for “excellency” and beauty.

But what did the prophet intend to illustrate by these forcible and significant emblems? Doubtless a vision burst upon his mind, no less magnificent than the boundless dispersion of the waters of Life, the reclaiming of a desert world, the clothing it with the golden fruits of immortality. Behold, in the heart of the wilderness, a fountain breaks forth! Sterility blossoms; desolation lifts up its head with “joy and singing.”

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## EXERCISE CXI.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE. *Southey.*

[An exercise in change of voice. Every word in this piece should be read with a tone in which "the *sound* is an echo to the *sense*."] ]

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"

"Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along, conflicting and strong, —  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.

"Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
    Around and around;  
Collecting, disjecting,  
    With endless rebound:

Smiting and fighting, —  
A sight to delight in, —  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dinnyng and deafening the ear with its sound.

"Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and glowing,  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
And so never ending but always descending,  
Sounds and motion forever and ever are blending,  
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar; —  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

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## EXERCISE CXII.

PASSING AWAY. *Maria J. Jewsbury.*

I ASKED the stars, in the pomp of night,  
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,  
Bright with beauty, and girt with power,  
Whether eternity were not their dower ; —  
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,  
Bearing this message to mortal ears : —

“ We have no light that hath not been given ;  
We have no strength, but shall soon be riven ;  
We have no power wherein man may trust ;  
Like him are we, things of time and dust ;  
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,  
And the song of our silence, is — ‘ Passing away.’

“ We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,  
Like lamps that have served for a festal night ;  
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,  
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along ;  
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,  
We shall be like a vain dream — Passing away.”

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,  
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,  
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,  
From childhood's song, and affection's vow, —  
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,  
Breathes but one record — “ Passing away.”

“ Passing away,” sing the breeze and rill,  
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill ; —  
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,  
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time ;  
And man at last, like his fathers gray,  
Writes in his own dust — “ Passing away ”

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## EXERCISE CXIII.

THE DEPARTED. *Park Benjamin.*

THE departed ! — the departed ! —  
They visit us in dreams ;  
And they glide above our memories  
Like shadows over streams ; —  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed — the departed  
Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful ! —  
How dreamless is their sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music  
Of the ever-tossing deep, —  
Or where the hurrying night-winds  
Pale winter's robes have spread  
Above the narrow palaces,  
In the cities of the dead !

I look around, and feel the awe  
Of one who walks alone, —  
Among the wrecks of former days,  
In mournful ruin strown.  
I start to hear the stirring sounds  
Among the cypress-trees ;  
For the voice of the departed  
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! — it mingles with  
Each free and careless strain :  
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy  
Will cheer my heart again.  
The melody of summer waves,  
The thrilling notes of birds,  
Can never be so dear to me,  
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
Still on me sweetly fall !

Their tones of love I faintly hear  
My name in sadness call.  
I know that they are happy,  
With their angel plumage on ;  
But my heart is very desolate,  
To think that they are gone.

The departed ! — the departed ! —  
They visit us in dreams ;  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams ; —  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed — the departed  
Can never more return !

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## EXERCISE CXIV.

FASHION. *Mrs. Ellis.*

ONE of the greatest drawbacks to the good influence of society, is the almost unrivalled power of fashion upon the female mind. Wherever civilized society exists, fashion exercises her all-pervading influence. All stoop to it, more or less, and appear to esteem it a merit to do so ; while a really fashionable woman, though both reprobated and ridiculed, has an influence in society which is little less than absolute. Yet, if we would choose out the most worthless, the most contemptible, and the least efficient of moral agents, it would be the slave of fashion.

Say the best we can of fashion, it is only an imaginary or conventional rule, by which a certain degree of order and uniformity is maintained ; while the successive and frequent variations in this rule, are considered to be the means of keeping in constant exercise our arts and manufactures. I am not political economist enough to know whether the same happy results might not be brought about by purer motives, and nobler means. But it has always appeared to me one of the greatest of existing absurdities, that a whole community of people, differing in complexion, form, and feature, as widely

as the same species can differ, should not only desire to wear precisely the same kind of dress, but should labour, strive, and struggle, deceive, envy, and cheat, and spend their own substance, and often more than they can lawfully call their own — to do what? To obtain a dress, which to them is most unbecoming, or an article of furniture wholly unsuited to themselves and their establishment.

My own idea, and I believe it is founded upon a long-cherished, and, perhaps, too ardent admiration of personal beauty, is, that fashion ought to favour all which is most becoming. It is true, we should at first be greatly at a loss to know what was becoming, because we should have the power and the prejudice of fashion to contend with; but there can be no doubt that individual as well as public taste, would be improved by such exercise, and that our manufactures would, in the end, be equally benefited; though, for some time, it might be difficult to calculate upon the probable demand. Nor can I think that female vanity would be more encouraged than it now is, by thus consulting personal and relative fitness; because the young woman who now goes into company fashionably disfigured, believes herself to be quite as beautiful as if she was really so. Neither can I see that we are not bound to study to make the best of our appearance, as well as how to make the best of our manners, our furniture, and our food.

Fashion, however, never takes this into account. According to her arbitrary law, the woman of sallow complexion must wear the same colour as the Hebe; the contracted or misshapen forehead must be laid as bare as that which displays the fairest page of beauty; the form with square and awkward shoulders, must wear the same costume as that which boasts the contour of the Graces; and, — oh! most pitiful of all, — old age must be “pranked up” in the light drapery, the flowers, and gauds of youth! In addition to this, each one must possess, as an indispensable requisite, a waist considerably below the dimensions which are consistent either with symmetry or health.

It will be an auspicious era in the experience of the daughters of England, when they shall be convinced, that the Grecians had a higher standard of taste in female beauty, than that of the shopkeepers and dressmakers of London. They will then be willing to believe, that to be within the exact rule of proportion, is as important a deviation from perfect beauty, as to be beyond it; and that nothing which destroys the grace of easy and natural movement, which deprives any bodily function of

its necessary exercise, which robs the youthful cheek of its bloom, or, in short, which ungratefully throws back from our possession the invaluable blessing of health, can be consistent with the good taste or right feeling of an amiable, intelligent, or rational woman.

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## EXERCISE CXV.

DEATH OF A PRINCESS, AT A FETE GIVEN BY HER  
MOTHER. *Anon.*

"COME hither, my daughter! come hither! — I'll deck  
With roses thy hair, and with jewels thy neck;  
And forth in thy beauty, all blooming and bright,  
I'll send thee where pleasure invites thee this night; —  
The revel awaits thee, — go, Queen of the dance!  
In the might of thy charms, and win hearts with a glance: —  
Let music enchant thee; — let conquest be thine,  
To join in thy triumphs, my darling, be mine." —

She went in her beauty, — she went in her pride;  
And brave hearts adored her, — and jealous ones sighed: —  
The rose in her tresses, her bright cheek defies;  
The diamonds she wears are dark to her eyes; —  
All matchless in beauty, all tameless in heart,  
The pride of her nature she veils not with art, —  
But haughty, though graceful, she moves through the dance;  
And the spirit of scorn looks forth in her glance: —  
Oh! bear not so lofty thy seraph-like head; —  
For the word has gone forth, and the arrow is sped! —  
A change, thou proud beauty, is now on thine eye,  
From thy cheek and thy lips do the red roses fly; —  
For the *Angel of Death* hath passed through the hall,  
To thee he hath whispered, — thee only of all, —  
With his life-freezing breath, and his voice like a sigh, —  
"*E'en here, 'mid thy triumphs, — e'en now, thou must die!*" —  
Their music is still; — their voices are hushed; —  
For pale terror and awe each spirit have crushed;  
And whispering breezes are heard in the hall;  
For horror and silence have fallen on all.

Away, in her lifelessness homeward they bear  
The maid, — while the roses are fresh in her hair, —  
Unconsciously home, to her own palace gates,  
Where, sleepless, a mother her coming awaits. —  
Turn, — turn from the scene! — loud shrieks, and despair,  
And heart-breaking agony, all meet her there!

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## EXERCISE CXVI.

PALMYRA, AS IT IS. *Linden.*

EMERGING from the valley, we came, at once, in sight of Palmyra; her countless columns of white marble, ranging over the plain, in distinct symmetrical colonnades, with the boundless desert stretching far, far away beyond them, towards the Euphrates, — the most magnificent field of ruins I ever witnessed. You remember how I used to pore over the folio engravings of Palmyra. The word has been music to my ear, ever since. The report, however, of some later travellers, made me dread being disappointed; so that it was with fear, as well as curiosity, that I drew near the goal my wishes had so long pointed to. Great and joyous was my disappointment: I shall never forget that first sight of the ruins; I know nothing to liken it to, — it must be seen. I felt no fatigue at Palmyra, and oh! the luxury of remembrance!

Descending to the plain, we stopped to drink at a well near the outer wall of the Temple of the Sun, — and then pitched under an olive-tree in a deserted garden. There are many palm-trees still at Tadmor, — probably, however, of recent importation; for the few survivors of the ancient stock, that flourished there at the end of the seventeenth century, had, all save one, disappeared, sixty years afterwards, at the time of Wood's visit.

The Temple of the Sun, which, singularly enough, faces the west, stands in the centre of an immense court, nearly seven hundred feet square, which is now entirely filled by the noisy houses of the Arab Palmyrenes. The court wall, externally, presents a lofty dead surface, relieved by pilasters and false doors, with pediments in the intermediate spaces; within, a couple of niches for statues, surmounted by very handsome pediments, adorn, — or rather *did* adorn, — the angles of the

enclosure, which there rose like semi-towers; while similar niches, with neat but plainer pediments, ran all along the connecting walls. A handsome colonnade ran all around the court; many of the columns are still standing, especially six at the south-west angle, very beautiful at a distance, but which lose on a nearer inspection.

The temple itself, sadly, alas! dilapidated, was surrounded by a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, with bronze capitals, all of which have disappeared, most pitifully exposing the naked surface of the stone to which they were attached. Eight columns, in this sad condition, are still standing on the east of the temple; those on the north have lost their capitals entirely; one only on the west supports its entablature; — even the bronze clinches that secured the stones of the temple have been carried off.

Two fine Ionic semi-pillars, flanked by Corinthian pilasters, adorn the south end of the temple: the chief ornaments of the other walls, are the pediments surmounting the windows, which are very elegant.

The great gate is the most beautiful I ever saw, next to the matchless one at Baalbec: the devices are very beautiful; but the design is superior to the execution; they are not cut deep enough; and the stone, moreover, has suffered much from exposure. Passing four cubical masses of masonry, marking the crossing of streets in these towns, we came to a third temple, now lying a heap of ruins; but remains of beautifully sculptured friezes, and fragments of large statues in *alto relievo*,\* as ill-executed as the friezes are beautiful, and fragments of a long and deeply cut inscription in Greek and Palmyrene, show what a noble pile it once was. Lastly, behind the portico which closes the colonnade to the west, the remains of the temple it belonged to, — friezes of vine leaves, and beautiful network designs, and sarcophagi from the adjacent tomb, — are heaped together in utter confusion. Besides these distincter ruins, innumerable fallen columns and mouldering fragments of sculpture, lie in every direction, — traces of edifices, to which it is impossible even for fancy to assign any plan.

It is, indeed, a most striking scene; an awful stillness, a lifelessness, pervades the ruins, which I never felt anywhere else, except, perhaps, at Pæstum — I do not even recollect hearing a bird sing there; no huts encumber them; no Arabs intrude on you: they stand as lonely and silent as when the



\* Pronounced, *álto raylyayro*.

last of the Palmyrenes departed, and left the city of Zenobia to silence and decay ; — the fall of pillar after pillar, has been the only note of time there, and that uncounted, for centuries. One cannot occupy himself with petty architectural details, at Palmyra : — *within* the temple court, I could criticise, — *without* it, admire only ; and, at sunrise, at sunset, in the morning glow, or in the evening calm, wandering among those columns so graceful in themselves, so beautiful in their sisterly harmony, I thought I had never seen such loveliness, — such awful loveliness ! — lovely, and yet awful ; at times, you almost feel, as if Palmyra were a woman, and you stood by her corpse, stilled in death, but with a sweet smile lingering on her lip.

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## EXERCISE CXVII.

PALMYRA, AS IT WAS.     *W. Ware.*

A LITTLE after noon of the fourth day of our journey from Berytus, having refreshed ourselves and our exhausted animals, at a spring which here poured out its warm but still grateful waters to the traveller, my ears received the agreeable news, as we started on our way, that, toward the East, there could now be discerned the dark line which indicated our approach to the verdant tract that encompasses the great city. Our own excited spirits were quickly imparted to our beasts ; and a more rapid movement soon revealed into distinctness the high land and waving groves of palm-trees which mark the site of Palmyra.

It was several miles before we reached the city, that we suddenly found ourselves, — landing, as it were, from a sea upon an island or continent, — in a rich and thickly-peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital, in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our path. Frequent villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendour of these sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them. The new and brilliant costumes, of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty.

I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld — no, I cannot except even Rome — burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the East, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the North and toward the South. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be — that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other, and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm-trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay it is impossible, at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun, stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld any thing that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids, — pointed obelisks, — domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as

white, and being, everywhere in their whole extent, interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm-trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days. Nor was I alone in these transports of delight. All my fellow-travellers seemed equally affected: and from the native Palmyrenes, of whom there were many among us, the most impassioned and boastful acclamations broke forth.

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## EXERCISE CXVIII.

## THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

*Mrs. L. M. Thurston.*

THE green hills of my father-land  
In dreams still greet my view :  
I see once more the wave-girt strand,  
The ocean-depth of blue,  
The sky, — the glorious sky outspread  
Above their calm repose ;  
The river, o'er its rocky bed  
Still singing as it flows ;  
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,  
When men go up to pray ;  
The sunlight resting on the flowers,  
The birds that sing among the bowers,  
Through all the summer day.

Land of my birth ! — mine early love !  
Once more thy airs I breathe !  
I see thy proud hills tower above, —  
Thy green vales sleep beneath :  
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,  
All rise before mine eyes ;  
The dawn of morning on thy hills,  
Thy gorgeous sunset skies,  
Thy forests, from whose deep recess  
A thousand streams have birth,  
Gladdening the lonely wilderness,  
And filling the green silentness  
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem  
As lonely as of yore !  
I wonder if the mountain stream  
Goes singing by the door !  
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,  
And if the woodbines climb,  
As when I used to train them there,  
In the dear olden time !  
I wonder if the birds still sing  
Upon the garden tree,  
As sweetly as in that sweet spring  
Whose golden memories gently bring  
So many dreams to me !

I know that there hath been a change,  
A change o'er hall and hearth, —  
Faces and footsteps new and strange,  
About my place of birth !  
The heavens above are still as bright  
As in the days gone by ;  
But vanished is the beacon light  
That cheered my morning sky !  
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,  
And rock, and murmuring stream,  
That wore such glorious beauty then,  
Would seem, should I return again,  
The record of a dream !

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,  
Since in the far-off West,  
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,  
My heart hath found its rest.  
I mourn not for the hills and streams  
That chained my steps so long,  
Yet still I see them in my dreams,  
And hail them in my song ;  
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,  
When winter eve shall come,  
We'll sit and talk of other days,  
And sing the well-remembered lays  
Of my green mountain home.

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## EXERCISE CXIX.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS. *Mrs. Hemans.*

THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear : —  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,  
With their hymns of lofty cheer !

Amidst the storm they sang ;  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared : —  
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,  
Amidst that Pilgrim band : —  
Why had they come to wither *there*,  
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?—  
They sought a Faith's pure shrine !

Ay ! call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod :  
They have left unstained what there they found, —  
Freedom to worship God !

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## EXERCISE CXX.

BEAUTY. *J. G. Whittier.*

WHAT is beauty, after all ? Ask the lover, who kneels in homage to one who has no attraction for others. The cold looker-on wonders that he can call that unclassical combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet it is so. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external comeliness, irradiates and glorifies it. That which to others seems common-place and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spenser,

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospel books."

"Handsome is, that handsome does, — hold up your heads, girls !" was the language of Mrs. Primrose, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not, in all respects, like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Medicean Venus, "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good ? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you ; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly picture which your glass may throw back to you. That mirror has

no heart. But another visage is yours, on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features; just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat, after Mrs. Primrose. — Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look like those of angels.

Beautiful, to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a Northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely, to the home-sick heart of Park, seemed the dark maids of Lego, as they sang their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed; and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn."

Oh! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble, or wrought out on canvass, — speculate as we may upon its colours and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; — looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw, was that of a woman whom the world called beautiful. Through its "silver veil," the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude, at first glance, pronounce homely, — unattractive and such as "nature fashions by the gross," — which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill: not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome, that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

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## EXERCISE CXXI.

EVENING THOUGHTS. *Anon.*

It is the gentle evening hour :  
The dew-drop glistens on each flower ;

And in a deep and soft repose,  
Are sunk the lily and the rose.  
The birds have ceased their carolling;  
No longer on the glancing wing,  
From tree to tree they dart, or fly,  
With sudden motion to the sky.  
The leaves upon the forest trees,  
Are all unruffled by the breeze;  
The breeze itself has sunk to rest;  
And all is calm, and still, and blest.  
The moon, with pensive face and pale,  
Has thrown o'er all her silvery veil,  
Save where the trembling shadows lie,  
Like clouds upon the summer sky;  
But brightest does its radiance break  
Upon the fair Monadnoc Lake; —  
A lovely lake, unknown to fame,  
And yet most worthy of a name, —  
The waters of the Lake Grassmere  
Are not more silvery and clear;  
The fresh green hills that round it lie,  
Are not more grateful to the eye,  
Nor the soft light the sunset flings,  
More graceful in its shadowings;  
The gentle stars, all pale and fair,  
Are not more sweetly mirrored there.

No human voice, or step, or sound,  
Disturbs the silence, deep, profound;  
I sit within my window seat, —  
Mine eyes alone these glories meet;  
I sit and strive to banish fear,  
And brush away the trembling tear; —  
It seems so selfish to be sad,  
When all around is bright and glad.

All low and sweet there comes a voice; —  
It bids my soul in peace rejoice:  
From all around, below, above,  
Breathes forth the whisper, God is Love.

O heavenly Father, strengthen me,  
To put my trust alone in Thee!  
Sustain, O God, my drooping heart,  
And make me feel how good thou art.  
Oh! give me life! give peace and rest,  
The higher life, — the good, the blest!

Say to my spirit, Peace! be still,  
And trust thy heavenly Father's will.  
Thou who hast given so rich a dower,  
Of beauty to the evening hour,  
And stamped, on all, the deep impress,  
Of harmony and happiness,  
Wilt ne'er forget the human heart ;  
But wilt thy strength and grace impart  
To those who humbly seek to be,  
In peace with Nature and with Thee.

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## EXERCISE CXXII.

ANCIENT GARDENS. *Anon.*

MAN cannot figure to his imagination a more delightful scene, than that of a capacious flower garden, suitably situated ; well stocked with a tasteful selection of plants, ranged under skilful and well-ordered culture. It is a combination of life and innocence, — innocence, with all its lovely charms and graces, faithfully and accurately delineated. A spot, abounding with all the rich lineaments of purity, in blooming vitality ; more proper, more eligible, more appropriate for beings made in the image of the beneficent Creator, in their primeval integrity, could not be devised by the most fertile conception of fancy. This was their paradise, — a term synonymous with all that is lovely, pure, chaste, and agreeable. Here the first parents of man inhaled the untainted air, sweetened with the invigorating influences of the ambrosial dews of heaven.

Judging from the dignified descriptions of Virgil, the practical direction and superintendence of the cultivation and regulation of a garden, were, in the estimation of the Romans, highly honourable, and the employment suitable for all who had leisure and opportunity to avail themselves of it.

Solomon did not consider it beneath his dignity. He made himself great works, — gardens and orchards, and planted therein, trees of every kind ; well-flavoured fruits were their produce ; and they abounded with flowers, rich in variety, beauty, and fragrance. The royal philosopher was fond of the science of horticulture. His ample enclosures were tastefully formed ; and with an equal portion of skill

he contrived the interior arrangements. Vegetable philosophy was his favourite study. He wrote on the subject of plants, embracing the large and the small; from the lofty cedar of Lebanon down to the humble hyssop of the wall, neglecting not the essential adjuncts, — fountains and streams of water, for ornament and use, within the prescribed position.

Amyctis, the daughter of Astyages,\* King of Media, was passionately fond of horticulture. To gratify this predilection, her husband, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, formed her a garden four hundred feet square at the base, fifty feet high from the ground, covering an area of four acres, in curious terraces sixteen feet wide, elevated each above the other, till they reached the altitude of three hundred feet, with a fountain, on the summit, of water raised from the Euphrates, by the aid of hydraulic machinery, for the purpose of cooling the atmosphere, and nurturing the plants with moisture; and each terrace so diminished in dimensions as to give to the pile, at a distance, a pyramidal aspect, of a grand and majestic size. No arches were then in use; the whole of the structure was supported by strong pillars of stone, covered with flags of the same material, overlaid with reeds, cemented with bitumen, paved with a double row of bricks, united with mortar, and surmounted with plates of lead, tightly jointed together. On these layers was placed a stratum of earth, sufficiently deep for the object. Here plants were cultivated, of various sorts, sizes, and colours, as well on the sides as the flats, skilfully arranged in beautiful order. The trees were grand and showy; and of those of the deciduous kind, many displayed the most brilliant colours.

The sides were the more exclusive department for flowers, consisting of thousands of species, varying in height, colour and brilliancy, but all most beautiful. The effect of the whole was captivating, — a towering garland of animated plants, displaying a magnificent object of princely grandeur. The top of this pile presented a prospect grand and imposing; the meandering stream of the noble river, an excellent view of the splendid city of Babylon, its extensive suburbs surrounded with cultivated fields, interspersed with elegant villas, groves, parterres, ponds, and banqueting rooms, with the numerous gardens of beautiful flowers and foliage, displaying a delightful variety of light and shade, begirt, in the distance, with a desert remote as the vision extended.

The Persians were famous for gardens; and some of their

\* Pronounced, *Astū'ages*.

distinguished monarchs were not only generous patrons of the art so conducive to health, amusement, and cheerfulness, but were among those who actually designed, arranged, and superintended their culture. Some of the gardens of these sovereigns are mentioned with much admiration by ancient writers. A paradise, on the Island of Panchea,\* contiguous to the Arabian coast, flourished three hundred years before the Christian era, and belonged to the temple of Jupiter. It contained groves, fruit-trees, thickets, and flowers, and a spacious fountain discharging a copious stream, which constituted a river, that was cased with stone for nearly half a mile, and thence used for purposes of irrigation.

The grove of Orontes, situated in Syria, — an area of more than four thousand acres, — according to Gibbon, was composed of laurels and cypress, forming, in the most sultry summers, a cool and impenetrable shade, issuing from every hill, a thousand streams of the purest water, to nurture the earth, preserve the verdure, and mollify the temperature of the air.

In the Persian gardens of a more reduced scale, the trees, — among which were conspicuous, the original plane, and the narrow-leaved elm, — were arranged in straight lines and regular figures; and the walks were margined with thickets of roses, violets, and odoriferous plants of a vast variety of kinds. Buildings were introduced for repose, banqueting, and pleasure; fountains for cooling the air; aviaries for birds; and towers for distant prospect; — the whole beautifully adapted as a delightful and gladsome retreat.

We pass to the gardens of Greece. — Plato taught in a grove near Athens, once the property of Academus,† an Athenian citizen; and the scene of the Dialogue on Beauty, is laid on the banks of the River Ilissus, under the shade of the plantain. The Academe was a shady place, and the trees of the olive species; though a rude and uncultivated spot, until the time of Cimon, the celebrated general, who, in one day, defeated the Persian fleet, captured two hundred of their ships, and routed completely the whole of their army. With the spoils which he obtained, he embellished the renowned city of ancient literature, and planted the Academe, in conformity with the Persian mode. For use and ornament, he introduced water; and from the gymnasia or places of exercise, he separated the grounds devoted to mental rumination and converse; giving to philosophy sequestered walks, well shaded with trees.

A partiality for trees of the terebinthine kind, and odorif-

\* Pronounced, *Pancha*.

† *Academus*

erous flowers of brilliant colours, appears to have been prevalent both in Persia and Greece, — a circumstance corroborative of the opinion, that the Grecians, who copied the Persians in their manners and architecture, borrowed their modes of gardening.

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## EXERCISE CXXIII.

THE APPROACH TO PARADISE. *Milton.*

So on he fares ; and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, crowns, with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
Access denied ; and overhead upgrew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm, —  
A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend,  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung ;  
Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighbouring round :  
And, higher than that wall, a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits, at once, of golden hue,  
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;  
On which the Sun more glad impressed his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed  
That landscape : and of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils ; — as when, to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambique, off at sea, north-east winds blow

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course ; and, many a league,  
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

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## EXERCISE CXXIV.

## REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

*Charles Lamb.*

THE Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does, by calendar law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited.

The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged, time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below ; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday, (as you shall hear,) and a mighty desire to see how the old dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the Days came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests, at the principal table ; with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard, for the Twenty-ninth of February.

I should have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours ; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met, at last, — foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days ; — and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, “ Hail ! fellow Day, — well met, — brother Day, —

sister Day : " — only Lady Day kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, Twelfth Day cut her out and out ; for he came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and Epiphanous. The rest came ; — some in green, some in white ; — but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in, dripping ; and sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there, in his marriage finery, — a little the worse for wear. Pay Day came late, as he always does ; and Dooms-day sent word — he might be expected.

April Fool, (as my young lord's jester,) took upon himself to marshal the guests ; and wild work he made with it. It would have posed an astrologer to find out any given Day in the year, to erect a scheme upon ; — good Days, bad Days, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the Twenty-first of June next to the Twenty-second of December ; and the former looked like a maypole siding a marrow-bone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in, (as was concerted,) between Christmas and Lord Mayor's Days. How he laid about him ! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him, — to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still Christmas Day was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail bowl, till he roared, and hiccoughed, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the mischief for " a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman." Then he dipped his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his left-hand neighbour, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the Last Day in December ; — it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth, — which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate bone of a hen pheasant ; — so there was no love lost for that matter. The Last of Lent was sponging upon Shrovetide's pancakes ; which April Fool perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good-fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the Thirtieth of January, who it seems, being a sour, Puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had

cooked at home, for that purpose ; thinking to feast thereon incontinently ; but as it lay in the dish, March Manyweathers, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias's daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed ; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a restorative, confected of oak-apple, which the merry Twenty-ninth of May always carries about with him, for that purpose.

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### EXERCISE CXXV.

#### THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED. *Ibid.*

It beginning to grow a little duskish, Candlemas lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers ; and the same lady was observed to take an unusual time in washing herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet, (and, by her example, the rest of the company,) with garlands. This being done, the lordly New Year, from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud, on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and, at the same time, to abate, (if any thing was found unreasonable,) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four Quarter Days involuntarily looked at each other and smiled ; April Fool whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms ;" and a surly old rebel, at the farther end of the table, (who was discovered to be no other than the Fifth of November,) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his the guests, resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion ; and the malcontent was thrust out, neck and heels, into the cellar, as the properest place for such a firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored, — the young lord, (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory,) in as

few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor Twenty-ninth of February, that had sat all this while munched at the sideboard, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him, — which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, — with a number of endearing expressions, besides. At the same time, removing the solitary Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the Greek Calends and Latter Lammas.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a carol, which Christmas Day had taught him for the nonce, and was followed by the latter, who gave “Miserere” in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of Old Mortification with infinite humour. April Fool swore they had exchanged conditions: but Good Friday was observed to look extremely grave; and Sunday held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrovetide, Lord Mayor's Day, and April Fool, next joined in a glee —

“Which is the properest day to drink?”

in which all the Days chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers, — the Quarter Days said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favour of the Forty Days before Easter; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *Lent* all the year.

All this while, Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the Dog Days, (who are naturally of a warm constitution,) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. April Fool, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed, — clapped and hallooed them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the Ember Days, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old Madam Septuagesima, (who boasts herself the Mother of the Days,) wisely diverted the conversa-

tion, with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master Rogation Day, in particular, who was forever putting the *question* to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell, — by which, I apprehend, she meant the Almanac. Then she rambled on to the Days *that were gone*, the *good old* Days, and so to the Days *before the flood*, — which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a mist, as usual; Shortest Day, in a deep black fog, that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two Vigils, — so watchmen are called in heaven, — saw Christmas Day safe home: — they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil, — a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher, — seeing Ash Wednesday in a condition little better than he should be, — e'en whipped him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and Old Mortification went floating home, singing —

“On the bat's back do I fly,”

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries, (you may believe me,) were among them. Longest Day set off westward, in beautiful crimson and gold, — the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together, in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

## EXERCISE CXXVI.

### SCENE FROM MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Shakspeare.*

*The Forest.* — Oberon and Titania, (fairy king and queen,)  
Puck, (a fairy;) and Nick Bottom, (the weaver.)

*Oberon.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Titania.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,

And see our moonlight revels, go with us;

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Ob.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tit.* Not for thy fairy kingdom. — Fairies, away;  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*]

*Ob.* Well, go thy way : Thou shalt not from this grove,  
Till I torment thee for this injury. —

My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Ob.* That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west ;  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;  
And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower, —  
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound, —  
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower : the herb I showed thee once :  
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman, madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

[*Exit Puck.*]

*Ob.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
And ere I take this charm off from her sight

(As I can take it with another herb,)  
I'll make her render up her page to me.

*Another part of the Forest. Titania, asleep. Bottom, after his hideous transformation, walking up and down singing.*

*Bot.* The ousel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle, with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.

*Tit.* [*Waking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,  
So is mine eye intralléd to thy shape ;  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays : The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.

*Tit.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve me mine own turn.

*Tit.* Out of this wood do not desire to go ;  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate ;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state ;  
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. —  
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

*Enter four Fairies.*

1. *Fai.* Ready.

2. *Fai.* And I.

3. *Fai.* And I.

4. *Fai.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go ?

*Tit.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;

Feed him with apricots and dewberries,  
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
 The honey bags steal from the humble-bees ;  
 And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
 And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes ;  
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :  
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. — I beseech, your worship's name ?

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb : If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. — Your name, honest gentleman ?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too. — Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house : I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Tit.* Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

## EXERCISE CXXVII.

### TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS. *Spectator.*

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show, upon occasion, all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. "Sir Paul Rycaut," says he, "gives us an account of several well-disposed Ma-

hometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers.

"You must know," says Will, "the reason is, that they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you," says Will, "that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us."

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freeloze, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lapdogs. Upon going to pay her a visit, one morning, he wrote a very pretty epistle upon this hint.

"Jack," says he, "was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself, for some time, with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till, at length, observing a pen and ink lie by him, he wrote the following letter to the lady, — in the person of the monkey; and, upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business. The lady, soon after, coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and, to this day, is in some doubt," says Will, "whether it was written by Jack, or the monkey.

" 'MADAM,

' Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited, in vain, for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having, at present, the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history, in writing; which I could not do by word of mouth.

' You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago, I was an Indian Brahmin, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras,\* is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant

\* Pronounced, *Pithăg'oras*.

me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature ; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that, into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I should still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth, I lived so very unblamably, that I was made president of the college of Brahmins, — an office which I discharged with great integrity, till the day of my death.

‘I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour, for several years, but, by degrees, lost all the innocence of the Brahmin, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people, to enrich my sovereign ; till, at length, I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart, with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

‘My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life, for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me, when I was in the water ; and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering just over my head : upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

‘I was, some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard Street ; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon ; for I had, in a manner, starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone, when I died.

‘I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but, some time or other, I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an

unlucky sparrow, that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

‘I then bettered my condition a little, and lived, a whole summer, in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I, one day, headed a party to plunder a hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

‘I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through, how I was a shrimp, and a tomtit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot, in the Christmas holidays, by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

‘But I shall pass over these, and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you, about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked, and danced, and sang, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window, one night, in a serenade. I was that unfortunate fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands.

‘You see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain. I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those caresses which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

‘Your most devoted humble servant,  
‘PUG.’

‘P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance, one time or other, to give him such a snap as he won’t like.’”

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## EXERCISE CXXVIII.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED. *Mrs. Southey.*

TREAD softly, — bow the head, —  
In reverent silence bow ; —  
No passing bell doth toll, —  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,  
With lowly reverence bow ;  
There's one in that poor shed —  
One by that paltry bed —  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo ! Death doth keep his state : —  
Enter ! — no crowds attend ; —  
Enter ! — no guards defend  
*This* palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,  
No smiling courtiers tread :  
One silent woman stands  
Lifting, with meagre hands,  
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —  
An infant wail alone, —  
A sob suppressed, — again  
That short deep gasp, — and then  
The parting groan !

Oh ! change — oh ! wondrous change .  
Burst are the prison bars : —  
This moment, *there*, so low,  
So agonized ; and, now,  
Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change, — stupendous change !  
There lies the soulless clod .  
The sun eternal breaks, —  
The new immortal wakes, —  
Wakes with his God !

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## EXERCISE CXXIX.

WOMAN. *A. Lewis.*

WHEN man is consigned to the tomb of his fathers, his worth is recorded on monuments of marble, and his virtues illuminate the page of history ; but the grave of woman is passed in silence and neglect. She who is the mother of the man, the wife of his bosom, the daughter of his affection, — she who has shared all his dangers, and encouraged his footsteps up the steep ascent of fame, — she, who, in the hour of sickness, has been his comforter ; in the day of adversity, his support ; and in the time of trial, his guardian angel ; — generous, virtuous, unassuming woman, is permitted to go to her last sleep, with no mention of her name, no record of her virtues.

Poetry, indeed, has extolled her ; but even poetry has praised her but half. It has represented her chiefly as a thing of beauty, an object of youthful admiration, a creature of light and fancy, full of fascination and the blandishments of love. Poetry and romance follow her in the sunny days of youth and beauty ; but when the time of her maturity and usefulness arrives, they abandon her, for other pursuits, and leave her, alone, to encounter the trials, and sickness, and sorrows of home.

It is there, in the unobserved paths of domestic life, that the value of woman is to be estimated. There may be found unwavering faith, untiring affection, hope that endures all afflictions, and love that bears all trials. There may be found the smile of unfailing friendship, mantling over a breaking heart, — the unobtrusive tear of sympathy, falling in the silence of solitude. There may be found a being, like a spirit from another world, watching through the long, dark hours of night, over the form of manhood, prostrate and wasting by slow consuming sickness, and performing all the numerous duties, and encountering all the innumerable trials of common life, with the enduring patience of years, and with no reward but the satisfaction of her own secret heart.

Man performs the public toils of life, and participates the honours of the world and the recompense of fame ; but woman, who has formed man for his high destiny, and whose virtues and amiable qualities constitute the refinement of society, has no share in such rewards. — But history could not do justice to her merits ; she must be satisfied with the living

admiration of her excellence on earth, and the everlasting remuneration of her virtues in heaven.

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## EXERCISE CXXX.

DOMESTIC OCCUPATIONS. *Anon.*

A MODERN female writer and traveller, has thus described the housewifery of the daughter of a French nobleman, residing in a superb chateau on the River Loire.

The travellers had just arrived and been introduced, when the following scene took place:—

“The bill of fare for dinner was discussed in my presence, and settled with the delightful frankness and gayety, which, in the French character, give a charm to the most trifling occurrence. Mademoiselle Louise then begged me to excuse her for half an hour, as she was going to make some creams and some pastilles. I requested I might accompany her, and also render myself useful: we accordingly went together to the dairy. I made tarts *à l'Anglaise*, whilst she made confections and *bonbons*, and all manner of pretty things, with as much ease as if she had never done any thing else, and as much grace as she displayed in the saloon. I could not help thinking, as I looked at her, with her servants about her, all cheerful, respectful, and anxious to attend upon her,—how much better it would be for the young ladies of England, if they would occasionally return to the habits of their grandmamas, and mingle the animated and endearing occupations of domestic life, and the modest manners and social amusements of home, with the perpetual practising on harps and pianos, and the incessant efforts at display and search after gayety, which, at the present day, render them any thing but what an amiable man of a reflecting mind and delicate sentiments, would desire in the woman he might wish to select as his companion for life.

“But it was not only in the more trifling affairs of the *ménage*, that this young lady acquitted herself so agreeably; in the household, the garden, the farm, among the labourers, their wives and children, with the poor in the neighbourhood, and the casual wanderer, everywhere she was superintending, directing,—kind, amiable,—the comfort of all around, and the delight of her family: her cheerfulness was in proportion to

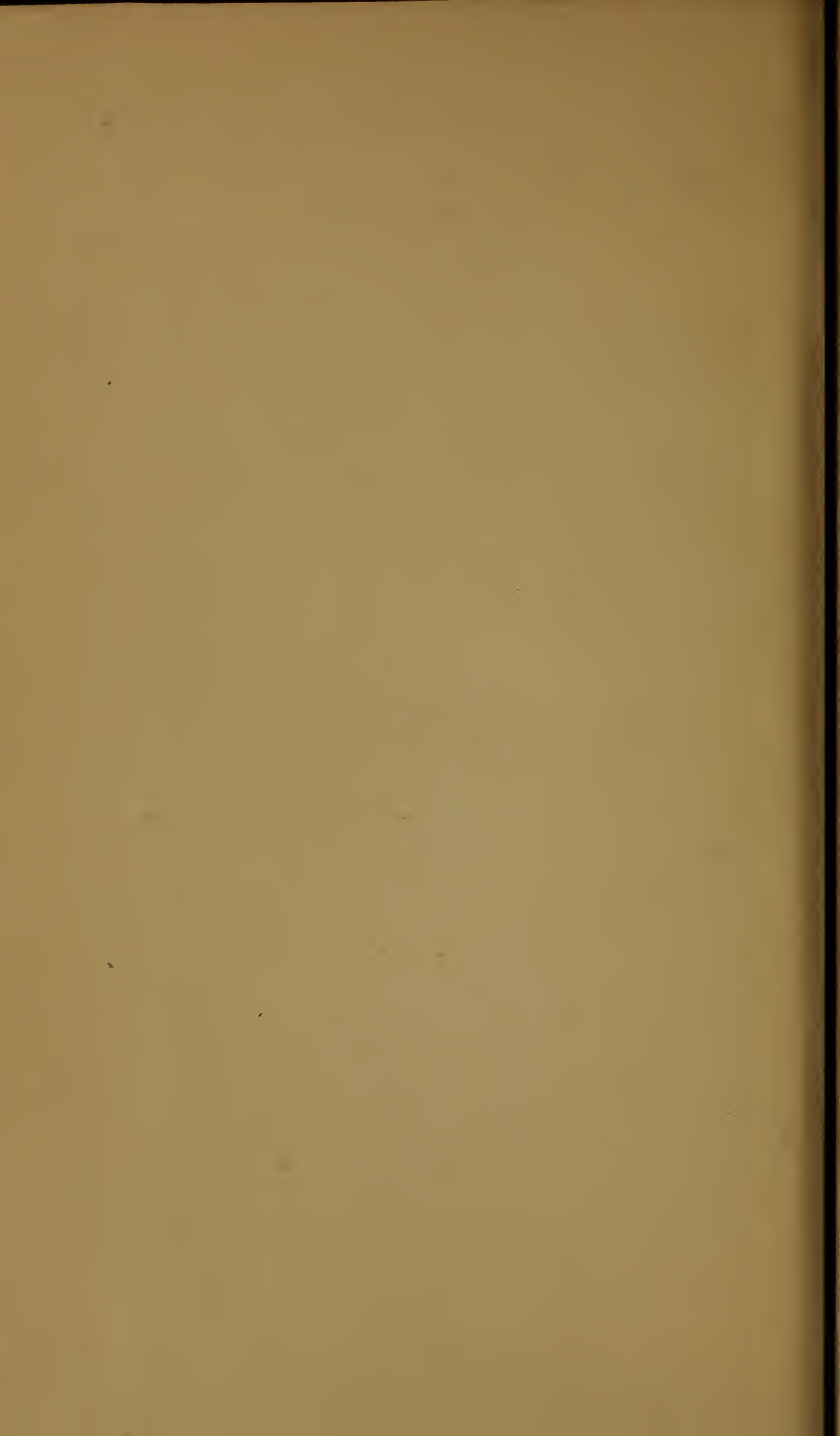
‘—that sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever.’

"She flew up and down the rocks, with the lightness of a mountain roe; she sprang into a boat, like the Lady of the Lake, and could manage an oar with as much grace and skill. With all this, her mind was thoroughly cultivated. She had an elegant taste in the authors of her own language, understood Latin, Italian, and English, and charmed me with her conversation, whilst she employed her fingers in the fancy work, with which the French ladies occupy the moments that some call idle, but which, with them, are always sociably and, for the most part, carefully employed."

Mr. Colman gives us the following portrait of an English lady of rank. — "I had no sooner entered the house, where my visit had been expected, then I was met with an unaffected cordiality which at once made me at home. In the midst of gilded halls and hosts of liveried servants, of dazzling lamps, and glittering mirrors, redoubling the highest triumphs of art and taste; in the midst of books, and statues, and pictures, and all the elegances and refinements of luxury; in the midst of titles, and dignities, and ranks, allied to regal grandeur, — there was one object which transcended and eclipsed them all, and showed how much the nobility of character surpassed the nobility of rank; the beauty of refined and simple manners, all the adornments of art; and the scintillations of the soul, beaming from the eyes, the purest gems that ever glittered in a princely diadem. In person, in education and improvement, in quickness of perception, in facility and elegance of expression, in accomplishments and taste, in a frankness and gentleness of manners, tempered by a modesty which courted confidence, and inspired respect, and in a high moral tone and sentiment, which, like a bright halo, seemed to encircle the whole person, — I confess the fictions of poetry became substantial; and the *beau idéal* of my youthful imagination was realized.

"But who was the person I have described? A mere statue, to adorn a gallery of sculpture? — a bird of paradise, to be kept in a glass case? — a mere doll, with painted cheeks, to be dressed and undressed with childish fondness? — a mere human toy, to languish over a romance, or to figure in a quadrille? Far otherwise: she was a woman, in all the noble attributes which should dignify that name; a wife, a mother, a house-keeper, a farmer, a gardener, a dairy-woman, a kind neighbour, a benefactor to the poor, a Christian woman, 'full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did.'"







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